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CALCUTTA REVIEW

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*man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of
ling'ry those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage
out forth new positions to the world: and, were they but as the dust
under our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish
brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utter-
be cast away.—MILTON.*

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THE
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Sirat Wäckidi. Arab MS.*
2. *Sirat Hishâmi. Arab MS.*
3. *Sirat Tabari. Arab MS.*
4. *Life of Mohammad. By A. Sprenger, M. D. Allahabad, 1851.*

THE weary field of uncertainty and speculation, which we lately sought to explore, has been left behind; and, towards the forty-fourth year of his age, we find Mahomet, now emerged from doubt and obscurity, clearly and unequivocally asserting that he had been ordained a prophet to call the Arabs to the Lord,—reciting his warnings and exhortations as messages that emanated direct from the mouth of God, and implicitly believing (to all outward appearance) his inspiration and mission to be divine. We find him, also, already surrounded by a little band of followers, animated by an ardent devotion to himself, and an earnest belief in God as his guide and inspirer.

It strongly corroborates the sincerity of Mahomet, that the earliest converts were his bosom friends and the people of his household; who, intimately acquainted with his private life, could not fail to have detected the discrepancies that must, more or less, always exist between the professions of the hypocritical deceiver abroad, and his actions at home.

The faithful KHADIJA has already been made known to the reader, as the sharer in the enquiries of her husband, and probably the earliest convert to Islam. "So Khadîja believed," (thus runs the simple tradition,) "and attested the truth of that which came to him from God. Thus was the Lord minded to lighten the burden of His prophet; for he heard nothing that grieved him touching his rejection by the people, but he had recourse unto her, and she comforted and supported him, and re-assured his confidence."*

ZEID, the former slave, and his wife Omm Ayman, (Baraka) the nurse of Mahomet, have also been noticed. Though Zeid was now a free man, yet being the adopted son of Mahomet,

* *Hishâmi. p. 63.* He is said to have promised her a house in Paradise, formed of a gigantic pearl hollowed into the form of a palace.

and his intimate friend, it is probable that he lived in close connexion with his family, if not actually an ostensible member of it. He, too, was one of the earliest believers.*

The little ALI had now reached the age of thirteen or fourteen years, and had begun to display that wisdom and judgment which distinguished his after life. Though possessed of indomitable courage, he was, like his uncle, meditative and reserved, and lacked the stirring energy which would have rendered him a more valuable propagator of Islam. He grew up from a child in the faith of Mahomet, and his earliest associations strengthened the convictions of matured age. It is said, that as Mahomet was once engaged with the lad in prayer, in one of the glens near Mecca, whither they retired to avoid the jeers of their neighbours, Abu Tâlib chanced to pass by; and he said to Mahomet, "My nephew! what is this new faith I see thee following?" "Oh, my uncle! This is the religion of God, and of His angels, and of His prophets,—the religion of Abraham. The Lord hath sent me an Apostle unto His servants; and thou, my uncle, art the most worthy of all that I should address my invitation unto, and the most worthy to assist the prophet of the Lord." And Abu Tâlib replied:—"I am not able, my nephew, to separate from the religion and the customs of my fore-fathers; but I swear that so long as I live, no one shall dare to trouble thee." Then, turning to the little Ali, who had professed a similar faith, and the resolution to follow Mahomet, he said:—"Well, my son, he will not invite thee to aught but that which is good: wherefore thou art free to cleave unto him."†

To the family group it is hardly necessary to add the aged cousin of Khadija, Waraca, whose profession of Christianity and support of Mahomet have been already alluded to; because it is agreed upon all hands that he died before Mahomet had entered upon his *public* ministry.

But in the little circle there was one, belonging to another branch of the Coreish, who, after Khadija, may be ranked perhaps as the earliest convert. ABU BAKR, of the Bani Taym, had long been a familiar friend of Mahomet; with him had probably lamented the gross darkness of Mecca, and had

* *Hishâmi*, p. 66.

† *Hishâmi*, p. 66; *Tabari*, p. 108. This conversation, like most of the stories of the period, is of a type moulded by subsequent Mahometan prepossession. The tale is, however, in itself not improbable, the facts being at any rate in accordance with Abu Tâlib's character, and constant support of Mahomet.

sought after a better faith. He lived in the same quarter of the city as Khadīja;* when Mahomet removed thither, the intimacy became closer, and the attachment of Abu Bakr was soon rivetted by an implicit faith in his friend as the apostle of God. Ayesha, his daughter, (born about this period, and destined, while yet a girl, to be the prophet's bride) could not remember the time when both her parents were not true believers,† and when Mahomet did not daily visit her father's house both in the morning and evening.‡ Of Abu Bakr, the Prophet used to say: "I never invited any to the faith who displayed not cogitation, examination, perplexity—excepting only Abu Bakr, who, when I had propounded unto him Islam, tarried not, neither was perplexed."§

The character and appearance of this chief of Islam, and bosom friend of Mahomet, demand further description. Abu Bakr was about two years younger than the prophet; short in stature, and of a small spare frame; the eyes deeply seated under a high projecting forehead. His complexion was fair, and his face so thin, that you could see the veins upon it.|| Shrewd and intelligent, he yet wanted the originality of genius; his nature was mild and sympathetic, but not incapable of a firm purpose where important interests were concerned. Impulse and passion rarely prompted his actions; they were guided by reason and calm conviction. Faithful and unvarying in his attachment to the prophet, he was known, (and is to the present day familiar, throughout the realms of Islam,) as AL SADICK, "*the True*";¶

* Both Abu Bakr and Khadīja lived in the quarter now called *Zuckack al Hajar*, or "Street of Stone." See the plan of Mecca in *Burkhardt's Travels*, p. 103. This street "comprises the birth place of Fâtima, the daughter of Mahommed, and of Abu Bakr, the prophet's successor." (*Idem*, p. 126.)

† *Wâckidi*, p. 211½. Asmâ, Ayesha's sister, (but by another mother) is stated by tradition to have said the same thing of her father, Abu Bakr. (*Ibidem*.)

‡ *Ibidem*.

§ *Hishâmi*, p. 67.

|| This description is from *Wâckidi*. It must, however, be remembered (as has already been remarked in the case of Mahomet,) that the personal details preserved by tradition are those of his old age. The "loose clothes" and "flaccid hips," described in *Wâckidi*, were probably not characteristic of his manhood, and have therefore not been adopted in the text. He had little hair on his body, and the joints of his fingers were small and fine. At the emigration to *Madina*, his hair was the whitest among Mahomet's followers; but he used to dye it.

¶ Some say he was so called because he bore testimony to the truth of Mahomet's heavenly journey. He was called also *Al Atîck*, as *Hishâmi* says, from his handsome countenance, (p. 67) but *Wâckidi*, because Mahomet named him so as one preserved from hell-fire. His proper name was Abdallah, son of Othmân o' Abu Cahâfa. It is not clear when he obtained the name of *Abu Bakr*. If, as appears probable, it was given him because his daughter Ayesha was Mahomet's only virgin

he was also styled *Al Awwâh*, "the Sighing," from his tender and compassionate heart.

Abu Bakr was a diligent and successful merchant, and possessed, at his conversion, about 40,000 dirhems. His generosity was rare, his charity unwearying. The greater part of his fortune was expended in the purchase of slaves, who, from their inclination to the new faith, were persecuted by the Meccans;—so that but 5,000 dirhems were left, when, ten or twelve years after, he emigrated with the prophet to Medina. He was unusually familiar with the history of the Coreish, who often referred to him for genealogical information. His judgment was good, his conversation agreeable, his demeanour affable and engaging: wherefore his society and advice were much sought after by the Coreish, and he was popular throughout the city.*

To gain such a man as a staunch adherent of his creed, was for Mahomet a most important step. His influence was entirely given up to the cause, and five of the earliest converts are attributed to his exertions and example. Three of these were but striplings. *Sâad*, the son of Abu Wackkâs, converted in his sixteenth or seventeenth year, was the nephew of Amina.† *Zobeir*; son of Al Awwâm, probably still younger, was at once the nephew of Khadija, and the son of Mahomet's aunt, Safia.‡ About the same age was *Talha*,

wife, then it could not have been till after the emigration to Medina, when the prophet, by marrying many widows, had given a distinction and peculiarity to his marriage with Ayesha.

* The authorities for these details of Abu Bakr are *Wâkidi*, pp. 211½, 215; *Hishâmi*, p. 67; *Tubari*, p. 112. Sprenger (pp. 170, 171.) has ably and faithfully drawn his character; and we agree with him in considering "the faith of Abu Bakr the greatest guarantee of the sincerity of Mohammed in the beginning of his career;"—and, indeed, in a modified sense, throughout his life.

† See *Wâkidi*, pp. 205—207½. Sâad pursued at Mecca the trade of manufacturing arrows. He died at Al Ackîk, ten Arabian miles from Medina, whither he was carried to be buried, A.H. 50 or 55, aged about seventy. These dates would make him still younger at the period of conversion than is represented in the text. But throughout this stage we must bear in mind the Canon ii. c. (p. 48 of the "*Sources*" for *Mahomet's Biography*); the tendency of tradition is to place the conversion of the leaders of Islam earlier than it actually occurred. It is therefore not improbable that Sâad's conversion may have been actually a few years later than the period referred to in the text:—or, occurring at the age specified, he may have died more advanced in years than is admitted by tradition.

‡ Zobeir was the grandson of Khuweilid, Khadija's father. He was also the grandson of Abd al Muttalib by his daughter Safia. He was assassinated, A. H. 36, aged sixty-four, others say sixty-seven. (See *Wâkidi*, pp. 197½—200.) He was a butcher, and his father a grain merchant, or as others have it, a tailor.

the renowned warrior of after days, related to Abu Eakr himself.*

The fourth, was *Othmân*, son of Affân (the successor of Abu Bakr in the Caliphate;) who, though of the Ommeyyad stock, was a grandson, by his mother, of Abd al Muttalib. Rockeya, being now, or shortly after, free from her marriage with Ctba, the son of the hostile Abu Lahab, Mahomet gave her in marriage to Othmân, whose wife she continued until her death, some ten or twelve years afterwards. Othmân was at this period between thirty and forty years of age.† The fifth was *Abd al Rahmân*, the son of Awf, a Zohrite (the same tribe as Amina, the mother of Mahomet,) about ten years younger than the prophet, and a man of wealth and character. Abd al Eah-

* Talha was a Coreishite of the Taym branch. His grand-father was a brother of the grand-father of Abu Bakr. He was killed in the battle of the Camel, A. D. 36, aged sixty-two or sixty-four. He would thus be, at the period referred to in the text, fifteen or sixteen years old. Wâckidi tells an absurd story of his having been at Bostra with a caravan, of which a monk enquired whether "Ahmed" had yet appeared at Mecca. "And who is *Ahmed*?" they asked. "He is the son of Abdallah, the son of Abd al Muttalib," replied the monk; "this is the month of his appearance, and he will emigrate from Mecca to the country of date trees, and the story salt land (Medina); ye should haste away to meet him." Talha set forth at once for Mecca, and was told on his arrival that Mahomet had set up prophetic claims, and that Abu Bakr had declared for him. So Talha believed, and accompanied Abu Bakr to Mahomet, whom he caused to rejoice by narrating the story of the Monk.

Talha may possibly have heard from some Syrian monk of the evil of idolatry &c., and been thus prepared to follow Mahomet's doctrine: but the details of the story are too absurd to need refutation.

Nowfal, a brother of Khadija, persecuted Abu Bakr and Talha, and bound them together with a rope, whence they received the soubriquet of *Al Carcnein*, "the Bound." (*Wâckidi*, p. 220½; *Hishâmî*, p. 75.) The latter calls Nowfal one of the devils of the Coreish; the former, their lion. He was killed at Badr.

† The account given by Wâckidi of Othmân's conversion, is that he and Talha followed Zobeir into the house of Mahomet, who propounded to them the principles of Islam, and recited the Coran; whereupon they believed. And Othmân said, "Oh Prophet! I have come lately from Syria, and as I was asleep between Al Mâân and Al Zuraka, one cried to me, *Arise, thou sleeper! Verily, Ahmed hath appeared at Mecca*; so we arrived and heard the tidings of thee." This is of a piece with the story of Talha, the one probably invented to rival the other.

He is said to have been early exposed to persecution. His uncle, Al Hakam, grandson of Omeiyd, seized and bound him, saying, "Dost thou prefer a new religion over that of thy fathers? I swear I will not loose thee until thou givest up this new faith thou art after." Othmân said, "By the Lord, I will never abandon it!" So when Al Hakam saw his firmness in the faith, he let him go. (*Wâckidi*, p. 89.)

He was subsequently called Abu Abdallah, after a son by Rockeya, who, when about six years of age, having his eye pecked out by a bird, fell sick and died, four years after the Hegira.

He was murdered, A. H. 36, aged seventy-five (according to others eighty-two;) which would make him at the time of the emigration to Medina, thirty-nine or forty-six years of age.

mân, Othmân, and Talha, were, like Abu Bakr, merchants or traders; and the pursuit of the same profession may have occasioned some community of interest among them.

Four persons are related to have accompanied Abd al Rahmân on his first visit to the house of Mahomet, and simultaneously with him to have embraced Islam. *Obeida*, the son of Mahomet's uncle, Hârith; * *Abu Salma*, a Makhzumite; † *Abu Obeida*, son of Al Jarrâh, subsequently a warrior of note; ‡ and *Othmân*, son of Matzûn. The latter is said to have already abandoned wine before his conversion, and to have been with difficulty persuaded by Mahomet, to renounce the asperities of an ascetic life. § Two brothers, a son, and other relatives, of this Othmân, are likewise mentioned among the early believers. ||

Of the slaves ransomed by Abu Bakr from the persecution of their unbelieving masters, the foremost is BILAL, the son of an Abyssinian slave girl. He was tall, dark, and gaunt, with negro features and bushy hair; but Mahomet honored and distinguished him as "*the first fruits of the Abyssinians*"; and to this day he is renowned throughout the Moslem world as the first Mûadzzin, or crier to prayer. ¶ *Amr ibn Fohaira*, after being purchased and released from severe trial, was employed by Abu Bakr in tending his flocks. ** *Abdallah ibn Masûd*, "small in body, but weighty in

* Obeida was killed at Badr: he was ten years older than Mahomet. (*Wâkidi*, p. 188.)

† He emigrated twice to Abyssinia with his wife *Omm Salma*. He was wounded at the battle of Ohod, and died shortly after, when Mahomet married his widow. (*Wâkidi*, p. 225½.)

‡ *Wâkidi*, p. 261.

§ He belonged to the Coreishite stock of the Bani Jumh. He wished to renounce the privileges of conjugal life; but Mahomet forbade him, recommending his own practice to his adoption, and saying that the Lord had not sent His prophet with a monkish faith. (*Wâkidi*, p. 258.) The particulars there given are strongly illustrative of Mahomet's character, but we are precluded from entering into further detail by the grossness of language and idea which pervades the passage.

|| His brothers were Abdallah and Cudâma: his son emigrated to Abyssinia. Mumir, another Jumbite, is also mentioned as converted at this stage. The whole family of Othmân ibn Matzûn, with their wives and children, emigrated to Medina, at the Hegira.

¶ He belonged to the Bani Jumh. (*Wâkidi*, p. 224.)

** He was possessed by a son of Abu Bakr's wife (the mother of Ayesha) by a former husband. (*Wâkidi*, p. 223½.)

faith," the constant attendant of Mahomet at Medîna,* and *Khobâb*, son of Aratt, a blacksmith, were also converted at this period.† The slaves of Mecca were peculiarly accessible; as foreigners they were familiar with, perhaps adherents of, Judaism or Christianity; isolated from the influences of hostile partizanship, persecution alienated them from the Coreish, and misfortune made their hearts susceptible of spiritual impression.‡

Twenty persons have now been noticed as among the first confessors of the new faith. At least *thirteen* others are enumerated by Wâckidi as having believed "*before the prophet's entry into the house of Arcam*," the expression of biographers to mark the few earliest years of Islam. Among these, we observe the youthful son, *Sâid*,§ and several of the relatives of the aged enquirer Zeid already some time dead, but whose remarkable life, as possibly paving the way for Mahomet, has been already alluded to. The wife of Sâid, *Fâtima*, a cousin of the same family, and her brother *Zeid*,|| son of Khattâb, were among the early converts. There was also *Obeidallah*, the son of

* He was of the Bani Tamim, and attached to the Bani Zorah, but whether in the capacity of an attendant or confederate, is not stated. He was once at Medina climbing up a date tree, and his companions were indulging in pleasantry at the expense of his spare legs, when Mahomet used the expression quoted in the text. He was tall, with his hair smoothed down. (*Wâckidi*, p. 207½) On what authority Weil (p. 50) calls him *a dwarf*, "*Der Zwerg*," is not stated.

† He was of the Bani Tamim, having been sold as a prisoner at Mecca to Omm Ammâr, (or Omm Saba.) whose trade (*feminarum circumcisatrix*) was so offensively proclaimed at Ohod, by Hamza, when he challenged Khobâb. It is related of this man, that when he claimed a debt from Al As ibn Wâil, the latter, a denier of the resurrection, deferred him ironically for payment to the judgment day. (*Wâckidi*, p. 210½)

‡ Sprenger says.—"The excitement among the slaves, when Mahomet first assumed his office, was so great, that Abdallah ibn Jodâân, who had one hundred of these sufferers, found it necessary to remove them from Mecca, lest they should all become converts." (p. 159.) This, however, appears to be an exaggerated statement, as well as the preceding, that "two of them died as martyrs." We do not believe that there was any martyr *before* the Hegira. We shall consider below the only case of martyrdom alleged by early authority during that period.

§ *Wâckidi*, p. 255½. He died A. H. 50 or 51, aged above seventy; so that at this period he was little more than a boy.

|| *Idem*, 254½. He was an elder brother of the famous Omar. *Khuneis*, the husband of Omar's daughter, Hafsa, is also noted as a believer of this time. He was one of the emigrants to Abyssinia. He died about two years after the Hegira, when Mahomet married his widow. (*Wâckidi*, p. 257½.) *Wâkid*, a confederate of the same family, (*ibidem*) and Amir ibn Rabi'a, the freed man and adopted son of Khattâb, Omar's father, are likewise among the earliest converts. The latter shortly after emigrated with his wife to Abyssinia. (*Idem*, p. 256½.) These facts show the close connection between the family and relatives of the "enquirer" Zeid, and the new religion.

Jahsh, himself one of the "four enquirers." On the persecution becoming hot, he emigrated with his wife Omm Habiba (subsequently married to Mahomet,) and others of his family, to Abyssinia, where he was converted to Christianity, and died in that faith.* It is interesting to notice likewise among these converts, *Abu Hodzeifa*,† son of Otba, the father-in-law of Abu Sofîân, a family inveterately opposed to Mahomet. There is also the name of *Arcam*, whose house will shortly be mentioned as memorable in the annals of Islam.‡

Besides these *three* and *thirty* individuals, the wives and daughters of some of the converts are mentioned as faithful and earnest professors of Islâm.§ It is, indeed, in conformity

* Obeidallah was a cousin by his mother to Mahomet. He belonged to the Bani Dûdân, a collateral branch of the Coreish. Two of his brothers, Abdallah and Abu Ahmed, are also specified as converted "before the entry into Arcam's house." He was the brother of the famous Zeinab, married to Zeid, Mahomet's freedman, and afterwards divorced by him, that the Prophet himself might take her to wife. His mother was Omeima, daughter of Abd al Muttalib.

The whole family of the Bani Dûdân were very favorable to Islam, for it is related of them at the Hegira, they all emigrated to Medina, men, women and children, locking up their houses. (*Wâckidi*, p. 195½.) It is remarkable that this tribe were *confederates* of Harb and Abu Sofîân, the opponents of Mahomet:—the religious influence thus frequently over-riding and baffling the political combinations of Mecca.

† *Wâckidi*, p. 194½. He challenged his father at Badr to single combat. His sister Hind (wife of Abu Sofîân) retorted in satirical verses, taunting him with his squint, and with the barbarity of offering to fight, with his father. He was an ill favored man, with projecting teeth. He twice fled to Abyssinia with the Moslem emigrants and his wife Sahla there bore him a son whom he called Muhammad.

‡ He was of the Bani Makhzum. Besides the above, it will be as well to enumerate the remaining names given by *Wâckidi* as converts before the entry into Arcam's house:—"*Khalid ibn Saïd* and his brother *Amr*: they emigrated to Abyssinia; the former with his wife Hamaniya. (*Tabari*, p. 113.) Sprenger (p. 172) makes Khâlid the fifth convert; but there is so great a tendency in each party and family to run up vain gloriously its own representatives as the earliest believers, that little dependance can be placed on such assertions of priority. *Hatib ibn Amr* (of the Bani Amr ibn Lowey.) was a convert of the same period. (*Wâckidi*, p. 260.) Two others descended from stocks allied to the Coreish, *Amr ibn Abasa*, and *Abu Dzârr Ghifârî*, are also said to have been converted at this period, but to have left Mahomet and returned to their tribes. They rejoined Mahomet after the retreat of the Meccans from the siege of Medina. The accounts however are so vague that we doubt their reality. They were probably imagined or fabricated by some descendants who wished to assume for their family a priority in the faith.

§ The following are mentioned by Hishâmi:—*Fâtima*, wife of Saïb, already noticed in the text: *Asmâ* and *Ayesha*, daughters of Abu Bakr; the latter, however, if actually born, could have been only an infant at this period. *Asma*, wife of Ayâsh ibn Abi Rabia; *Asma*, wife of Jafar, Mahomet's cousin; *Fâtima*, wife of Hâtib, mentioned in the preceding note; *Fokeiha*, wife of Hattâb, his brother: *Ramlah*, wife of Muttalib ibn Azhar; *Amina*, wife of Khâlid, in the preceding note (p. 68.). Some of these indeed (as *Ayesha*) belong to later dates. But it is probable that the list is incomplete. Arab ideas of feminine worth lead the Biographers chiefly to mention the women only in connexion with their more famous husbands or fathers.

with the analogy of religious movements in all ages, that the female sex should take a forward part, if not in direct and public acts of assistance, yet in the encouragement and exhortation which lead thereto. On the other hand, in estimating the number of the early converts, we must not forget that their ranks have been unduly swelled by the traditions of those whose piety or ambition sought priority in the faith for their ancestors or patrons. Weighing both considerations, we shall not greatly err, if we conclude that, in the first three or four years of the assumption, by Mahomet, of his prophetic office, the converts to his faith amounted to nearly forty souls.

By what degrees, influenced by what motives or arguments, and at what precise periods, these individuals, one by one, gave in their adhesion to the claims of Mahomet, we can scarcely determine, farther than in the general outline already before the reader. It is usual among traditionists, to assign to the prophet three years of secret preaching and private solicitation, after which an open call was published to the Coreish at large; but we hardly find grounds for this theory, when we bring it to the sure test of the Coran. It is probable that the preparatory term of doubt and enquiry (which we have in a previous paper endeavoured to trace,) has been confounded by them with the actual assumption of prophetic office. An interval of pious musing, and probably of expostulation with others, preceded the fortieth year of Mahomet's life. It was about that year, we conceive, that the resolution to "recite" in God's name—in other words, *the conviction of inspiration*, was fully adopted. For some succeeding period, his efforts would be naturally directed to individual persuasion and personal entreaty; but we cannot believe that the prophetic claim once assumed, was ever held *a secret* not to be divulged to the people of Mecca. It was at this time the prophet received, (as he imagined) the command to preach:* and

* That is Sura LXXIV. The tradition that the passage, Sura XXVI., v. 213, was the first call to preach, (*Wâchidi*, pp. 13 and 88; *Tabari*, p. 114) appears entirely erroneous. That verse is not only contained in a late Sura, but itself bears evidence of persecution, and of believers already numerous. It was probably revealed while the prophet with his relatives was shut up in the "Sheb" or quarter of Abu Talib, and his preaching necessarily confined to them. So the stories of his taking his stand upon Mount Safa, and after summoning his relatives, family by family, and addressing to them the divine message; of the contemptuous reply of Abu Lahab; of the miraculous dinner at which Mahomet propounded his claim to his relatives, and Ali alone stood forth as his champion and "Vizier," &c.; are all to our apprehension apocryphal, and owe their origin to the above, or other passages in the Coran, which it was desired to illustrate, or to Alijite prepossession. See some of these accounts in *Tabari*, pp. 115—118. At the miraculous dinner, food sufficient only for one, served to their content for a company of forty.

forthwith his appeal was made to the whole community of Mecca. Gradually his followers increased, and the faith of each (though little more than the reflection of *his own* conviction,) was accepted by Mahomet as a new and independent evidence of his mission, emanating from Him who alone can turn the heart. Success expanded before him the sphere of Islam ; and that which was primarily intended for Mecca and Arabia, soon embraced, in the ever-widening circle of its call, the human race.

A new phase, however, now appeared. The hostility of the Meccans was aroused, and believers were subjected to persecution and indignity. The positive element of opposition was simply an hereditary attachment to the established system of idolatry. There was no antagonism of a privileged caste, or a priesthood supported by the temple ; no "craftsmen of Diana" deriving their livelihood from the shrine. But there was the universal and deep-seated affection for practices associated from infancy with the life of the Meccan, and the pride of a system which placed his city at the head of Arabia. These advantages he would not lightly abandon.

Whether the idolatry of Mecca would not have crumbled without an effort before such preaching as Mahomet's, *sustained by reasonable evidence*, may be matter for question. That which now imparted to it strength and obstinacy, was the equally weak position of its antagonist. Amidst the declamation and rhetoric of the Arabian prophet, there was absolutely no proof, (excepting his own convictions,) ever advanced in support of the divine commission. Idolatry might be wrong, but what guarantee had the idolater that Islam was not equally fallacious ? This was the sincere, and long the invincible, objection of the Meccans ; and, though, no doubt, mingled with hatred and jealousy, and degenerating often into intolerance and spite, it was the real spring of their opposition.

Persecution, though it may sometimes have deterred the timid from joining his ranks, was of unquestionable service to Mahomet. It eventually furnished a plausible excuse for casting aside the garb of toleration, for opposing force to force against those who "obstructed the ways of the Lord ;" and at last for the compulsory conversion of unbelievers. Even before the Hegira, it forced the adherents of the prophet, in self-defence, into a closer union, and made them stand forth with a bolder aim and more resolute front. The severity and injustice of the Meccans, over-shooting the mark, aroused personal and family sympathies ; unbelievers sought to avert

or to mitigate the sufferings of the Moslems, and in so doing, were sometimes even gained over to their ranks.*

It was not, however, till three or four years of his ministry had elapsed, that any general opposition was organized against Mahomet. Even after he had begun publicly to preach, and his followers had multiplied, the Coreish did not gainsay his doctrine. They would only point at him as he passed, and say:—*There goeth the man of the children of Abd al Muttalib, to speak unto the people of the Heavens.* But, adds tradition, when the prophet began to abuse their idols, and to assert the perdition of their ancestors, who had died in unbelief, then they were displeased, and began to treat him with hostility and contempt.†

Hostility once excited, soon showed itself in acts of violence. Sáad having retired for prayer with a group of believers to one of the glens near Mecca, a party of his neighbours passed unexpectedly by, when a sharp contention arose between them, followed by blows; Sáad struck one of his opponents with a camel goad; and this, they say, was “the first blood shed in Islam.”‡

It was probably about this time, the fourth year of his mission, (A. D. 613), that in order to prosecute his endeavours peaceably and without interruption, Mahomet took possession of the house of Arcam, (one of the converts noticed above,) a short distance to the south of his own, upon the gentle rise of Safâ. It was in a frequented position, fronting the Kaaba to the east; and all the pilgrims, in the prescribed walk between the two eminences, must needs pass often before it.§ Thither

* The instance of Hamza is one in point, who was led to embrace Islam through indignation at the manner in which Abu Jahl abused Mahomet.

† Wâckidi, p. 38. ; Hishâmi, p. 69 ; Tabari, p. 120.

‡ Hishâmi, p. 70. ; Tabari, p. 114. The story is not given by Wâckidi, and is open to some suspicion. Saad is famous as “the first who shot an arrow” in the Mussulman wars, (Wâckidi, p. 98½, 205½.) His friends, desirous to show that he was the first to shed blood, too, for Islam, may have supposed, magnified, or invented this tale.

§ The house possesses so peculiar an interest in the earliest annals of Islam, that we shall note the particulars given by Wâckidi regarding it : page 226—

وكانت دار بمكة علي الصفا وهي لدار النبي كان النبي فيها
في اول الاسلام وفيها دعا الناس الى الاسلام واسلم فيها قوم كثير*

* His (Arcam's) house in Mecca was on Safâ, the same which the prophet occupied in the beginning of Islam; and in it he invited the people to Islam; and therein believed a great multitude.

were conducted all who showed any leaning towards the doctrine of Mahomet. Thus of one and another of the believers, it is recorded that "he was converted after the entry into the 'house of Arcam, and the preaching there,"—or, that "he was brought to Mahomet in the house of Arcam, and the prophet recited the Coran unto him, and expounded the doctrines of Islam, and he was converted and embraced the faith." So famous was it as the birth-place of conversion, that it was afterwards styled *the house of Islam*.*

Four sons of Abul Bokeir, a confederate of the family of Khattâb, were the first to believe, and "*swear allegiance to Mahomet*," in this house.† Though Omar, the son of Khattâb,

In after days, Arcam devoted it to the Lord in a deed, which Wâckidi saw, and of which the following extract contains a copy :—

ودعيت دار الارقم دار الاسلام وتصدق بها الارقم
علي ولده فقرات نسخه صدقه الارقم بدارة بسم الله
الرحمن الرحيم هذا ما قضى الارقم في ربعه ما حاز
الصفا انها محرمة بمكانها من الحرم لا تباع ولا تورث *

"And the house of Arcam was called *the house of Islam*; and Arcam devoted it (to God) under the trust of his children; and I read the document of consecration. *In the name of the Lord, the Compassionate, the Merciful:—this is what Arcam hath determined regarding the house which bordereth upon Safû, that it is devoted, as a part of the sacred place. It shall not be sold, neither shall it be inherited.* Witnessed by Hishâm ibn al As and his freedman."

The descendants of Arcam continued to possess the house, either occupying it themselves, or taking rent for it, until the Caliphate of Abu Jâfar. When Mohammad Hasan's grandson rebelled in Medina, Abdallah, the grandson of Arcam, sided with him, and Abu Jâfar caused him to be put in prison and in irons. Then the Caliph sent a message to Abdallah, now above eighty years of age, promising him a full pardon if he would sell to him the house of Arcam. He objected that it was devoted property :—but at last, partly through intimidation, partly tempted by the large price, he sold his share in it, for 17,000 dinars, and his relatives did likewise. Thus it became the property of the Caliph. Then Mahdi gave it to Kheizaran (the slave girl, the mother of Mûsâ and Hârûn,) who enlarged it, and it was called after her name.

There is nothing to show clearly on what footing Mahomet occupied this building ;—whether continuously with his family, or only as a place of retreat, where, sheltered from the observation and annoyances of the Meccans, he could pursue his teaching unmolested. From several incidental notices of converts remaining there concealed during the day, and slipping away in the evening, the latter appears to be the more probable view.

* Dar ul Islâm : دار الاسلام

† Abul Bokeir was descended from Kinâna by an off-shoot more ancient than the Coreish. This family is included among the Dûdân branch, which emigrated *en masse* to Medina at the Hegira. (*Wâckidi*, pp. 196, 256½.)

The remarkable expression in the text is the same as for doing homage or swear-

was not yet converted, the leaven of the new doctrine was doubtless spreading rapidly among his connexions.

The story of *Musáb* ibn Omeir, a great grandson of Hâshim, will illustrate some of the obstacles to the progress of Islam. His wife was a sister of Obeidalla, son of Jahsh;* and, probably, through the influence of her family, he was induced to visit the house of Arcam, where he listened to Mahomet and embraced his doctrine. But he feared publicly to confess the change; for his tribe, and his mother, who doated upon him, and through whose fond attention he was noted as the most handsomely dressed youth in Mecca, were inveterately opposed to Mahomet. His conversion being at last noised abroad, his family seized and kept him in durance: but he effected an escape, and proceeded to Abyssinia with the first Moslem emigrants. When he returned from thence, he was so changed and miserable in appearance, that his mother had not the heart to abuse him. At a later period, having been deputed by Mahomet to teach the enquirers at Medina, he revisited Mecca in company with some of them. His mother being told of his arrival, sent the message:—"Ah, disobedient son! dost thou enter a city in which thy mother dwelleth, and not first visit her?" "Nay, verily," replied he, "I shall never visit the house of any one before the prophet of God." So, after he had greeted Mahomet, he went to his mother, who accosted him: "Well! I suppose thou art still a renegade." "I follow the faith of the prophet of the Lord, Islam." "Art thou then well satisfied with the way thou hast fared in the land of Abyssinia, and now again at Yathreb?" Seeing that she meditated his imprisonment, he exclaimed, "What! wilt thou endeavour to *force* me from my religion? If thou seekest to confine me, I will assuredly slay the first person that layeth hands upon me." His mother said, "then go about your business!" and she began to weep. And Musáb was moved and said:—"Oh, my mother! I give thee affectionate counsel; Testify that there is no god but the Lord, and that Mahomet is his servant and messenger." And she replied; "By

ing fealty to a leader or chief. Ackil and his three brothers were converted in the house of Arcam, and they were the first to swear allegiance to Mahomet therein;—"وهم اول من بايع رسول الله فيها" It was probably a general declaration of faith and submission to his teaching; but possibly the mere application of a later phrase to a period when there was nothing yet of the kind.

* Before noticed as the convert who embraced Christianity in Abyssinia.

' the sparkling stars,* I shall never make a fool of myself by entering into thy religion. I leave thee and thy concerns alone, and steadfastly cleave unto mine own faith."†

' There were social causes on the other hand to aid the spread of the new doctrine. Anticipating a year or two, we may illustrate these by the conversion of Tuleib, a cousin, by his mother, of Mahomet.‡ This lad having been gained over in the house of Arcam, went to his mother and told her that he now believed in the Lord and followed the prophet. She replied that he did very right in assisting his maternal cousin; "And, by the Lord!" she added, "if I had strength to do that which men can, I would myself defend and protect him." "But my mother! what hindereth thee from believing and following him? And truly thy brother Hamza hath believed." She replied, "I wait to see what my sisters do: I shall verily be like unto them." "But, I beseech thee, mother, by the Lord! wilt thou not go unto him and salute him, and testify thy faith?" And she did so; and thenceforward she would assist the cause of Mahomet by her speech, and by stirring up her sons to aid him and to fulfil his commands.§

Shortly after Mahomet began to occupy the house of Arcam, several slaves allied themselves to him. Of these, *Yasâr* and *Jabr* are mentioned by the commentators on the Coran, as the parties accused by the Coreish of instructing the prophet. The latter was the Christian servant of a family from Hadhramaut, and the prophet is said to have sat much at his cell|| The former, better known under the name of Abu Fokeiha,¶ was subjected to great persecution, but probably

* والثواب Compare Sura LXXXVI. 3, where the same oath will be found

والسماء والطارق وما ادراك ما الطارق النجم الثاقب

† *Wâchidi*, p. 211 *et seq* Musâb was killed at Ohod, where he displayed a valour and disregard of suffering almost incredible.

‡ His mother was Orwa, daughter of Abd al Muttalib. (*Wâchidi*, p. 202½).

§ Tuleib was killed in the battle of Ajnadein A.H. 13, aged thirty-five. At the period of his conversion, say in the sixth or seventh year of Mahomet's mission, he would thus be about sixteen years of age. He went to Abyssinia in the second emigration, but nothing notable is related of him in after life.

|| *Hishâmî*, p. 125; *Sprenger*, p. 162. He must have died before the emigration to Medina, as we do not hear anything farther of him. The imputation of *learning* from Jabr is probably of a later date than the events we have arrived at; for at this period there was scarcely any mention of the Sacred Scriptures in the Coran.

¶ Dr. Sprenger seems to have overlooked this, when he states that his name does not appear among the followers of Mahomet. He is frequently mentioned as one of the converts who suffered most severely in the early persecutions. (See *Wâchidi*, p. 227.) We do not find him noticed in the later history. So that he likely died at Mecca during this period.

died some time before the Hegira. His daughter Fokeiha was married to a convert named Hattâb, whom we find, with others of his family, among the subsequent emigrants to Abyssinia.*

A more important convert, styled by Mahomet '*the first fruits of Greece*,' was *Suheib*, son of Sinân. His home was at Mousal, or some neighbouring Mesopotamian village, and his father or uncle had been the Persian governor of Obolla. A Grecian band made an incursion into Mesopotamia, and carried him off, yet a boy, to Syria, perhaps to Constantinople. Bought afterwards by a party of Kalbites, he was sold at Mecca to Abdalla ibn Jodâân, who freed and took him under his protection. A fair and very ruddy complexion marked his northern birth, and broken Arabic betrayed a Grecian education. By traffic he acquired some wealth at Mecca; but having embraced Islam, and being left by the death of Abdalla without any patron, he suffered much at the hands of the unbelieving Coreish. It is probable that Mahomet gained some knowledge of Christianity from him, and he may be the same to whom the Meccans at a later period referred as the source of his Scriptural information;—*and indeed we know that they say, VERILY A CERTAIN MAN TEACHETH HIM: but the tongue of him whom they intend is foreign, whereas this Revelation is in the tongue of pure Arabic.*† At the general emigration to Medina, the people of Meccâ endeavoured to prevent his departure; but he bargained to relinquish the whole of his property; if they would let him go free, and Mahomet, when he heard of it, exclaimed, *Suheib, verily, hath made a profitable bargain.*‡

* Hattâb, (See above page 12.,) Hâtib and Mûmir are mentioned by Hishâmi (whom Sprenger follows,) as sons of Hârith, of the Bani Jumh. Wâckidi gives this genealogy to Mûmir, (p. 259‡) but makes Hâtib to be the son of Amr, of an entirely different tribe, the Bani Amir ibn Lowey. (p. 260.)

† Sura XVI., 103, which is one of the latest Meccan Suras. The same imputation will be found in Suras of a somewhat earlier date; as Sura XLIV., 4; XXV., 4.

The family of Suheib held that he fled from Constantinople to Mecca, after reaching years of maturity, and that he voluntarily placed himself under the guardianship of Abdallah. (Wâckidi, p. 222.) Dr. Sprenger concludes that they held he was of Grecian parentage; but this does not appear from the authority quoted.

The description of Suheib is given in considerable detail. He was a little below middle stature, and had much hair. (Idem. p. 222‡.)

‡ (Wâckidi, *ibid.*) When he was about to emigrate, the Meccans said unto him, *Thou camest hither in need and penury; but thy wealth hath increased with us until thou hast reached thy present prosperity; and now thou art departing, not thyself only, but with all thy property; by the Lord, that shall not be!* And he said,

Another freed slave, *Ammâr*, used to resort to the house of Arcam, and simultaneously with *Subeib*, embraced Islam. His father *Yâsir*, a stranger from Yemen, his mother *Sommeiya*, and his brother *Abdallah*, were also believers.*

The jealousy and enmity of the Coreish, were aggravated by the continued success of the new sect, which now numbered

If I relinquish my property, will ye leave me free to depart? And they agreed, thereto: so he parted with all his goods: and when that was told unto Mahomet, he said, 'VERILY SUBEIB HATH TRAFFICKED TO PROFIT.' Another version states that he was pursued by the Meccans, when he turned round on his camel, and swore, that if they persisted he would shoot every arrow in his quiver at them, and then take to his sword. And they knowing him to be one of the best archers in Mecca, left him and returned.

Subeib had some humour. He reached Medina in the season of fresh dates, and being weary and hungry, he fell upon them. But as he suffered from Ophthalmia in one of his eyes, the prophet asked why he ate dates (they being injurious to that disease): and he replied, *Verily, I am eating them only from the side of the eye that is well*: and the prophet smiled thereat. *Subeib* then asked *Abu Bakr*, why they had left him at Mecca to be imprisoned, &c.—and that he had been forced to buy his life with his wealth; Mahomet, in reply, is represented as making use of the saying in the text; whereupon was revealed Sura II, 207:—*And of men there is one, who buyeth his life, through the desire of those things that be pleasing unto God, &c.* (*Wâchidi*, p. 223.) He died A. H. 33, aged seventy: and was buried at *Backi*, the cemetery of Medina.

* *Yâsir* belonged to a tribe in Yemen of the *Madhij* or *Cahlân* stock. He with two brothers visited Mecca to seek out their maternal relatives; and he remained behind with his patron *Abu Hodzeifa*, who gave him in marriage to his slave girl *Sommeiya*. She bore to him *Ammâr*, freed by *Abu Hodzeifa*, and *Abdallah*.

After *Yâsir*, *Sommeiya* married a Greek slave, *Azrack*, belonging to a man of *Tâif*, and to him she bore *Salma*. It is not easy to explain this, for at the time referred to in the text (i.e., 614 or 615 A. D.) *Yâsir* was alive, and is mentioned as having with his wife joined Mahomet and suffered severe persecution. The second marriage of *Sommeiya*, and the birth of *Salma* were consequently after this period. But *Ammâr*, her son by *Yâsir*, was at least *one* year (perhaps four) older than Mahomet, or about forty-six years of age; and his mother (who had moreover borne to *Yâsir* a son, *Horeith*, older than *Ammâr*, (*Wâchidi*, p. 227.) must therefore have been near sixty years of age. Yet we are to believe that she married, and bore a son after that age.

Wâchidi has a tradition that *Sommeiya* suffered martyrdom at the hands of *Abu Jahl*:—

فلما كان العشي جا ابو جهل يشتم سميه ويرفت ثم طعنها
فقتلها فهي ازل شهيد استشهد في الاسلام *

"And (after a day of persecution,) when it was evening, *Abu Jahl* came and abused *Sommeiya*, and used filthy language towards her, and stabbed (or reviled?) her, and killed her, and she was the first martyr in Islam, except *Bilâl*, who counted not his life dear unto him in the service of the Lord; so that they tied a rope about his neck and made the children run backwards and forwards, pulling him between the two hills of Mecca (*Abu Cobeis* and *Ahmâr*, marg.-gloss) and *Bilâl* kept saying, ONE, ONE! (i. e., there is only one God.) (*Wâchidi*, p. 224.)

The story of this martyrdom appears to us apocryphal:—I. This is the only place we find it mentioned in the early biographers: whereas had it really occurred, it would have been trumped forth in innumerable traditions and versions.

more than fifty followers. The brunt of their wrath fell upon the converted slaves, and on the strangers and poor believers who had no patron or protector. These were seized and imprisoned; or they were cast, in the glare of the mid-day sun, upon the scorching sand and gravel of the Meccan valley;* the torment being enhanced by unsufferable thirst, until the wretched sufferers hardly knew what they said.† If under the torture they reviled Mahomet and acknowledged the idols of Mecca, they were refreshed by bags of water upon the spot, and taken to their homes. Bilâl is recorded alone to have escaped the shame of recantation; in the depth of his suffering, his persecutors could force from him but one expression,—AHAD! AHAD!

There is certainly no danger of the perils and losses of the early Moslems being under-estimated or insufficiently noticed by tradition. II. The tendency of exaggerating persecution may have led the descendants of the family to attribute Sommeya's death, which happened probably before the Hegira, to Abu Jahl's ill-treatment, with which it had probably little or nothing to do. (See Canon II. B. in former Article.) The manner in which the story subsequently expanded, will be seen by a reference to Sale's note on the Coran, XVI, 106. The double

signification of the word طعن (abuse, and stabbing,) may have given its crigin to the story. III. The desire to heap contumely on Abu Jahl, would lead to the same result. (Canon II., G.) IV. Bilâl, in the above extract, is also noticed as a virtual martyr, though he long survived these persecutions; which is not in favor of the exact and literal interpretation of the passage. V. The chronological difficulty still remains. Repeated traditions speak of Yâsir, Sommeya and Ammâr, (fat'er, mother, and son,) being all tormented together, and so seen by Mahomet as he passed by: (*Wâkidi*, p. 227½) but they would not be so mentioned unless Yâsir were still married to Sommeya. Yet "after Yâsir," (and apparently after his death,) she married Azrack. How then are we to understand that she died under persecution? It may be suggested that her marriage with Azrack may have been an *interlude* in her married life with Yâsir, to whom she again returned as wife, but this is not the natural meaning of the expressions used:—or, that her marriage to Azrack and martyrdom may have occurred at a later period. Yet this could hardly have been, as she bore him a son, and must have survived the period of hot persecution. On the whole the evidence for the martyrdom is utterly insufficient. Azrack belonged to Tâif, and was one of the slaves who at the siege of that city (some fifteen years later,) fled over to Mahomet's camp. It is natural to conclude that Sommeya, after Yâsir's death, married Azrack, and accompanied him to Tâif.

Some accounts represent Ammâr as having emigrated to Abyssinia, but others state this as doubtful. He was killed in the battle of Siffin, A. H. 37, aged ninety-one or ninety-four. He was at one period appointed by Omar Governor of Cûfa.

* M. Caussin de Perceval in here rendering the two Arabic words *Râhisha* and *Bahî* as the names of places, has made a curious mistake, rare in an Orientalist of his attainments. The words signify "gravel," and "valley."

† It is added that they used to encase them in coats of mail. The torture that would thus be inflicted by the heated metal can be understood only by those who know the power of a tropical sun beating upon the arid sand and rocks. There is however a constant tendency to magnify these sufferings, and we saw no check. (See Canon II. B. in former Article.)

"One, one, (God alone!)" On such an occasion Abu Bakr passed by, and secured his liberty of conscience by purchasing his freedom.* Some of the others retained the scars of the sores and wounds thus inflicted to the end of their lives. Khobâb and Ammâr used to exhibit with pride and exultation the marks of their suffering and constancy, to another generation, in which glory and success had well nigh effaced the memory of persecution.†

With those who under these trying circumstances renounced their faith, Mahomet exhibited much commiseration. The following anecdote will show that he even encouraged them to dissimulate that they might escape the torment. The prophet happening to pass by Ammâr, as he sobbed and wiped his eyes, enquired of him what was the matter: "Evil; Oh prophet! They would not let me go until I had abused thee, and spoken 'well of their gods.'" *But how dost thou find thy heart?* "Secure and steadfast in the faith." Then, replied Mahomet, *if they repeat their cruelty, repeat thou also thy words.* A special exception for such unwilling deniers of Islam, was even provided in the Coran.‡

Mahomet himself was safe under the shadow of the respected and now venerable Abu Tâlib, who, though unconvinced by the claims of the prophet, scrupulously fulfilled those of the nephew, and withstood resolutely every approach of the Coreish to detach him from his guardianship.

* Abu Bakr paid for him seven (according to others five) *owheas*. When it was told to Mahomet, he said, "Wilt thou give me a share in him?" To which Abu Bakr replied, that he had already released him. (*Wâckidi*, p. 224.) Hishâmi (p. 89) gives further particulars:—Waraca used to pass by while Bilâl was being tormented, and said that he would buy him. At last Abu Bakr, whose house was in the same quarter, said to his master:—*Dost thou not fear God that thou treatest this poor creature so?* "Nay," replied his master, "it is thou that hast perverted him: it is for thee to deliver him from this plight." So Abu Bakr bargained to give for him another black slave, much stronger than Bilâl.

Abu Bakr bought, and freed besides, six male and female slaves, converts to Islam. His father, seeing that they were all poor weak creatures, told him that he had much better redeem able bodied men who would be fit to help his cause: but Abu Bakr replied that he had done as God had minded him to do.

† Besides these two, the names of five others are given amongst those who suffered severe persecution of this nature: viz. Suheib, Amr ibn Fohaira, Abu Fokeiha, and the father and mother of Ammâr. For the vain-glorious boasting of Ammâr, see *Wâckidi*, p. 227‡; and of Khobâb, who displayed his scars before Omar, when Caliph, *idem*, p. 2104.

‡ The story of Ammâr is given from various sources by *Wâckidi*, (p. 227‡). See Sura XVI., 106. *Whoever denieth God after that he hath believed. (EXCEPTING HIM WHO IS FORCIBLY COMPELLED THERETO, HIS HEART REMAINING STEADFAST IN THE FAITH,) on such resteth the wrath of God.* See also Sura XXXIX., 53, where renegades from Islam ("those who have transgressed against their own souls,") are exhorted not to despair of the mercy of God.

Abu Bakr, too, and those who could claim affinity with the powerful families of Mecca, though exposed perhaps to contumely and reproach, were generally secure from personal injury. The chivalry which makes common cause among the members and connections of an Arab family, and arouses the fiery impetuosity of all against the injurers of one, prevented the enemies of Islam from open and violent persecution.* Such immunity, however, depended in part on the good will of the convert's family and friends; it would hardly exist where his whole tribe were inimical to the new religion. Thus, when the Bani Makhzûm were minded to chastise some of their number, and among the rest Walid, for becoming Moslems, they repaired to his brother Hishâm, a violent opposer of the prophet, and demanded his permission; this he readily gave, but added, *beware of killing him, for if thou dost, I shall verily slay in his stead the chiefest among you.*†

To escape these indignities, and the fear of perversion, Mahomet now recommended such of his followers as were without protection, to seek an asylum in a foreign land. *Yonder, pointing to the West, lieth a country wherein no one is wronged: a land of righteousness. Depart thither, and remain until it pleaseth the Lord to open your way before you.* Abyssinia was well known to the Meccans as a market for the goods of Arabia; and the Court of the *Najâshy* (or king,) was the ordinary destination of one of their annual caravans.‡ In the month of Rajab, the fifth year of Mahomet's prophetic office,§ eleven men, some mounted, some on foot, and four of them accompanied by their wives, set out for the port of Shueiba,|| where, finding two vessels about to set sail, they embarked in haste, and were conveyed to Abyssinia for half a dinar a-piece. The Meccans are said to have pursued them, but they had already left the port. Among the emigrants was Othmân, (son of Affân) followed by his wife Rokeya, the prophet's daughter; and Alâd al

* See this state of society described in the paper on the *Fore-fathers of Mahomet*, p. 2.

† *Hishâmî*, p. 91. Walid and Hishâm were sons of the famous Walid ibn al Moghîra, already mentioned as one of the chief men of Mecca, and a violent opponent of Mahomet.

‡ "Then Mahomet gave commandment to them to go forth to the land of Abyssinia. Now there was there a just king, Al Najâshy. It was a land with which the Coreish used to do merchandize, because they found therein abundance of food, protection, and good traffic." (*Tabari*,) p. 127.)

§ November, 615 A. D., by the calculations of M. Caussin de Perceval.

|| شعيبة the ancient port of Mecca, not far from Jiddah.

Rahmân, both, as merchant-men, already perhaps acquainted with the country. The youths Zobeir and Musâb were also of the number. The party was headed by Othmân, son of Matzûn, as its leader.* They met with a kind reception from the Najâshy and his people. The exile was passed in peace and in comfort.

This is termed the *first* "Hegira" or flight to Abyssinia, as distinguished from the later and more extensive emigration thither. On this occasion the emigrants were few, but the part they acted was of deep importance to Islâm. It convinced the Meccans of the sincerity and resolution of the converts, and proved their readiness to undergo any loss and any hardship, rather than abjure the faith of Mahomet. A bright example of self-denial was exhibited to the believers generally, who were led to regard peril and exile in "the cause of God," as a glorious privilege and distinction. It suggested that the hostile attitude of their fellow citizens, and the purity of their own faith, might secure for them, within the limits of Arabia, a sympathy and hospitality as cordial as the Abyssinian; and thus struck the type of a greater "Hegira," the emigration to Medina. Finally, it turned the attention of Mahomet more closely and more favorably to the Christian religion. If an Arab asylum had not at last offered itself at Medina, the prophet himself might have emigrated to Abyssinia, and Mahometanism might have dwindled, like Gnosticism or Montanism, into one of the ephemeral heresies of Christianity.

To complete our review of this period, it is needful that we should examine the portions of the Coran given forth in it, for their purport, and even their style, will throw an important light upon the inner, as well as the external, struggles of the prophet.

To the two or three years intervening between the commission to preach, and the first emigration to Abyssinia, may be assigned about twenty of the Suras as they now stand. Even in this short time, a marked change may be traced both in the sentiments and the composition.†

* See Wâckidi, p. 38½; Tabari, p. 127; Hishâmi, p. 91; Sprenger, p. 182; and Caussin-de Perceval, Vol. I., p. 388.

† The Suras of this period consist of about twenty. The supposed order of the preceding twenty-two Suras has been given in a previous article. The following appears to be the chronological sequence of those in the present stage:—the 23rd in order, LXXXVII.; 24, XCVII.; 25, LXXXVIII.; 26, LXXX.; 27, LXXXI.; 28, LXXXIV.; 29, LXXXVI.; 30, CX.; 31, LXXXV.; 32, LXXXIII.; 33, LXXXVIII.; 34, LXXVII.; 35, LXXXVI.; 36, LXXV.; 37, LXX.; 38, CIX.; 39, CVII.; 40, LV.; 41, LVI.

CRCU 17

At first, like a Himalayan stream, the current dashes headlong, pure, wild, impetuous. Such are the fragments described in a previous article. Advancing, the style becomes calmer and more uniform; yet ever and anon the tumultuous rhapsody, like an unexpected cataract, interposes thrilling words of ardent conviction and fervid aspiration.* Advancing still, though the dancing stream sometimes sparkles, and the foam deceives the eye, one may trace a rapid decline in the vivid energy of natural inspiration, and even the mingling with it of grosser elements. There is yet, indeed, a wide difference from the turbid, tame, and sluggish course of later days; but the tendency towards it cannot be mistaken. The decay of life is now supplied by artificial expedient. Elaborate periods, and the measured cadence of rhyming prose, convey too often unmeaning truisms, or silly fiction. Though there still occur powerful reasonings against idolatry, and the burning words of a living faith, yet the chief substance of the Coran begins to be composed of legends expanded by the prophet's imagination; of pictures of Heaven and Hell, the resurrection and the judgment day; and of dramatic scenes in which the righteous and the damned, angels, genii, and infernal spirits, converse in language framed adroitly as argument in the cause of Mahomet.

The Suras gradually extend in length. In the preceding stage a whole Sura seldom exceeds the quarter of a page of Flügel's beautiful quarto edition; in the present period it occupies one, and sometimes two pages.†

The theory of inspiration becomes more fully developed. The Almighty, from whom Revelation alone proceeds, is the sole authority for its collection, recitation and true meaning.

* Throughout this period we find the same wild oaths constantly recurring as in the earlier Suras. See Suras LXXXI., LXXXIV., LXXXVI., LXXXV., LXXXVII., LXXXV., LXX., 40, LVI., 47. In the 86th Sura, the oath used by Musâb's mother, occurs; "by the sparkling star!"

† It is interesting to watch the gradual lengthening of the Suras. Flügel's edition forms an excellent standard for doing so. The number of verses, from their varying length, is not an exact test, but that of the lines and pages of the printed volume is. The twenty-two Suras first revealed contain an average of only five lines each; the next twenty Suras, (those referred to in the present Article,) sixteen lines;—some of them being composed of nearly 2 pages, (each page having twenty-two lines.) From this period to the Hegira, the average length of fifty Suras is 3 pages and nine lines; some being seven and eight, and one nearly 12 pages. The average length of the twenty-one Medina Suras is 5 pages, the longest is the second, of 22½ pages,—the next the third, fourth and fifth, 14½, 13½ and 11 pages respectively.

Up to nearly the time of the prophet's emigration to Medina, the Suras were produced generally whole at one time as we now find them. Later it became Mahomet's practise to throw together, according to their subject matter, verses given forth at various times,—which is one reason why the later Suras are of such great length. (See page 5 of *Original Sources for Biography of Mahomet*.)

On these points Mahomet must wait for heavenly direction; he must not be hasty in repeating the Divine words, for "*the Coran is revealed by a gradual revelation*,"* and it is the prerogative of the Lord to prescribe what shall be remembered and what forgotten.† How much soever the prophet may have sincerely believed, or persuaded himself to believe, that these functions were executed by the Deity, the doctrine offered an irresistible temptation to suit the substance of the Coran to the varying necessities of the hour, and eventually led to the open assertion (which so damaged his cause in the eyes of unbelievers,) that where two passages are irreconcilably opposed in their meaning, the later *abrogates* the earlier.

Notwithstanding this apparent fallibility, we begin to find a disposition to claim for the Coran a superstitious veneration, by ascribing to it not Divine inspiration only, but a heavenly original. *Truly, it is the glorious Coran, IN THE PRESERVED TABLE.‡*

"It is an admonition in revered pages;

Exalted, pure;

Written by scribes honorable and just."§

It was brought down from Heaven on the

"NIGHT OF POWER, a night which excellet a thousand months,
Whereon the Angels and THE SPIRIT descend by the command of their

[Lord, upon every errand;

It is Peace until the breaking of the Morn."||

* *Verily, We (the Lord) send down the Coran by degrees unto thee*; the Oordoo translation of Abd ul Câdir has

سبح سبح "slowly and gently."

† "We shall cause thee to rehearse (the Revelation,) and thou shalt not forget excepting that which the Lord shall please; for He knoweth that which is public and that which is concealed; and We shall facilitate unto thee that which is easy." (Sura LXXXVII., 6.7.)

In another passage Mahomet is thus addressed by the Deity:—"And move not thy tongue therein (in repeating the Coran) that thou shouldst be hasty therewith. Verily upon Us devolveth the collection thereof, and the recitation thereof, and when We shall have recited it unto thee, then follow the recitation thereof. Farther, upon Us devolveth the explanation thereof." (Sura LXXV., 17-19.)

‡ Sura LXXXV., 21. Meaning according to Sale's paraphrastic translation,—"*the original whereof is written in a table kept in Heaven.*"

§ "Being transcribed from the preserved table, kept pure and uncorrupted from the hands of evil spirits, and touched only by the Angels." Zamakshari as quoted by Sale. The scribes apparently mean the Angels.

|| Sura XCVII. This is the famous *Lailat al Cadr*, of which so much has been made in after days. It probably referred to some special night on which Mahomet conceived that the truth broke full and clear upon his mind; hence the "Night of Power."

• The Sura is a fragment of five verses only, and abruptly opens with the words. "we have caused it to descend on the night of Al Cadr." It may either signify with Sale and the commentators "the Coran," or more probably a clear sense of Divine Truth.

It is not clear what ideas Mahomet at the first attached to "the spirit" here noticed.* They were perhaps indefinite. It was a phrase he had heard used, but with different meanings, by the Jews and Christians. That it was the "Holy Ghost" (however interpreted) Mahomet intended by the term, is evident from the repeated use, though at a later date, of the expression "*God strengthened Him (Jesus) by the Holy Spirit.*"† But eventually there can be no doubt that the "Holy Spirit" of Mahomet came to signify the Angel Gabriel. He had learned, and he believed, that Jesus was "born of the Virgin Mary, by the power of the Holy Ghost;" and either knowingly rejecting the divinity of that blessed person, or imperfectly informed as to His nature, he confounded Gabriel announcing the conception, with the Holy Spirit that overshadowed Mary. The two expressions became, in the phraseology of the Coran, synonymous.

And Gabriel, the "Spirit," was the Messenger who communicated to Mahomet the words of God, and sometimes appeared to him in a material form. The *traditional* account of the vision of Gabriel at the commencement of his inspiration, has already been noticed. It is perhaps to this apparition the prophet alludes in an early Sura of the present period:—

— And I swear by the Star that is retrograde;
By that which goeth forward, and that which disappeareth;
By the Night when it closeth in,
By the Morn when it breaketh!
(I swear) that this verily is the word of an honoured Messenger;
Powerful; and with the Lord of the Throne, of great dignity:
Obedied there and faithful.
And your Companion is not mad;
Truly he hath seen him in the clear Horizon;
And he entertaineth no suspicions regarding the Unseen;
Neither is this the word of a rejected ‡ Devil.
Whither then are ye going?
Verily this is no other than an admonition to all creatures,
To him amongst you that willeth to walk uprightly:
But ye shall not will, unless the Lord willeth;—The Lord of Creation!
SURA LXXXI.

- The concluding verses show that Mahomet already contemplated his mission as embracing the whole world. The

* The only two other places in which "the Spirit" is mentioned in the revelations of *this period*, are Suras LXXXVII., 37; and LXX., 5; in which it is alluded to in connection with the Angels as present at the Day of Judgment.

† See Sura II., 87, 254—*واتيناه عيسى ابن مريم البينا*—*وايدنا به روح القدس*. So Sura LVIII., 22. He hath strengthened them (believers) with His Spirit. *وايدهم به روح منه*. In later periods of the Coran the same *verb* is used with reference to supernatural help, as by angels in battle, Sura IX., 42; VII., 65; III., 13; VIII., 25.

‡ Literally *driven away*, and thereof unable ever to hear the secrets of Heaven.

vivid conviction of its heavenly origin contrasted strangely with the apathy and unbelief around him ; and hence is springing up a belief in the Divine decree of election and reprobation, which alone could account for these spiritual phenomena,* yet in the very strength of the asseveration that he was not deceived, and that his inspiration was not that of a "rejected devil," do we not trace the symptoms of a lurking suspicion that all might possibly not be right?

The teaching of the Coran is, up to this stage, very simple. Belief in the Unity of God, and in Mahomet as His messenger, in the resurrection of the dead, and retribution of good and evil,† are perhaps the sole doctrines insisted upon. The only duties, prayer‡ and charity, honesty in weights and measures,§ truthfulness in testimony, chastity,|| and the faithful observance of covenants.

It is doubtful whether, at this period, Mahomet inculcated the rites of the Meccan system as divine. The absence of allusion to them inclines to the opinion that they formed at least no part of his positive teaching. There was at any rate a clear and conclusive renunciation of idolatry :—

SURA CIX.—SAY, Oh, ye unbelievers !
I worship not that which ye worship ;
And ye do not worship that which I worship.
I will never worship that which ye worship ;
Neither will ye worship that which I worship.
To you be your Religion ; to me my Religion.

* We find the doctrine of predestination appearing in almost the same words in another Sura of this period.—(LXXVI., 29.) *Verily this is a Warning. And whoso willet h taketh the way unto his Lord ; and ye shall not will unless God wil·eth, for God is knowing and wise. He causeth such as He willet h to enter into His Mercy, but as for the Unjust, He hath prepared for them a grievous punishment, (v. 29 to end.)*

† Sura LXX., 26.

‡ LXXVI., 7, 25 ; LXX., 23 - 33. The times of prayer are as yet only mentioned generally, as Morning, Evening and Night.

§ Sura LXXXIII., 1--5 ; LV., 8. The former opens with a fine philippic against those who defraud in weights and measures :—"What ! do they think that they shall not be raised ! On the great day ! The day on which mankind shall stand before the Lord of all creatures ?"

|| Sura LXX., 29—32. It is to be specially noted that at this early period, Mahomet, according to the custom of the country, admitted slave girls to be lawful concubines, besides ordinary wives ; and they are specified by the same phrase afterwards used at Medina, viz., *that which your right hands possess*, signifying female slaves obtained by purchase or conquest. This was at a time when he himself lived chastely with a single wife of advanced age. Though the license was subsequently used for his own indulgence, and as holding out an inducement to his followers to fight, in the hope of capturing females, (who would then be lawful concubines as "that which their right hand possessed ;" yet these do not appear to have been the original motives for the rule. It was in fact one of the earliest compromises, by which he fitted his system to the usages and wants of those about him.

This Sura is said to have been revealed when the aged Walid pressed Mahomet to the compromise, that his God should be worshipped in conjunction with their deities, or alternately every year.* Whatever the occasion, it breathes a spirit of unpromising hostility to the practice of idolatry.

The vivid pictures of Heaven and Hell, placed, to increase their effect, in close juxta-position, are now painted in colours of material joy and torment; which, though to us absurd and childish—were well calculated to strike a deep impression upon the simple Arab mind. Rest and passive enjoyment: gardens verdant with murmuring rivulets, wherein the believer clothed in green silk, brocades, and silver ornaments, reposes beneath the wide spreading shade, upon couches with cushions and carpets; and drinks the sweet-waters of the fountain, or quaffs aromatic wine (such as the Arabian loved, and before Islam indulged in) placed in goblets before him, or handed round in silver cups resplendent as glass, by beautiful youths; while clusters of fruit hang close and invite the hand to gather them; such is the oft repeated, and glowing scene, framed to captivate the inhabitant of the thirsty and sterile Mecca.†

And another element is soon added to complete the Paradise of the pleasure-loving Arab:—

Verily for the Pious is a blissful abode;
Gardens and Vineyards,
And Damsels with swelling bosoms, of an equal age;
And a full cup. †

* * * * *

In the customary picture of a shady garden “with fruits and meats, and beakers of wine that causeth not the head to ache, neither disturbeth the reason,” we have these damsels of Paradise introduced as “*lovely, large-eyed, girls, § resembling pearls hidden in their shells, a reward for that which the faithful have wrought.* * * * * *Verily, we have created them of a rare creation; we have made them virgins, fascinating, of an equal age.*”

The following extract will illustrate the artificial style and

* *Hishâmi*, p. 79; *Tubâi*, p. 139. •

† These descriptions are literally copied from the Coran. (*Cnf. Sura LXXXVIII.*, 8; *LXXXIII.*, 22; *LXXVII.*, 41; *LXXVI.*, 12.) The wine is in one passage spoken of as sealed with musk, and spiced with ginger. •

‡ *Sura LXXVIII.*, 30.

§ *Hûries Sura LII.*, 20; *LVI.*, 24. This is the earliest mention of the Houries, or black-eyed girls of paradise, so famous in the Mahometan system, and by which perhaps more than anything else Mahometanism is known among other nations. They were not thought of, at least not introduced into the revelation, till four or five years after Mahomet had assumed the office of prophet.

unworthy materialism, into which this fire of early inspiration was now degenerating. It is taken from a psalm with a fixed alternating versicle throughout, quaintly addressed in the dual number to men and geni; and to suit the rhyme the objects are all (excepting the damsels) introduced in pairs.

* * *

This is Hell, which the wicked deny;
They shall pass to and fro between the same and Scalding Water;
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
But to him that dreads the appearing of his Lord, shall be two Gardens;
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
Planted with Shady trees,
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
In each of them shall two fountains flow,
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
And in each shall there be of every fruit two kinds,
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
They shall repose on brocade-lined Carpets, the fruits of the two gardens hanging close,
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
In them shall be modest girls, refraining their looks, whom before them no man shall have
[deflowered, neither any genius,
Which then of the signs of your Lord will ye deny?
Like as if they were rubies or pearls.*

It is very remarkable that the notices in the Coran of this voluptuous Paradise are *almost entirely confined* to a time when, whatever the tendency of his desires, Mahomet was living chaste and temperate, with a single wife of three-score years of age.† Gibbon characteristically observes that "Mahomet 'has not specified the male companions of the female elect,

* *Sura LV.*, 43, &c. The above is the reward of the *highest* class of believers. Another set of gardens and females is immediately after described for the *commoner* class of the faithful:—"And besides these, there shall be two other gardens. * * Of a dark green. * * In each two fountains of welling water. * * In each fruits with the palm and the pomegranate. * * In them shall be damsels amiable and lovely. * * Large-eyed Hâries, kept within pavilions. * * Whom no man shall have deflowered before them, nor any genius." Between each verse, the fixed versicle *which then, &c.*, recurs.

So at a somewhat later date;—"And close unto the believers shall be modest females refraining their looks, like ostrich eggs delicately covered." (*Sura XXXVII.*, 49.) In another passage of the same period the faithful are said to be "married" to these "fair large-eyed girls." (*Sura XLIV.*, 53. See also *Sura XXXVIII.*, 53.)

In four other places of a still later date, and probably after Khadija's death, the *wives* of believers (their *proper* wives of this world apparently) are spoken of as entering into paradise with their husbands. Mahomet may have deemed it possible that the earthly wives might still remain united to their husbands in Paradise, in spite of their new black-eyed rivals. (*Suras XXXVI.*, 55; *XLIII.*, 68; *XIII.*, 25; *XL.*, 9.)

† It is a very note-worthy that in the Medina Suras, that is in all the voluminous revelations of the ten years following the Hegira, women are only twice referred to as constituting one of the delights of Paradise; and on both occasions in these simple words;—"and to them (believers,) *there shall be therein pure wives*" (*Sura II.*, 25; *IV.* 55.) Was it that the soul of Mahomet had at that period no longings after what he had then the full enjoyment of? Or that a closer contact with Jewish principles and morality, covered with a merited confusion the sensual picture of his Paradise drawn at Mecca?

‘lest he should either alarm the jealousy of the former husbands, or disturb their felicity by the suspicion of an everlasting marriage.’ The remark, made in raillery, is pregnant with reason, and aims a fatal blow at the Paradise of Islam. Faithful women will renew their youth in heaven; and their good works merit an equal and analogous reward. But Mahomet shrunk from the legitimate conclusion.

The Hell of Mahomet is no less material and gross than his Heaven. The drink of the damned is boiling water and filthy corruption; on being cast into the pit, they hear it bray wildly like an ass: hell boileth over, it almost bursteth with fury: the smoke, rising in three columns, affordeth neither shade nor protection, but casteth forth great sparks like castles, or as it were yellow camels.*

And the companions of the Left Hand, how miserable they!

In scorching Blasts, and scalding Water,

And the shade of Smoke

That is not cold nor is it grateful,

Verily before that, they lived in Pleasure,

And they were bent upon great Wickedness:

And they used to say,

What! after we have died and become dust and bones, shall we be raised?

Or our Fathers that preceded us?

Say, yea, verily, the Former and the Latter

Shall be gathered at the time of the appointed Day.

Then shall you, oh! ye that err and reject the Truth;

Eat assuredly of the Tree of *Zakkâm*,

Filling your bellies therewith

And drinking thereupon boiling water,

As a thirsty Camel drinketh.

This shall be your entertainment on the Day of Reckoning!

SURA LVL, 42—58.

A nearer vengeance in this life begins to loom darkly forth, but mingled mysteriously with the threats of the Judgment-day and Hell, thus:—

• • • The day of separation!

And what shall make thee know what the *Day of Separation* meaneth?

Woe on that day unto the Deniers of the Truth!

What! Have we not destroyed the former nations?

Wherefore we shall cause the latter to follow them.

Thus shall we deal with the wicked People!

Woe on that day unto the Deniers of the Truth.

• • • Verily, we warn you of a punishment close at hand,

The day whereon a man shall see that which his hands have wrought,

And the unbelievers shall say, *Oh! I would that I were dust!*

• • • What! are ye secure that he who dwelleth in the Heavens will not cause the earth to swallow you up, and it shall quake!

Or that he will not send upon you an overwhelming Blast, and then ye shall know of what nature is my Warning!

And verily the Nations that preceded these denied the Truth, and how awful was my Vengeance.‡

* See Suras LXXXVIII., 1; LXXVIII., 23; LXXVII., 30; LXVII., 6.

† Sura LXXVII., 13, 19.

‡ Sura LXXXVIII., 39.

§ Sura LXVII., 16.

But the men of Mecca scoffed at these threats, and defied the preacher to bring them into execution.

* * * And they say, *When shall this promised Vengeance be, if ye speak the Truth?*
 SAY, Nay, verily, the knowledge thereof is with God alone; as for me I am but a plain Warner.
 But when they see it, the countenance of those who disbelieved shall fall;

And it shall be said, *This is that which ye have been calling for.*
 SAY, What think ye, whether the Lord destroy me and those that be with me or have mercy upon us, Who shall deliver the Unbelievers from a dreadful Punishment?*

We begin also to find in the Coran the arguments used by the Meccans against the prophet, and the mode in which they were replied to. The progress of incredulity may thus be followed, and the very expressions used by either party traced.

The resurrection of the body was derided by his fellow citizens as an idle imagination; and when the prophet sought to illustrate it by the analogies of nature, and the power of God in creation, he was scouted as a sorcerer or magician, who would produce from dust and dead men's bones a living body.

The Coran was denounced at one time as a bare-faced imposture, as *Fables of the Ancients*† trumped up to suit the occasion, and borrowed from the Foreigners at Mecca; at others as the effusion of a phrenzied poet,‡ or the absurdity of an insane fool.

Jeers and jests were the ordinary weapons by which the believers were assailed:—

Verily, the sinners laugh the Faithful to scorn;
 When they pass by them, they wink at one another:
 And when they turn aside unto their own people, they turn aside jesting scurrilously;
 And when they see them, they say, *Verily, THESE are the erring ones.*
 But they are not sent to be-keepers over them.
 Wherefore one day the Faithful shall laugh the Unbelievers to scorn,
 Lying upon couches, they shall behold them (in hell!) §

* *Idem.*, 25.

† *Sura LXXXIII.*, 13 *سا طير الاولين* Sprenger has an ingenious and possible theory that *Asâtîr* is a corruption of *Historiae*.

‡ Mahomet disliked nothing so much as being called a poet, and rejected the equivocal honor of the appellation. He probably felt it his weakest point; conscious of the labour he bestowed on the versification and cadence of his revelations, which he would have the world believe, and perhaps persuaded himself to believe, were the results and the marks of divine inspiration.

He affected even at Medina not to distinguish poetry from prose, and would transpose the words of two verses the Mussulmans sang as they laboured at the building of their mosque:—The lines were

اللهم لا عيش الا عيش الاخرة
 اللهم ارحم الانصار والمهاجرة

the termination *illâ aish al âkhira*, rhyming with *al ansâr w'al muhâjira*. Mahomet would insist on repeating the last line transposed *al muhâjira w'al ansâr*, or *al ansâr w'al muhâjira* (thus destroying the rhyme.) *Hishâmi*, p. 173.

• § *Sura LXXXIII.*, 29—34.

Amid the derision and the plots of the Meccans, patience is inculcated on the prophet from on high: his followers are exhorted to steadfastness and resignation, and are in one passage reminded of the constancy of the Christian martyrs in Najrân.*

There is at this period hardly any allusion to Jewish and Christian Scripture or legend, and but little to the legends of Arabia.† The Coran did not yet rest its claim upon the evidence of previous Revelation, or the close correspondence thereof with its own contents.

The peculiar phraseology of the new faith was already becoming fixed. The dispensation of Mahomet was distinguished as "*Islam*," the surrender of the soul to God; his followers as '*believers*,' and as '*Musselmâns*,' (those who surrender themselves; ‡) or '*Mushrikîn*, i. e., those who *associate*, companions, or sharers with the Deity; and his opponents as '*Kâfrs*,' that is, *rejecters* of the Divine message. '*Faith*,' '*Repentance*,' '*Heaven*,' '*Hell*,' '*Prayer*,' '*Almsgiving*,' and many other terms of the religion, soon acquired their stereotyped meaning. The naturalization in Arabia of Judaism and Christianity, (but chiefly of the former,) provided a ready fund of theological expressions, which, if not current, were at least widely known,

* Sura LXXXV. :—

By the Heavens with their Zodiacal Signs;
By the threatened Day!
By the Witness and the Witnessed,

Damned be the *Diggers of the Pits* filled with burning Fuel, when they sat around the same
And they were witnesses of that which they did unto the Believers.

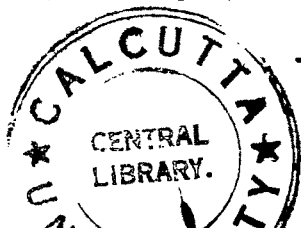
And they tormented them no otherwise than because they believed in God the Mighty and the
[Glorious.

Verily they who persecute the Believers, male and female, and repent them not,
For them the torment of hell is prepared, and a burning anguish, &c.

The "*diggers of the pits*" were the Jewish persecutors of Yemen, Dzu No-wâs and his followers, who invaded Najrân with a large army, and having treacherously gained possession of the place, dug trenches filled with combustible materials, into which such as would not embrace Judaism were cast headlong. The persecutors are styled the contrivers or diggers of the pits or trenches. (See page 16 of the paper on the "*Anti-Mahometan History of Arabia*."

† See Suras LXXXV., 18; LXXXVII., 18; LXXXIII., 14. These passages contain only the most passing references to Abraham, Moses and Pharaoh.

‡ Thus in Sura LXXXV., 10, we have مؤمنات and مؤمنين for male and female believers, مسلمين 'Moslems,' occurs frequently, and مسلمات 'female Moslems' in Sura LXVI., 5.



in a sense approaching that which Mahomet attached to them.*

We have purposely confined our remarks to the portion of the Coran produced by Mahomet during the period under review, i. e., the first five years of his Mission. It is thus that the enquirer is best able to trace the development of the religious system, and to observe what bearing the external circumstances of the Arabian Prophet may have had upon the peculiarities of his creed.

* See remarks on the prevalence of Jewish legends and expressions, in *The Aborigines of Arabia*, p. 15, and *Ante-Mahometan History of Arabia*, p. 58. We cannot calculate the advantage which Mahomet thus possessed in having the tacit acquiescence of the Meccans in the truth of former Revelations, and in being able to appropriate the treasury of apt and ready terms already current, as expressive of the spiritual ideas he wished to attach to them, or at least containing the germ capable of easy development.

Thus the phrase, "the merciful, the compassionate" affixed by Mahomet to the name of God, though known, was not in use among the Meccans, as we see by the treaty of Hodeibia. In dictating to the scribes the terms of this truce, Mahomet commenced, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate," the Meccans interrupted him, saying:—"Nay, as for God, we acknowledge him, but as for the Compassionate and Merciful, we acknowledge him not;" then, said the Prophet;—"Write, in thy name, Oh God!"

قال [محمد] اكتبوا بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم قالوا ما الله قال فنعرفه واما الرحمن الرحيم فلا نعرفه. (*Wâchidi*, p. 119; *Hishâmi*, p. 326.)

Gerger has examined ingenuously and carefully the Mahometan terms borrowed from Islam in his, *Was not Mohammed aus dem Judenthume aufgenommen*.

There is much truth in the following passage:—

"The relation of Mahometanism to the existing Heathenism, Judaism and Christianity, gave also the language (Arabic) an entirely new hue. Hence we find here as an immediate result, an entirely new circle of religious ideas and expressions, which, however, gradually passed into civil life, and here also partly produced new modes of expression or antiquated older ones, and gave them a new sense. As مشركون تقى وقى كافرين كفر

foreign idioms as "جادل في سبيل الله, افسد في العرض

—." *Havernick's Introduction to the Old Testament*, p. 116; Vol. 28, of *Clark's Foreign Theolog. Library*.

ART. II.—*Sketch of the Religious Sects of the Hindus.* By H. H. Wilson, L. L. D., and F. R. S. Calcutta, 1846.

To convey a clear and distinct idea of the nature and character of the faith embraced by the Shaktas, some account of Shakti, the great object of their special adoration, appears necessary. On this, as on every other religious topic, there exists among the Hindu writers, great difference of opinion. There are no less than three different sets of notions held of this mysterious principle, bearing as many different names, Shakti, Máyá, and Prakriti.

The opinion which, of all others, has a claim to highest antiquity, though perhaps not the most popular, considers Shakti as the power and energy of the divine nature in action. This active energy is, agreeably to the genius of the Hindu mythology, personified and invested with a female form. The notion of this female principle, as something distinct from the divine essence, has evidently originated in the literal interpretation of the figurative language of the Vedas, respecting the first indication of wish or will in the Supreme Being. These most ancient authorities of the Hindu religion, speaking in a sense which is manifestly metaphorical, represent the *will or purpose to create* the universe, as not only originating from the supreme Brahm, but “co-existent with him as his bride and part of himself.” Thus, we read in the *Rig Veda*, “The Divine Spirit breathed without afflation single, with (Shwada) her who is sustained within him; other than him nothing existed. First desire was formed in his mind, and that became the original productive seed.” To the same purpose, but more distinctly, the *Sáma Veda* says,—“He felt not delight being alone. He wished another, and instantly became such. He caused his ownself to fall in twain, and thus became husband and wife. He approached her, and thus were human beings produced.” These metaphorical expressions have, in the course of time, and with the corruption of the doctrines of the Vedas, lost their figurative signification, and, with the progress of the present mythological system, been interpreted in a literal sense; and some of the Purans have evidently contributed to form the notion of the female principle as distinct from the supreme Brahm. For, although they adopt a style very nearly the same with that of the Vedas, yet they inculcate nothing which they do not mean to be literally understood. They teach that Brahm, being devoid of all attributes, was alone, in a state of perfect insensibility, till having awaked from his profound and dreamless

sleep, he permitted to be generated within himself the wish to be multiplied ; and then created beings were produced by the union of the wish with the divine nature. Thus, in the *Brahma Vaibertta Puran*, it is said, that "The Lord was alone ' invested with the supreme form, and beheld the whole world, ' with the sky and regions of space, a void. Having contemplated all things in His mind, He, without any assistant, ' began with the *will* to create all things, He, the Lord, endowed with the wish for creation." This first manifestation of the divine energy, the *will* or the *wish*, is Shakti, otherwise called Ichhárupá, a very significant name, meaning, literally personified desire, *i. e.*, desire assuming a *rup* or form, and thereby becoming in itself a separate and living existence ; and the feminine termination á, shows that the form which it assumes is that of a female. A like epithet is given to the Creator, who is called *Ichhamáyá*, united with His own will,—the one male, the other female. This is clearly declared in the *Prakriti Khanda*, a section of the *Brahma Vaibertta Puran*, which is wholly devoted to the manifestations of the female principle. "Brahm, or the Supreme Being, having determined to create the universe by the power of *yoga*, became ' himself two-fold in the act of creation, the right half becoming a male, the left half a female."

The notion, which is the most popular, prevailing among the Hindus of all classes, is derived originally from the Vedanta philosophy, but supported and disseminated chiefly by a portion of the Purans. According to this theory, all created things are held to be illusory, and the Shakti, or active will of the deity, is always designated and spoken of as "*Máyá* or *Mahámáyá*, original deceit or illusion." Thus, in the *Karma Puran*, "His energy being the universal form of all the world, is called *Máyá*, for so does the ' Lord, the best of males, and endowed with illusion, cause ' it to revolve. That Shakti, of which the essence is illusion, is omniform and eternal, and constantly displays the ' universal shape of Mahesa."

Another theory, which has contributed to form the character of Shakti, is founded on the Sankhya philosophy. According to this system, nature, which is called *Prakriti*, *Mula Prakriti*, *A'di Prakriti*, is defined "to be of eternal existence, and independent origin, distinct from the Supreme Spirit, productive, ' though no production, and the plastic origin of all things, ' including even the gods." The *Gítá* and some of the Purans sanction this doctrine. Thus we read in the former:—"This my *Prakriti*, (says Brahm himself,) is inhe-

‘rently eightfold, or earth, water, fire, air, ether, mind, intellect, individuality.” And the passage from the *Karma Puran* quoted above, may very advantageously be cited in corroboration of the present doctrine. For there the Shakti of Brahma is represented “as the universal form of all the world, omniform and eternal.”

It is not improbable also, as some learned analysts of the Hindu religion suppose, that the doctrine of the eternity of matter was introduced by the worshippers of the joint form of Shiva and Shakti. Conformably to the universal maxim of all the Hindu sects, each of whom would identify the preferential object of their worship with the Supreme Being, and ascribe to the former all the attributes of the latter, the followers of Shiva and Shakti, in order to reconcile the apparent contradiction of assigning the attribute of creation to the principle of destruction, asserted, “that the dissolution or destruction of bodies was not real with respect to matter, which was indestructible in itself, although its modifications were in a constant succession of mutation; that the power, which continually operates these changes, must necessarily unite in itself the attributes of creation and apparent destruction: that this power and matter, are two distinct and co-existent principles in nature; the one agent, the other patient; the one male, the other female; and that creation was the effect of the mystic union of these principles.”

Though these mythological fancies respecting the character of Shakti appear to us irreconcilable and contradictory, since, in the first case, it is considered as nothing but the personified will of the supreme Brahma; in the second, as the original source of all illusion, and lastly, as something quite distinct from the divine essence, being eternal and of independent existence, yet the Hindu Shastras identify these three characters with each other. Prakriti, Mâyâ and Shakti are one and the same being. As co-existent with the Supreme Being, Prakriti is identified with his Shakti, or his personified desire; and as one with matter, the source of error, it is again identified with Mâyâ or delusion. It is further called delusion, or appearance, to show that it is something for an occasion, and which, when that occasion is served, will be destroyed. Hence they say, that matter is from everlasting but is subject to destruction. It is called inanimate energy, as it supplies the forms of things, though the vivifying principle is God. To show that Prakriti is made one with Shakti, the will of Brahma, we give the substance of a passage from the *Brahma Vaibertta Puran*:—“The Supreme Lord, being

‘ alone invested with the divine nature, beheld all one universal blank, and contemplating creation with His mental vision, He began to create all things by His own will, being united with His will, which became manifest as Mula Prakriti.” In another passage, it is said, “ from the wish, which is the creative impulse of Sri-Krishna, (who is in this work identified with the Supreme Being), endowed with His will, she, Mula Prakriti, the supreme, became manifest.” The identifying of Prakriti with Mâyá, may, at once, be inferred from the following lines : “ she (Prakriti) one with Brahm, is Mâyá, eternal, everlasting.” (*Prakriti Khanda*.) “Prakriti is termed inherent Mâyá, because she beguiles all beings.” (*Káliká Puran*). There is a very striking passage in the *Brahma Vaibertta Puran*, in which Prakriti, Mâyá and Shakti are all blended together. “ She (Prakriti) was of one nature with Brahm, she was *illusion*, eternal, and without end ; as is the soul, so is its *active energy*.” Hence we may use the terms Shakti, Mâyá and Prakriti synonymously without any fear of contradiction.

The original Prakriti is said to have first assumed a certain number of forms. But with regard to these principal modifications of the female principle, the Hindu Shastras differ as much as with respect to her origin. The theory, which of all others, appears to agree most perfectly with the spirit of the Hindu religion, which is wholly figurative and emblematical, represents her in three different forms, deduced from the three Guna or qualities with which the Supreme Being is invested while engaged in the work of creation. Or in other words, the active energy of Brahm is resolved into three elements or attributes, Satwa, Raja and Tama, or the properties of goodness, passion and vice, the female personifications of which are believed to be the first manifestations of Shakti. These are :—1st, Vaishnavi, the bride of Vishnu, the male personification of the Satwa Guna ; 2nd, Brahmáni, the bride of Brahma, the male personification of the Raja Guna ; 3rd, Raudri, the bride of Shiva, the male personification of the Tama Guna. Each of these three female divinities is known by a great variety of names, the most popular of which are Lakshmi of the first, Sharashwati or Sávitrí of the second, and Durgā or Kali of the third. The names first mentioned are comprehensive terms, including all the particular denominations of the same goddess. Although it is generally admitted, that the first of these three forms is Satwiki, or originating from the Satwa Guna ; the second, Rajasi, or proceeding from the Raja Guna ; and the third, Tamasi, or born of the Tama Guna ; yet there is diversity of opinion, both with respect

to their generation and their union or intermarriage with the male divinities, forming the Hindu triad. Thus, in the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*, nature (Prakṛiti) is said. "to have assumed ' three transcendent forms, according to her three Guṇas or ' qualities, and in each of them to have produced a pair of ' divinities, Brahma and Lakshmi, Mahesa and Sharashwati, ' Vishnu and Kali, after whose intermarriage, Brahma and ' Sharaswati formed the mundane egg, which Mahesa and Kali ' divided into halves ; and Vishnu, together with Lakshmi, pre- ' served from destruction." But how the female divinities, being each born with one god, came to be united with another, is not accounted for.

The Tantras, which are full of mysteries and mystical symbols, while they admit the three first forms of the female principle to be severally the representatives of the three primary Guṇa, derive their origin from the conjunction of Bindu, or the sound called *Anaswāra*, and marked (o), with the Bij or roots of mantras or incantations. Every specific mantra, or a mantra peculiar or exclusively belonging to any divinity, consists of a Bij or root, and the *Anaswāra*, which together form what is called a *Nād* ; and it is from the *Nād* or the combination of the two symbols, that the three forms of Shakti are said to have had their origin. By this symbolical representation, the Tantras, which exalt Shiva and his bride above all other divinities, mean, that Bindu and Bij severally represent Shiva and his Shakti, the parents of all other gods and goddesses. Thus :—"The Bindu, which is the soul of *Shiva*, and the *Bij* which is the soul of Shakti, together form the *Nād*, from which the three Shaktis are born." (*Kṛéasāra Tantra*.) Here is another attempt of the worshippers of Shiva and his Shakti to identify their guardian divinities with the supreme Brahm.

Some of the Shastras agree only in part with the doctrine which ascribes the birth of the three female forms to the three Guṇa of Brahm, while others, rejecting it altogether, trace their origin, like the Tantras, to sources altogether different ;—striking instances of the wonderful agreement between the writers of the Hindu religion. In a passage of the *Barāṇa Purāṇa*, which has a whole section devoted to the subject, called *Tre-shākti mähātya*, it is said, "The white coloured Satwika is the energy of Brahma, the red coloured ' Rajashi, derived from the Raja Guṇa, is called Vaishnavi, ' and the black Tamashi, born of the quality of darkness, is ' Raudri Devi, the wife of Shiva." According to this doctrine, the Shakti of Brahma is deduced from the first of the

three Guna, and Vaishnavi the bride of Vishnu, from the second ; just the opposite of what is stated in the theory first noticed :—there is an agreement, however, with respect to the generation of Tamasi, the third and the last form of the original Prakriti. Again, in the *Goraksha Samhita*, we read as follows, “Will, action, and intelligence are in order the ‘sources of Gauri, the wife of Shiva, Brahmi, the wife of ‘Brahma, and Vaishnavi, the wife of Vishnu.” This theory dismisses altogether the notion of the three Guna, and substitutes will, action and intelligence in their place.

But this is not all. The doctrine of Trishakti itself is rejected by several authorities of the Hindu religion, and superseded by others, which are evidently inventions of a more recent date. As if not satisfied with so small a number as three, they would multiply the number of the first forms of Shakti, to five, eight, and even to nine. The Shastras, it appears, have increased the number of the female divinities, according as they have increased the number of the male deities or their incarnations. The *Kurma Puran* gives five forms of the original Shakti: “And she (Mula Prakriti) became in the act of creation five-fold by the will of the Supreme.” And the forms which, according to this authority, the original Prakriti is said to have assumed, are: 1st, Durga, the bride, Shakti, or Mâyâ of Shiva, 2nd; Lukshmi, the bride, Shakti, or Mâyâ of Vishnu; 3rd, Shashwati, the same of Brahma, or in the *Brahma Vaiberta Puran* of Hari, whilst the fourth, Sâvitri, is the bride of Brahma. The fifth division, Radha, is unquestionably, as Dr. Wilson very justly remarks, “a modern intruder into the Hindu pantheon.”

The names of the eight forms of the Shakti (or Ashta Shakti) are the following :—1st, Indrani; 2nd, Vaishnavi; 3rd, Brahmani; 4th, Kaumari; 5th, Nârasinhi; 6th, Bârâhi; 7th, Maheshwari; 8th, Bhairabi. (*Brahma Vaiberta Puran*, the section dedicated to the birth of Krishna. 119 Adhyâya). The following list contains the names of the nine forms of the female principle, as given in the *Prakriti Khanda* of the same Puran :—1st, Vaishnavi; 2nd, Brahmani; 3rd, Raudri; 4th, Maheshwari; 5th, Nârasinhi; 6th, Bârâhi; 7th, Indrani; 8th, Kârtiki; 9th, Sarvva Mangalâ.

Besides these principal manifestations of Shakti, the whole body of the female divinities of every order, and of the nymphs and female saints of all descriptions, and, in fact, all living beings, whether human or brutal, of the female sex, are regarded as emanations of the original Prakriti, in the same way, as the origin of males is referred to the primitive Purusha, or male. In every successive creation of the universe, the

Mula Prakriti is said "to assume the different gradations of Ansa-rupini, Kalá-rupini, and Kalánsa-rupini, or manifests herself in portions, parts, and portions of parts, and further sub-divisions." Thus the writers of the Purans state :—"In every creation of the world, the Devi, through divine yog, assumes different forms, and becomes Ansa-rupá, Kalá-rupá and Kalánsa-rupá, or Ansánsa-rupá." The Ansas form the class in which all the more important manifestations of the Shakti are comprehended ; the Kalas include all the secondary Goddesses, and the Kalansas and Ansansas are sub-divisions of the latter, and embrace all womankind, who are distinguished as good, middling or bad, according as they derive their being from the parts of their great original, in which the Sativa, Raja and Tama Guna predominates. At the same time, being regarded as manifestations of the one Supreme Spirit, they are all-entitled not only to respect but to veneration. "Whoever," says the *Brahma Vaibertta Puran*, "offends or insults a female, incurs the wrath of Prakriti, whilst he who propitiates a female, particularly the youthful daughter of a Brahman, with clothes, ornaments and perfumes, offers worship to Prakriti herself."

Such is the account given of Shakti in the most authoritative and popular writings of the Hindu Shastras. We shall next determine the questions,—what is a Shakta, and what is the complexion of his faith? By Shaktas are understood the worshippers of Shakti. This is true only when we take the term Shakti in its restricted sense. This term, which had originally but one primary signification, has in the course of time come to be used in two different senses, a general and a limited one. When taken in its widest sense, it means the allegorical representation of the active energy of God, and is synonymous with Mula Prakriti, the primitive source of gods and men. In its limited sense, it is confined to Shiva Shakti, the Tamasi, the offspring of darkness, and the last of the first three forms of the original Prakriti. It is Shakti in this latter sense, the bride of Shiva, whom, in her manifold forms, the Shaktas worship. The followers of the Shiva Shakti then are alone called Shaktas. The worshippers of the Vishnu Shakti are included in the Vaishnava sect ; while neither does Brahma nor Bramani his bride appear to have any special adorers among the Hindus. In order to make ourselves better understood, we must observe, that all the religious sects of the orthodox Hindus, however numerous they may appear at first sight, may be reduced into five leading classes, viz., the Vaishnavas, Shaivas, Sauras, Ganpatyas and Shaktas. Those who

acknowledge Vishnu or his bride, in one or other of his or her manifold forms, as their guardian divinity, are included in the first class. Those who address their worship to Shiva, as the special object of adoration, are called Shaivas. The followers of Surjya, the sun, and of Gunesb, are severally known by the names of Sauras and Ganpatyas. The last class or Shaktas, comprehend the worshippers of the Shakti of Shiva in all her dreadful forms. These five great classes are commonly known by the name of Pancha-upāsak, or five sorts of worshippers. Every Hindu, whether he be a householder, a Bānprastha, a Sanyasi, a Yogi, or a Brahmachari, must belong to one of other of these five principal sects. He may pay his adoration to all the thirty-three *cotis* of gods and goddesses composing the Hindu pantheon, but one and one only of the five divinities above mentioned must be his *Ishta Devatā* or tutelar divinity. Here is the marked distinction between general worshippers and special followers. To render this distinction more clear, we observe, that there are certain *general* formulas and prayers forming the ritual of worship of every particular divinity. These may be learnt by any Hindu from the Shastras, or from the mouth of a Brahman, and used in the adoration of any god or goddess, according to choice or necessity. But besides these general mantras, which may be made use of by any Hindu, without any distinction of sect, there are the Bij or specific formulas, which are received only from the hallowed lips of the guru or spiritual guide. These are kept in great secrecy, and repeated mentally every day, as a matter of highest religious duty. The god or goddess, whose Bij or Mula mantra is received in the prescribed manner, by any devotee, becomes his guardian divinity; and the person thus initiated, becomes the special follower of that divinity. The Shaktas then are the special followers of the Shakti of Shiva. They may in general worship any other god or goddess, but the bride of Shiva, in one or other of her horrid manifestations, must be their guardian divinity. The following passage, quoted from the works of Mr. Colebrooke, will much elucidate the subject.

“ That the Hindus belong to various sects, is universally known. Five great sects, exclusively worship a single deity : one recognizes the five divinities, which are adored by the other sects respectively ; but the followers of this comprehensive scheme mostly select one object of daily devotion, and pay adoration to other deities on particular occasions only. The Hindu theologists have entered into vain disputes on the question, which, among the attributes of God, shall be deemed charac-

teristic and pre-eminent. Sankarāchārjya, the celebrated commentator on the Vedas, contended for the attributes of Siva; and founded or confirmed the sect of Saivas, who worship Mohadeo as the supreme being, and deny the independent existence of Vishnu and other deities. Mādhava A'chārjya and Vallabha A'chārjya have, in like manner, established the sect of Vaishnabs, who adore Vishnu as god. The Sauras (less numerous than the two sects above mentioned) worship the sun, and acknowledge no other divinity. The Ganapatyas adore Ganesa, as uniting in his person all the attributes of the deity. Before I notice the fifth sect, I must remind the reader, that the Hindu Mythology has personified the abstract and active powers of the divinity; and has ascribed sexes to these mythological personages. The Sakti, or energy of an attribute of God, is female, and is fabled as the consort of that personified attribute. * * * The exclusive adorers of the Sakti of Siva, are the Saktas." (*Asiatic Researches, Vol. VII., pp. 279*).

The Shaktas, who adopt the female principle in the last of her three principal modifications, as their special divinity,—instead of deriving her origin from the supreme Brahm, use to her the language which is invariably applied to the preferential object of worship in every sect, and contemplate her as the only source of life and existence. She is declared to be equally in all things, and that all things are in her, and that besides her there is nothing. In short, she is identified with the supreme being. Thus it is written in the *Kasi Khanda*:—"Thou art predicated in every prayer—Brahma and the rest are all born from thee. Thou art one with the four objects of life, and from thee they come to fruit. From thee this whole universe proceeds, and in thee, asylum of the world, all is, whether visible or invisible, gross or subtle in its nature: what is, thou art in the Shakti form, and except thee nothing has ever been." The Shakti of Shiva, being identified with Shaktiman, the deity, is declared to be not only superior to her lord, but the cause of him. "Of the two objects (Shiva and Shakti) which are eternal, the greater is the Shakti." "Again, Shakti gives strength to Shiva, without her he could not stir a straw. She is therefore the cause of Shiva." (*Sankara Vijaya.*)

Although the Purans do, to a certain extent, authorize the adoration of Shakti, yet the principal rites and incantations are derived from a different source. Of the Purans, those which in particular inculcate the worship of the female principle, are the Brahma Vaibertta, the Skanda and the Kālikā.

But neither in them, nor in any other Puran, do we find the Bij or radical mantras which the Shaktas receive from their spiritual guides. These, as well as the greater portion of the formulas intended for general worshippers, are received from an independent series of works, known by the collective name of Tantras. They are very numerous, and in some instances of great magnitude. They are all written in the form of a dialogue between Shiva and his bride, in some one of her many forms, but mostly as Umá and Parvati. The truth is, that the Hindu writers put into the mouth of Shiva while addressing his wife, that particular name among her numerous titles, which suits the metre best. In the course of conversation with her lord, the goddess introduces the subject of religion, and questions him as to the duties of man,—the best means of procuring a mansion in heaven, and of obtaining final liberation,—the mode of performing the various ceremonies of religion,—and the prayers and mantras to be used in them. These, the god answers in a very affectionate tone, and explains at length; and, at intervals, tries to enhance the value of the matter he discloses, by alleging, that it is only out of love to his consort, that he has undertaken to reveal mysteries not to be divulged to any one else; and, therefore, requiring of her to observe strict secrecy, and on no account to open them to the profane. Speaking of the Tantras, Mr. Colebrooke, in his enumeration of the Indian classics, says, “Their fabulous origin derives them from revelations of Siva to Parvati, confirmed by Vishnu, and therefore called ‘A’gama, from the initials of three words in a verse of the *Sadala Tantra*. Coming from the mouth of Siva, heard by the mountain-born goddess, admitted by the son of Vasudeva, it is thence called A’gama.”

The Tantrikas, or the followers of the Tantras, regard them as the fifth Veda, in the same way as the Puranikas endeavour to exalt the Purans to the same high station, that is, to the rank of the Vedas. But the disciples of the Tantras go a step higher. They not only maintain that they are contemporary with the four Vedas, but attribute to them a higher degree of authority. Thus in the *Shiva Tantra*, Shiva is made to say:—“The five scriptures issued from my five mouths, are the East, West, South, North, and Upper. The five are known as the paths to final liberation. There are many scriptures, but none are equal to the upper scripture (meaning the Tantras).” Accordingly the observances and ceremonies they prescribe, have indeed, in Bengal, superseded the original or the Vaidik ritual. “They appear also,”

says Dr. Wilson, "to have been written chiefly in Bengal and the eastern districts, many of them being unknown in the West and South of India, and the rites they teach having there failed to set aside the ceremonies of the Vedas, although they are not without an important influence upon the belief and the practices of the people."

The Shakti of Shiva, whom the Shaktas make the particular object of their devotion, in preference to and exclusion of all other gods and goddesses, is said to have first assumed sixty different forms, each of which is believed to have a great many modifications. Each of these secondary manifestations of the Shakti, is again said to have taken a variety of forms, and so on almost without end. Even the cow and the jackall are declared to be the parts of Bhagabati, and venerated by the benighted natives of this country. Of the sixty primary forms of the Shiva Sakti, ten are held to be the chief, being distinguished by the name of Dashamábidyá, or ten great Bidyas. Their names are as follows:—1st, Káli; 2nd, Tārú; 3rd, Shorasi; 4th, Bhuvaneshwari; 5th, Bagalá; 6th, Chinnamasta; 7th, Dhumábatí; 8th, Bhairavi; 9th, Matangi; 10th, Kamalātmiká. These are the forms in which the Shaktas generally adore the bride of Shiva as their guardian divinity.

The Shaktas are divided into two leading branches, the Dakshinácháris, and the Vámácháris; or the followers of the right hand and left hand ritual. With the former, the chief authorities, among the Tantras, which are too numerous to be enumerated in this place, are the Mantra Mahodadhi, Sáraḍa Tileka, Káliká Tantra, &c., while the impure ritual adopted by the latter is contained chiefly in the Kulachuramani, Rudra Yámala, Shyáma Rahasya, Yoni Tantra, and similar abominable works

OF THE DHAKSHINACHARIS.

When the worship of the Shakti is publicly performed, and in a manner quite harmonious to the Vaidik or Puránik ritual, and free from all obscene practices and impurities, it is termed the Dhakshina or right hand form of worship; and those who adopt this pure ritual are termed Dhakshinácháris. The peculiarities of this sect are described at length in a recent work compiled by Kasinath, and entitled *Dhakshinachára Tantra Rája*. According to this authority,—the ritual declared in the Tantras of the Dhakshinácháris is pure, and conformable to the Vedas. The general character of the form of worship embraced by the Dhakhinas, being, as already hinted, in many respects similar to the Puranic ritual, or that which

is common in all the ordinary modes of worship, it does not appear necessary to enter upon a full detail of its particulars. A general statement of its leading parts will be quite sufficient for our purpose. These are as follows:—

1st. *Auchmana*. The object of this, as well as some other ceremonies that follow, is the purification of the worshippers. It consists in taking up water from a copper vessel, with a small spoon of the same metal, by the left hand, and pouring a small quantity of it on the half closed palm of the right hand; in sipping up this water thrice with the lips, and in touching with the fingers in rapid succession, the lips, the eyes, and other parts of the head, along with the repetition of proper formulæ. With respect to the quantity of water to be sipped, it is directed and strictly enjoined, that it must be such as to run down the throat to the mouth of the œsophagus, and no further.

2nd. *Shasthi Bâchana*. This part of the ceremony is performed with the view of rendering the result of adoration beneficial to the worshipper. Mention is now made of the month, the age of the moon, and the day in which the ceremony takes place, and then appropriate mantras are repeated, such as, like good omens, are believed to prognosticate happy results.

3rd. *Sankalpa*. This is like the prayer part of a petition. In this the adorer discloses the immediate object of his worship, mentioning again by name the month, the fortnight, whether dark or bright, and the age of the moon. He mentions also his own proper name and his *gotra*, which is always the name of some *rishi* or saint. A fruit, generally a betel-nut or a *haretaki*, is necessary, which is held in the water contained in the copper vessel called *koshâ*.

4th. *Ghatasthâpana*, or the placing of a pot. This consists in placing a pot or jar, generally made of earth, but sometimes of brass or any pure metal, on a small elevation formed of mud,—the mud of the thrice sanctifying Ganges is of course preferable to any other. The jar is filled with water, a bunch of mango leaves, with a green cocoanut or a ripe plantain, is placed on its top, and the sectarial mark called the *yantra*, is painted with red lead on its front. This is to serve for a temporary abode of the goddess, whose presence in it is worship fully solicited.

5th. *Sâmânya Argha Sthâpana*. This part of the devotion is opened by offering prayers to the ten cardinal points, which, according to the Hindus, are the East, South-east, South, South-west, West, North-west, North, North-east, the Zenith

and the Nadir, presided over by Indra, Agni, Yama, Nairit, Baruna, Báyu, Kubera, Isha or Mohadeva, Brahma and Ananta. After this, what is called an Argha, composed of a small quantity of soaked rice and a few blades of durva grass, is to be placed on a dumb-conch shell, on the left side of the worshipper; and if, besides the worshipper, any Brahman, or Brahmans be present, a few grains of rice must be given to each of them, after which, they all throw the rice on the pct.

6th. *A'shan Suddhi*, or literally the purification of the seat, but technically, of the posture in which the worshipper is to sit or stand while engaged in his devotion. This varies according to the immediate object of worship. The Tantras prescribe eighty thousand different sorts of postures. In order to receive clear notions on the point, we requested the learned pundit who favored us with a full explanation of the right-hand ritual, to show some of these by act. He did so, and we found them to be all ludicrous, some very painful and others impossible. These last were of course merely explained and not exhibited. One in particular, the object of which, he said, is the enjoyment of continual soundness of health, struck us more than the rest. In this posture, the body half bent is supported by one leg, the other being drawn up to the waist, the arms are crossed and the hands folded. We took the liberty to ask the Pundit, what possible connection can there be between this posture and the preservation of health? On which he very smartly replied, "Try for a few minutes, and you will feel your appetite sharpened by the exercise; and what can be a better preservation of health, than that which improves the appetite?" The mode of sitting which is most frequently adopted, is called the Kamalāsana, or the lily seat. In this, the devotee, by folding both legs, supports himself on the posteriors. After taking this or any other position, he must purify it by repeating certain incantations.

7th. *Bhuta Shuddhi*, or the purification of the body. It is called Bhuta Suddhi, for the body is believed to be composed of the five elementary substances called bhuta, viz., earth, water, fire, air, and ether. In this observance, the worshipper is to conceive that his old body is consumed, and that a new and purified one is put on. It is declared that fire and nectar (Amrita) are deposited in every man's forehead; and it is by this brain-fire that the old body is to be conceived to be reduced to ashes, on which nectar being mentally sprinkled over, a regenerated body must be conceived to come to existence by virtue of the mantras.

8th and 9th. *Pránáyān and Rishyādinyās*. These are introductory prayers, inviting the presence of the goddess. There is one thing in them which deserves particular notice. The worshipper, while repeating the mantras, stops his breath by shutting the nostrils with his hand, and tries to continue in this state as long as possible. This exercise is said to lead to miraculous results. By persevering in it, the devotee first begins to feel himself light, he feels gradually lighter and lighter, till he perceives within himself a tendency to rise upwards. And if he can so far succeed by the aid of the mantras, as to live without breathing for a few hours together, he at last conquers his gravity, tramples upon the laws of nature, and, by his inward buoyancy, ascends into the air in the sitting posture. Many persons are at this day believed to possess this supernatural power, the wonderful effect of devotional exercise.

10th and 11th. *Mātrikānyās and Barnanyas*. These are singular rites, in which the worshipper repeats in order all the letters of the Sanskrit alphabet, both vowels and consonants, from अ to अः and from क to कः, each with the Anaswāra combined, as *ang, áng, kang, khang, gang, ghang*, and so on with the rest. And as he repeats these letters, which are fifty in number, he touches fifty different parts of his own body, according to directions minutely laid down in the Tantras; and when an earthen image of the goddess is to be worshipped for the first time, the officiating priest touches also the corresponding parts of the idol.

12th. *Dyāna*. In this, the worshipper is required, by closing both his eyes, to form the image of his guardian divinity in his mind, and to fix his mental vision upon it for some time. The mantra, which he has to repeat on the occasion, gives a full description of the form, shape, and all the bodily features of the goddess.

13th. *A'bāhan, Chakshudān and Prānpratisthá*. When the worship is performed without an image of the goddess, she is invoked to vouchsafe her presence in the jar. This is simple A'bāhan (invitation), and the mantras used in it are, "Oh goddess! come here, come here; stay here, stay here. Take up thine abode here, and receive my worship." But when there is an earthen or any other image to be vivified or made alive, the two last rites, Chakshudāna and Prānpratisthá are to be performed, or the acts of giving eyes and life to the dumb clay, which now becomes an object of worship. Here the worshipper touches with the two fore-fingers of his right hand, the breast, the two cheeks, the eyes, and the forehead

of the image. As he touches these places, he repeats the mantra, "let the soul of the goddess long continue in happiness in this image."

14th. *Pujah*, or the presenting of offerings of rice, fruit, incense, &c. The *pujah* is of two kinds, *Páñhopachára* and *Shorasopachára*. In the first, which is less expensive, only five things are required, viz., *dhupa*, incense; *dipa*, lighted lamp; *gandha*, powder of sandel-wood; *pushpa*, flowers; and *nai-bidda*, soaked rice in the form of a cone, adorned with fruits, grains, curd, sweetmeats, &c. In the second, sixteen different sorts of offerings are presented, which, besides the five already mentioned, are;—*A'shana*, meaning a seat, and being a small piece of square gold or silver for the goddess to sit upon;—*Swagata*, a kind of reception, in which the adoror asks the Devi, if she has arrived happily; adding the answer himself, "very happily;"—*Pádyá*, water for washing the feet, offered by taking it with a spoon from one vessel and pouring it into another;—*Argha*, consisting of ten or fifteen blades of *durva* grass, sandel-wood powder, rice, &c., presented as a mark of respect, —*A'ñchmania*, water for washing the mouth;—*Madhuparká*, a small copper pot containing ghee, honey and sugar:—*A'ñchmania*, water to wash the mouth a second time; *Snána*, water for bathing;—*Basana*, wearing apparel;—*Avaran*, ornaments for the feet, arms, fingers, nose, ears;—*Bandaná*, in which the Brahmanical priest walks round the image seven times, repeating forms of petition and praise. Besides these two regular methods of *pujah*, there are others, very simple and inexpensive, intended for persons of no capacity or fortune, in which nothing but water, flowers and sandel-wood powder are deemed sufficient for the purpose; and when even these are not procurable, water alone becomes the substitute for all the necessary articles. And the Hindus of the present day, too frequently avail themselves of this last and simplest method, and without expense or trouble, satisfy their own consciences, and the appetites and desires of their gods and goddesses, with cold water!

15th. *Lelehi Mudrá*, or the performance of the gesticulation called *Lelehi*, which consists in putting the palm of the right hand upon the back of the left, and shaking the fingers. There are no less than sixty-four thousand different sorts of *Mudra* prescribed in the *Tantras*.

16th. *Abarana Pujah*, or the worship of the attendants of the goddess. These are the *Dákinis*, *Sankhinis*, *Bhuts*, *Pretas* and other infernal and monstrous beings, who form the retinue of the *Shiva Sakti*.

17th. *Mahákála Pujah*, or the adoration of *Mahákála*, a form

of Shiva. In every form of the worship of the Shakti, the paying of divine honors to Shiva, her husband, forms an essential part. To worship the Shakti alone is declared to be a great sin, and is threatened with severe punishments. Thus, "the joint form of Shiva and Shakti alone is to be worshipped by the virtuous. Whoever adores Shakti, and offers not adoration to Shiva, that person is diseased: he is a sinner, and hell will be his portion."

18th. *Balidán*, or the offering of sacrifice, commonly a blood offering.

19th. *Kabajan Patheth*. Reciting the glorious exploits and deeds of the goddess, and extolling her by praises.

20th. *Homa*. This concluding ceremony consists in pouring clarified butter upon the consecrated fire, made for the purpose, on a bed of sand about one foot square. The leaves of the vilwa tree, and one or two plantains dipped in ghee are also consumed. The ashes are worn on the forehead, and the residue carefully deposited or buried in a corner of the house.

Such being the ritual of the pure Shaktas, the question may be asked, do they go through this curriculum of rites every day? The answer is, no; not all. The Hindu system, which is perfectly conciliatory, consults the time, ease, and convenience of its followers as much as their eternal welfare. After presenting to them the complete form of any sort of worship, and requiring them, if possible, to go through all its rites, it gradually mitigates its demands according to their circumstances, till the man of business is required to do nothing more than repeat his Mula mantra a hundred and eight times.

Of all the rites observed by the followers of the right hand ritual, that which can be supposed to form an exception to the general rule, and which places the Dhakhinas almost on a level with the Vamacháris, is the blood offering. In this barbarous practice, a number of helpless animals, generally kids, but not unfrequently sheep and buffaloes, are decapitated. Here we may observe in passing, that, according to the Hindu Shastras, there are two kinds of *Bali*, the Rájasa and Satwika; the first consists of meat, and includes three kinds of flesh, —the second of edible grain and rice-milk, with the three sweet articles, ghee, honey and sugar. The Puranas, for the most part, though not all, recommend the latter, and condemn the former as involving the person who offers it in sin. Thus the *Brahma Vaivertta Puran* observes,—“ Let the Brahman, always pure, offer only the Satwika Bali,” and again, “ The animal sacrifices, it is true, gratify Durga; but they at the same time subject the sacrificer to the sin

‘ which attaches to the destroyer of animal life. It is declared in the Vedas, that he who slays an animal, is hereafter slain by the slain.” But such is not the language of all the Purans, some of them do not only recommend the offering of animal victims, but enforce the sacrifice of human beings; and to show how minute and definite they are on the subject of Bali, as well as to illustrate the creed of the Shaktas, we quote the following passage from a section of the *Kālikā Puran*, called the *Rudhiradāya*, or the sanguinary chapter, the whole of which is devoted, as the name implies, to the subject of blood-offering.

SHIVA ADDRESSES BETAL, BHAIKAV AND BHAIKAVA.

“ I will relate you, my sons, the ceremonies and rules to be observed in sacrifices, which being duly attended to, are productive of the divine favor.

“ Birds, tortoises, alligators, fish, nine species of wild animals, buffaloes, bulls, he-goats, ichneumons, wild boars, rhinoceroses, antelopes, guanaco, rein-deer, lions, tigers, men, and blood drawn from the offerer’s own body, are looked upon as proper oblations to the goddess Chandikā, the Bhairavas, &c.

“ It is through sacrifices that princes obtain bliss, heaven, and victory over their enemies.

“ The pleasure which the goddess receives from an oblation of the blood of fish and tortoises, is of one month’s duration, and three from that of a crocodile. By the blood of the nine species of wild animals, the goddess is satisfied nine months, and for that space of time continues propitious to the offerer’s welfare. The blood of the wild bull and guanaco gives pleasure for one year, and that of the antelope and wild boar for twelve years. The *sarabha’s** blood satisfies the goddess for twenty-five years, and the buffalo’s and rhinoceros’s blood for a hundred, and that of the tiger an equal number. That of the lion, rein-deer, and the human species, produces pleasure which lasts a thousand years. The flesh of these, severally, gives the goddess pleasure for the same duration of time as their blood.

“ By a human sacrifice, attended by the forms laid down, Devi is pleased one thousand years, by a sacrifice of three men, one hundred thousand years. By human flesh, Kamakhya, Chandikā, and Bhairava, who assumes my shape, are pleased one thousand years. An oblation of blood, which has been rendered pure by holy texts, is equal to ambrosia;

* A fabulous animal said to have eight legs.

‘ the head and flesh also afford much delight to the goddess Chandika. Let therefore the learned, when paying adoration to the goddess, offer blood and the head, and when performing the sacrifice to fire, make oblations of flesh.

“ Let the sacrificer repeat the word Kali twice, then the words Devi Bajreshwari, then Lawhá Dandáyai Namah!” (which words may be rendered, hail! Kali, Kali! hail! Devi! goddess of thunder, hail! iron-sceptered goddess!)

“ Let him then take the axe in his hand, and again invoke the same by the Kálratrya text as follows :—

“ Let the sacrificer say, hrang, hring, Kali, Kali. O! horrid toothed goddess; eat, cut, destroy all the malignant, cut with this axe, bind, bind; seize, seize; drink blood; *spheng*, *spheng*; secure, secure. Salutations to Kali. Thus ends the Kálratrya mantra.

“ The Kharga being invoked by this text, called the Kálratrya mantra, Kalratrī (the goddess of darkness) herself presides over the axe uplifted for the destruction of the sacrificer’s enemies.

“ The sacrificers must make use of all the texts directed previous to the sacrifice, and also of the following, addressing himself to the victim :

“ Beasts were created by the self-existing himself, to be immolated at sacrifices. I therefore immolate thee, without incurring any sin in depriving thee of life.” (*Sir William Jones’s Works, supplemental, Vol. II.*)

Such being the creed of the Shaktas, the question may very naturally be asked, what is their actual practice, in the offering of sacrifices? Of all the animals named in the above passage, only four sorts are now known to be offered, viz., he-goats, sheep, buffaloes, and a particular species of fish called the mágura. After the animal intended for a victim is bathed either in the river, or in the house, the officiating priest puts his hand on its forehead, marks its horns and forehead with red lead, and reads an incantation, in which he offers it up to the goddess thus, “ O goddess, I sacrifice this goat to thee, that I may live in thy heaven to the end of ten years.” He then says a mantra in its ear, and puts flowers, and sprinkles water on its head. The *kharga*, or the instrument with which the animal is killed, is consecrated by placing upon it flowers, red lead, &c., and writing on it the incantation which is given to the disciples of the goddess. The officiating Brahman next puts the instrument of death on the neck of the animal, and, after presenting him with a flower as a blessing, then into the hand of the person appointed to slay the

animal, who is generally the blacksmith, but sometimes the worshipper himself, or any other person dexterous in the business. Here we may observe in passing, that the Hindus covet the honor of cutting off the head of an animal dexterously at the time of these sacrifices. The assistants put the goat's neck into an upright post excavated at the top, so as to admit the neck betwixt its two sides, the body remaining on one side of the post, and the head on the other. An earthen vessel containing a plantain is placed upon a plantain leaf, after which the blacksmith cuts off the head at one blow, and another person holds up the body, and drains out the blood upon the plantain in the basin. If it be not done at one blow, they drive the blacksmith away in disgrace. The Shastras have denounced vengeance on the person who shall fail to cut off the head at one blow : his son will die, or the goddess of fortune will forsake him. If the person who performs the sacrifice does not intend to offer the flesh to the goddess, the slayer cuts only a small morsel from the neck and puts it on the plantain, when some one carries it, and the head, and places them before the image, putting on the head a lighted lamp. After this, the officiating priest repeats certain prayers over these offerings, and presents them to the goddess. At the time of the public festivals, in which the worship of the Shakti is performed, a large number of goats, sheep and buffaloes are sometimes sacrificed, at the close of which, the conduct of the Shaktas is such as to remind us of the horrid dances of the naked savages round their human victims described in *Robinson Crusoe*. If a stranger, unacquainted with the character of the Hindus, were for the first time to meet the Shaktas, while engaged in the rite called *Kādāmūti*, their faces besmeared with blood, and their bodies covered with clay, he would most likely either fall flat on the ground, giving up all hope of his life, and expecting every moment to be devoured by those whom he could not but take for a set of cannibals; or if his courage prevailed over his fears, he would run with the utmost speed, just as he would fly from the mouth of a ferocious beast of prey. Every thing goes on slowly, silently and solemnly, till the animal's neck is put in the excavated block called the *Hārkat*, and formed like the letter Y, when all the spectators and assistants cry out as loudly as they can, O ! mother, Durga, O ! Kali, Jagadamba ! &c., and continue crying till the stroke of death falls on the neck of the victim. And no sooner is the stroke given, than the tum-tums or cymbals strike up, the pipes are blown, and the

whole assembly, shouting, daub their faces with blood; they roll themselves in it, dance like furies and demoniacs, and accompany their dances with obscene songs and indecent gestures. When a number of animals are slain, a dead calm follows at each interval, and this savage practice is reserved for the last. In a state of high intoxication as it were, the Shaktas, bidding farewell to shame and decency, dance along the streets, leading to the river or to a neighbouring pond, where they bathe themselves, and then return to their homes in a more decent style.

THE VAMIS OR VAMACHARIS.

The Vámis or the left-hand worshippers, *adopt a form of worship* contrary to that which is usual, and they not only worship the Shakti of Shiva in all her terrific forms, but pay adoration to her numerous fiend-like attendants, the Yoginis, Dakinis, and the Sankinis. In common with the other branch of the Shaktas, Shiva is also admitted to a share of their worshipful homage, especially in the form of Bhairava, as it is with this modification of the deity, that the Vámá worshipper is required to conceive himself to be identified, just before he engages himself in the orgies peculiar to his sect. Thus, "I am Bhairava, I am the 'omniscient, endowed with qualities. Having thus meditated, let the devotee proceed to the Kula worship." (*Shyáma Rāhāsyā.*) The object presented to the followers of the left-hand ritual, is nothing less than an identification with Shiva and his Shakti after death, and the possession of supernatural powers in this life. The ritual of worship adopted by the Vámácháris, is sanctioned by a portion of the Tantras, from which it is exclusively derived. It has no precedent either in the Purans or in the Vedas. It is quite peculiar in itself, and perfectly distinct from every other form of worship. It resolves itself into various subjects, apparently into different sects, of which that of the Kaula or Kulina is exalted above all the rest. Thus the Kulárnava Tantra declares :—"The Vedas are pre-eminent over all works, the Vaishnava sect excels the Vedas, the Saiva sect is preferable to that of Vishnu, and the right-hand Shakta to that of Shiva—the left-hand is better than the right-hand division, and the Siddhanta is better still—the Kaula is better than the Siddhanta, and there is none better than it." The Vámácháris in general, and the Kaulas in particular, make a great secret of their faith, not because they are in any way ashamed to avow the impure rites they perform, but because, by being made public, the rites are said to lose their efficacy, and become

abortive. "Inwardly Shaktas, outwardly Shaivas, and in society nominally Vaishnavas, the Kaulas assuming various forms traverse the earth."

The form of worship varies according to the end proposed by the worshippers: but in all the forms, the five Makáras are indispensably necessary. These are, Mánasya, Matsya, Madya, Maithuna, and Mudra, (flesh, fish, spirituous liquor, women and certain mystical gesticulations). They are called Makára, because they all begin with the letters m (म). Thus we read in *Shyáma Rahásya*:—"Wine, flesh, fish, Mudra and Maithuna, are the five-fold Makára, which takes away all sin." Appropriate mantras are also indispensable, according to the immediate object of the adorer. These incantations are no more intelligible to us than Egyptian hieroglyphics, and consist of meaningless monosyllabic combinations of letters. They are very great in number, and are all declared to be highly efficacious, if properly used according to the dictates of the Tantras. The following will serve as a specimen. The mantra which we here adduce, is called the Prasáda mantra. It is composed of the two letters, H and S, and is one of the very few to which any meaning is attempted to be attached. The Kulárnava describes in the following words its excellent virtues and unerring efficacy:—"He who knows the excellent Prasád mantra, that was promulgated by the fifth Veda (the Tantras) and which is the supreme form of us both, he is himself Shiva; this mantra is present in all beings that breathe from Shiva to the worm, and exists in states of expiration and inspiration." "The letter H is the expired and S the inspired letter, and as these two acts constitute life, the mantra they express is the same with life: the animated world would not have been formed without it, and exists but as long as it exists, and it is an integral part of the universe, without being distinct from it, as the fragrance of flowers, and sweetness of sugar, oil of sesamum seed, and Shakti of Shiva. He who knows it, needs no other knowledge—he who repeats it, needs practice no other act of adoration." The authority here cited is very elaborate upon the subject.

The rites practised by the Vámácháris are so grossly obscene, as to cast into shade the worst inventions which the most impure imagination can conceive. "In this last mentioned sect, (the Shaktas)," says a learned Sanskrit scholar, "as in most others, there is a right-handed and decent path, and a left-handed and indecent mode of worship, but the indecent worship of this sect is most grossly so, and consists of unbridled debauchery, with wine and women. This profligate sect is supposed to

be numerous, though unavowed. In most parts of India, if not in all, they are held in deserved detestation; and even the decent Shaktas do not make public profession of their tenets, nor wear on their foreheads the mark of the sect, lest they should be suspected of belonging to the other branch of it." Solitude and secrecy being strictly enjoined to the Vámis, they invariably celebrate their rites at midnight, and in most unfrequented and private places. They neither acknowledge their participation in these most scandalous orgies, nor, as we have already remarked, confess that they belong to any branch of the Shakta sect, although their reserve in this respect is becoming every day more and more relaxed, if not of all, at least, of many. Those, whose immediate object is the attainment of super-human powers, or whose end is specific, aiming at some particular boon or gift, are more strict on the point, lest they reap no fruits of their devotion. They never admit a companion, not even one of their own fraternity, into the place of their worship. Even when they are believed by the credulous Hindus to have become Shiddhas, that is, possessed of supernatural powers; or in other words, when they have acquired sufficient art to impose upon their ignorant and superstitious countrymen, and have established their reputation as men capable of working miracles, they take every care not to disclose the means through which they have attained the object of their wishes, unless revealed by some accidental occurrence or unlooked-for circumstance. Those whose object is of a general character, hold a sort of convivial party, eating and drinking together in large numbers, without any great fear of detection. But yet they always take care to choose such secluded spots for the scenes of their devotion, as lie quite concealed from the public view. They generally pass unnoticed, and are traced out only when we make it our aim to detect them, by watching over their movements like a spy. At present, as their chief desire appears to be only the gratification of sensual appetites, they are at all times found to be more attentive to points which have a direct reference to the indulgence of their favourite passions, than those minor injunctions which require of them secrecy and solitude. These, however, they are obliged to observe, at least in part, for their own account; for the abominations which, under the name of religious rites, they practise, cannot but expose them to disgrace and reproach, even among the degenerate Hindus.

We shall now enumerate some of the leading rites observed by the Vámacháris of this country. The drinking of spirituous liquors, more or less, is with them no less a habit than a reli-

gious practice. They will perform no religious ceremony without wine. In their various forms of daily worship, in the performance of all their ceremonial rites, in the celebration of all their public festivals, and in all their Sanskárás and occasional devotions, wine is indispensable. Every article of food which they offer to their goddess, is sprinkled over with the intoxicating liquor. Here it should be observed, that the orthodox Vámis will never touch any foreign liquor or wine, but use only the country *doasta*, which they drink out of a cup formed either of the nut of a cocoa, or of a human skull. They hold the bowl on the ends of the three fingers of the left hand, viz., the thumb, the little finger, and the one next to the thumb, closing the two other fingers. The liquor is first offered to their especial divinity in quart bottles or pints, but more frequently in *chaupalas* and earthen jars, and then distributed round the company, each member having a cup exclusively his own. The practice of offering spirits to the goddess is authorized by the Shastras. "The gourd, sugar-cane, spirituous liquors, and fermented liquors, are looked upon as equivalent to other offerings, and please the goddess for the same duration of time as the sacrifice of a goat." (*Káliká Puran.*) If there be no company, the worshipper pours the liquor into his own cup, and after holding it in the manner just described, repeats his *by mant'a*, while covering it with his right hand. The Vámáchári then, whether he be a sole worshipper or a member of a party, brings the cup filled with the heart-stirring liquid in contact with his forehead, as a mark of homage paid, and then empties it at a single sip. No symptom of nausea must be shown, and no spittle must be thrown, indicating dis-relish of the celestial nectar, to which the liquor is said to be converted by the repetition of the holy text. Three times the cup must go round over and over, before any food can be put to the mouth. There are certain technicalities in vogue among these sons of Bacchus, which they use in their parties. For instance, when boiled rice is to be served, they say distribute the *flowers*; the drinking cup is called *pattra*; onions, *nutmegs*; the bottles, *jantras*, &c. They call themselves and all other men that drink wine, *Eirs* or heroes, and those that abstain from drinking, *pasus*, i. e., beasts. No sooner is a child born, than they pour into its mouth a drop or two of wine; at the time of its first Sankára, called the *Anna prásana*, which takes place at the sixth moon from its birth, if it be a male, or at the seventh moon, if it be a female, they give it pieces of cork or *shola* dipped in wine, to be sucked, so they habituate the child from its cradle, in the drinking of spirituous liquors. At the time of the principal initiation, or

mantra grahana, that is, when the specific or Bij mantra is received from the Guru, he and his new disciple drink together, the former at intervals giving instructions to the latter as to the proper mode of drinking. Whenever the spiritual guide visits a Kaula family, all its members, men, women and children, gather round him, and with great cheers and feasting, drink his health as he drinks theirs. There are many such families in Calcutta and its vicinity. Many ludicrous anecdotes are told of Kaula Gurus and disciples, when heated with the intoxicating drug, and had we sufficient time and space, we would insert some of them. Suffice it therefore to say, that when their brains are excited by drinking copiously, their conduct towards each other does little agree with the relation which subsists between them. Sometimes the relation is quite inverted, and the disciple acts the part of the Guru, and puts his feet on his head, while the latter quietly submits to this height of profanation on the part of the former. This shows to what extent the Vámis carry their habit of drinking, since they become so devoid of sense as to offer insult to the Guru, the highest object of their veneration. And this is no wonder, when their principle is, "drink, and drink, and drink again, till you fall flat on the ground; the moment you rise, drink again, and you shall obtain final liberation." "The zeal that is prescribed," says Dr. Wilson, "might suit some more civilized associations :—

"Let him pledge the wine cup again and again,
Till he measures his length on the ground,
Let him rise and once more the goblet drain,
And with freedom for aye, from a life of pain,
Shall the glorious feat be crowned."

In justice to those who form exceptions to this general rule, we must observe that all Vámacháris are not drunkards, though they all drink. Some of the Tantras prescribe the exact quantity to be drunk. According to their prescription, the least dose to be taken is an ounce, and the largest not exceeding three ounces. Many strictly adhere to this rule, and are never known to go beyond the limit. Others are very delicate on the subject of drinking. Their account is extremely singular. They keep wine in a phial with a very slender straw dipped in it, and at stated periods they touch the end of their tongue with that extremity of the straw which lies immersed in the liquor. There is still another variety of the Vámis who substitute certain mixtures in the place of wine. These mixtures are declared in the Tantras to be equivalent to wine, and to possess all its intrinsic virtues without the power of intoxication; such as the juice of the cocoanut received in a vessel made of

kansa ; the juice of the water-lemon mixed with sugar, and exposed to the sun ; molasses dissolved in water, and contained in a copper vessel ; the juice of the plant called *Somalaśá* ; &c., &c.

The mode of drinking in parties before described, being that which the *Vámis* adopt when assembled, not for religious purposes of a specific nature, but for the avowed purpose of drinking wine under the sanction of religion, or for the usual forms of daily worship (*Nityakriá*), they sometimes admit into these societies companions, if very intimate friends, who abstain from wine altogether, and do not like to taste it even from the end of a straw. These are obliged to dip one of their fingers in the *pátrá*, and with the liquor so taken, to make a spot on the forehead.

In all the ceremonies, which not only comprehend the worship of the *Shakti*, but are performed for the attainment of some proposed object, the presence of a female, as the living representative, and the type of the goddess, is indispensably necessary. Such ceremonies are specific in their nature, and are called *Shádhanás*. Some who are more decent than the rest of the sect, join with their wives in the celebration of the gloomy rites of *Kali*. Others make their beloved mistresses partners in their joint devotion. Here the rite assumes a blacker aspect. The favourite concubine is disrobed, and placed by the side or on the thigh of her naked paramour. In this situation, the usual calmness of the mind must be preserved, and no evil lodged in it. Such is the requisition of the *Shastras*, say the *Vámis*, when reproached for their brutal practices. But here we first remind them of the five-fold *Makára*, and then ask them the plain question, how many among them can really boast of ever attaining to such a state of perfection, and such thorough control over the passions, as to keep them unruffled, or from being inflamed in the midst of such exciting causes.

In this way is performed the rite called the *Mantra Sádhaná*. It is, as must be expected, carried on in great secrecy, and is said to lead to the possession of supernatural powers. The religious part of it is very simple, consisting merely of the repetition of the *Mula mantra*, which may or may not be preceded by the usual mode of *Shakta* worship. Hence it is called the *Mantra Sádhaná*, to distinguish it from other sorts of *Sádhanás*, which we shall presently notice. After ten P. M. the devotee, under pretence of going to bed, retires into a private chamber, where, calling in his wife or mistress, and procuring all the necessary articles of worship, such as wine, grains, water,

a string of beads, &c., he shuts the doors and the windows of the room, and, sitting before a lighted lamp, joins with his fair partner in drinking. The use of this preliminary is obvious. When, by the power of the spirits, the veil of shame is withdrawn, he, making his wife or mistress sit in the manner already described, begins to repeat his mantra, and continues to do so till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning. At intervals the glass is repeated, and the ceremony is closed in a manner which decency does not allow us to state.

One of our neighbours, a rich and respectable man in the native community, was in the habit of holding private meetings with his mistress every night, for the purpose of making the *Sádhaná*. He had a string of beads made of chandal's teeth, which is yet preserved in his family, as a precious relic. The beads are believed to be endowed with a sort of animation, to drink or absorb milk, and to show the appearance of grim laughter when wine is sprinkled over it. We have ourselves seen the rosary and tried its alleged virtues, but found nothing in it verifying the above statements. We may moreover observe, with respect to this native gentleman (for so he was regarded by all who knew him), that he never went to any distance without his favorite mistress, for without her, who was fully initiated in all the Shaktya rites, he could not perform his abominable devotion. He retained her in his own house in the midst of his family,—a thing deservedly reproachful even in the eyes of the profligate Hindus.

There is another sort of devotion, called the *Shava Sádhaná*, the object of which is to acquire an interview with and command over the impure spirits, such as the Danas, Tál, Betal, Bhutas, Pretas, Sankinis, Dákinis and other male and female goblins, so that they may be ready at command to do whatever task the worshipper shall be pleased to commit to their charge. In this horrible ceremony, a dead body is necessary. The corpse of a *chandala* is preferable to any other. But that which is declared to be the most meritorious, forming the shortest path to the acquisition of infernal dominion, is the body of a *chandala*, having died a violent death, on Tuesday or Saturday, days sacred to Kali, and on the day of the total wane of the moon. Such a conjunction of circumstances can rarely take place, and consequently any dead body serves the purpose. The rite assumes different forms. According to some authorities, the adept is to be alone at midnight in a *smashána*, or a place where dead bodies are either buried or burned, and there to perform the prescribed rights, seated on the corpse. Accord-

ing to others, he must procure in the dead of night, four lifeless bodies, cut off their heads, and then bring them home. Placing these at the four corners of a square board, he should take his seat upon it, which with the worshipper upon it, must be supported by the four heads. In this latter method, the Guru is sometimes seated in the front, for giving necessary directions, as well as for the purpose of encouraging the novice and to prevent his sinking down under fear. But whatever be this preliminary step, the leading features in either case are the same. The worshipper must be furnished with spirituous liquors and fried rice and grain. Thus supplied, he, after performing the worship of the Shakti in the usual manner, must continue repeating his *Mu a Mantra* without interruption. This sort of prayer is called *Jap*. Ere long, he is said to be troubled with a hundred fears, and assailed by a thousand hideous appearances. Infernal beings, some skeleton-like, and others pale as death, some one-legged, and others with feet turned backwards, some with flaming brands taken from funeral piles in their hands, and others tall as palm trees, emaciated, with hideous faces, and worms hanging from every part of their bodies, now dance round him, now terrify him with frowning countenances, and now threaten him with destruction. The corpse itself, upon which he has taken his seat, seems suddenly to revive, its pale eyes begin to sparkle and wear a furious look, now it laughs and then opens wide its mouth, as if to devour him, who is thus oppressing it with his burden, and, Oh! dreadful to mention, now it attempts to rise and mount the air. The heads also, are said to show the same fearful appearances. In the midst of these terrors, the devotee is required to persevere, to keep steadily in view the object of his devotion, to fix his mind firmly on his tutelary goddess, and to pay no regard to the fiend-like phantoms. To the reviving corpse and heads, he is directed to present wine and food, with the view of pacifying them. If by giving way to fear, he tries to escape by flight, he instantly falls down insensible on the ground, and either dies on the spot or turns mad for life. But if, in spite of such appalling dangers, he can continually maintain his ground, the evil spirits gradually cease to frighten him, and are at last enslaved to his absolute will, like the genii represented in the story of Aladdin's wonderful lamp.

We now come to the blackest part of the *Vámá* worship. Nothing can be more disgusting, nothing more abominable, nothing more scandalously obscene, than the rite we are about to describe. Human nature, even when it shall have reached the lowest depths of degeneracy, can never be supposed to

perpetrate deeds so grossly impure, as those that are here enjoined as religious acts of the highest merit and efficacy. The ceremony is entitled Sri-Chakra, Purnábbhisheka, the ring or full initiation. This worship is mostly celebrated in mixed societies, composed of motley groups of persons of various castes, though not of creeds. This is quite extraordinary, since, according to the established laws of the caste system, no Hindu is permitted to eat with an inferior. But here the law is at once done away with, and persons of high caste, low caste and no caste, sit, eat and drink together. This is authorized by the Shastras in the following text:—"Whilst the Bhairavi Tantra (the ceremony of the Chakra) is proceeding, all castes are Brahmans—when it is concluded they are again distinct." (*Shyáma Rahásya*.) Thus, while the votaries of the Shakti observe all the distinctions of caste in public, they neglect them altogether in the performance of her orgies.

The principal part of the rite called the Chakra is Shakti Sádhaná, or the purification of the female representing the Shakti. In the ceremony termed the mantra Sádhaná, we have already noticed the introduction of a female, the devotee always making his wife or mistress partner in his devotion. This cannot be done in a mixed society. For although the Vámis are so far degenerated as to perform rites such as human nature, corrupt as it is, revolts from with detestation, yet they have not sunk to that depth of depravity as to give up their wives to the licentiousness of men of beastly conduct. Neither is it the ordination of the Shastras. For this purpose they prescribe females of various descriptions, particularly "a dancing girl, a female devotee, a harlot, a washer-woman, or barber's wife, a female of the Bramanical or Sudra tribe, a flower girl, or a milk-maid." (*Devī Rahásya*). Some of the Tantras add a few more to the list, such as "a princess, the wife of a Kápali, or of a chandal, of a kulála, or of a conch seller." (*Rebati Tantra*). Others increase the number to twenty-six, and a few even to sixty-four. These females are distinguished by the name of Kula Shakti. Selecting and procuring females from the preceding classes, the Vámacháris are to assemble at midnight in some sequestered spot, in eight, nine or eleven couples, the men representing Bhairavas or Viras, and the women Bhairavis or Náyikás. In some cases a single female personating the Shakti is to be procured. For this purpose a woman of a black complexion is always preferred. In all cases, the Kula Shakti is placed disrobed, but richly adorned with ornaments on the left of a circle (chakra) described for the purpose, whence the ceremony derives its name. Some-

times she is made to stand, stark naked, with protuberant tongue and dishevelled hair. She is then purified by the recitation of many mantras and texts, and by the performance of the mudra or gesticulations. Finally, she is sprinkled over with wine, and if not previously initiated, the Bij mantra is thrice repeated in her ear. To this succeeds the worship of the guardian divinity; and after this, that of the female, to whom are now offered broiled fish, flesh, fried peas, rice, spirituous liquors, sweetmeats, flowers and other offerings, which are all purified by the repeating of incantations and the sprinkling of wine. It is now left to her choice to partake of the offerings, or to rest contented simply with verbal worship. Most frequently she eats and drinks till she is perfectly satisfied, and the refuse is shared by the persons present. If, in any case, she refuses to touch or try either meat or wine, her worshippers pour wine on her tongue while standing, and receive it as it runs down her body in a vessel held below. This wine is sprinkled over all the dishes which are now served among the votaries.

Such is the preliminary called the purification of the Shakti. To this succeeds the devotional part of the ceremony. The devotees are now to repeat their radical mantra, but in a manner unutterably obscene. Then follow things too abominable to enter the ears of men, or to be borne by the feelings of an enlightened community; things of which a Tiberius would be ashamed, and from which the rudest savage would turn away his face with disgust. And these very things are contained in the directions of the Shastras, which is proved by the subjoined quotation.* Here the diabolical business closes.

* মহানিশায়া মানীয় নব কন্যাশ্চ ভৈরবান্ । একাদশ নবাকৌৰ্বা
কৌলিকঃ কৌলিকেশ্বরী । শোধয়েন্নবভিন্নমন্ত্রৈঃ পূজয়েৎ কৌলিকোত্তমঃ ॥

তদীয়ং মন্ত্র মালিন্য তস্মিন্ তামেব পূজয়েৎ । ত্রীচক্রে স্থাপয়েদ্যম
কন্যাং ভৈরব বল্লভাং ॥ মুক্তকেশাং বীত লজ্জাং সর্কাভরণ ভূষিতাং ।
আনন্দ লীন হৃদয়াং সৌন্দর্য্যাতি মনোহরাং ॥ শোধয়েৎ শুদ্ধি মন্ত্রেণ
সুরানন্দামৃতাসুতিঃ । মন্ত্রেণানেন দেবেশি কামিনীমভিসিঞ্চয়েৎ ॥
এবং শোধন মন্ত্রান্তে বর্ণিতাশ্চ পৃথক্ ময়া । * * * । অদীক্ষিতাপি
দেবেশি দীক্ষিতৈব ভবেত্তদা ॥ দীক্ষিতঃ শোধিতো বীরো ভবেৎ সর্কার্থ
সিদ্ধয়ে । * * * । পটল প্রণব মুক্ততা মন্ত্ররাজং কুলেশ্বরী ।

We fully agree with Mr. Ward in his remarks on the extent and nature of the above practices. "At present," he says, "the persons (Vámácháris) committing the abominations, are becoming more and more numerous, and in proportion as they increase, the ceremonies are more and more indecent. They are performed in secret, but that these practices are becoming very frequent among the Brahmans and others, is a fact known to all. Those who abide by the rules of the Shastras are comparatively few; the generality confine themselves chiefly to those parts that belong to gluttony, drunkenness and whoredom, without acquainting themselves with all the minute rules and incantations of the Shastras."

It is not unfrequent also, for men of this sect, to honor (as they deem it) their private meetings with the name of Chakra, although the object of such assemblies is nothing more than simple merriment, to eat flesh and drink wine with a freedom not enjoyed by the Hindus in general. On this point we are exactly of the same opinion with Dr. Wilson. "In truth," he observes, "few of the ceremonies, there is reason to believe, are ever observed; and although the Chakra is said to be not uncommon, and by some of the zealous Shaktas, it is scarcely concealed, it is usually nothing more than a convivial party, consisting of the members of a single family, or at

ধর্ম্মাধর্ম্ম হবির্দীপ্তে স্বাত্মাগ্নৌগমনসংশ্রুতা ॥ স্রুত্বা বত্ননা নিত্য মক্ষ
বৃত্তিং জুহোমাহং। স্বাহান্তং মন্ত্র মুচ্যার্যাজপ মূলং অরংপরং ॥

* * * ॥ তারদ্বয়ান্তরগতং পরমানন্দ কারণং। ঔপ্রকাশাকাশ
হস্তান্তা মবলম্বোন্ননীশ্রুতা। ধর্ম্মাধর্ম্ম কলাস্তেহ পূর্ণ বহৌ জুহোমাহং ॥

* * * ॥ সম্পূজা কান্তাং সন্তপ্য স্তব্ধানত্মা পরম্পরং। সংহার
মুদ্রয়া মন্ত্রী শক্তিবীরান্ বিসর্জয়েৎ ॥

(*Devi Rahasya*, a section of the *Rudra Yamal*.) The following is a partial translation of the passage as given by Dr. Wilson, leaving out, of course, parts too obscene to be translated:—

* * * "It is to be performed at midnight, with a party of eight, nine, or eleven couples, as the Bhairavas and Bhawavis. Appropriate mantras are to be used, according to the description of the person selected for the Shakti, who is then to be worshipped, according to prescribed forms; she is placed disrobed, but richly ornamented, on the left of a circle (Chakra) described for the purpose, with various mantras and gesticulations, and is to be rendered pure by the repetition of different formulas. Being finally sprinkled over with wine, the act being sanctified by the peculiar mantra. * * * The Shakti is now purified, but if not previously initiated, she is to be further made an adept by the communication of the radical mantra, whispered thrice in her ear, when the object of the ceremony is complete. The finale is what might be anticipated, but accompanied throughout with mantras and forms of meditation, suggesting notions very foreign to the scene."

‘ which men only are assembled, and the company are glad to
 ‘ eat flesh and drink spirits, under ‘the pretence of a religious
 ‘ observance.”

Here it should be observed in justice to the doctrines of the Tantras, that the rites of the Vâmis, if practised for the sole purpose of sensual gratification, are condemned as illicit and reprehensible. The *Kularnava* has the following and many similar passages: they are also found in other Tantras. “Many false pretenders to knowledge, and who have not been duly initiated, pretend to practise the Kaula rites; but if perfection be obtained by drinking wine, independently of my commands, then every drunkard is a saint: if virtue consist in eating flesh, then every carnivorous animal in the world is virtuous: if eternal happiness be derived from sensual intercourse, then all beings will be entitled to it: a follower of the Kaula doctrine is blameless in my sight, if he reproves those of other creeds, who quit their established observances—those of other sects, who use the articles of the Kaula worship, shall be condemned to repeated generations as numerous as the hairs of the body.” “It is only to be added,” says Dr. Wilson, “that if the promulgators of these doctrines were sincere, they must have been filled with a strange phrenzy, and have been strangely ignorant of human nature.”

THE OUTWARD MARKS BY WHICH THE SHAKTAS ARE DISTINGUISHED FROM OTHER SECTS.

The Shaktas delineate on their foreheads three horizontal and semi-circular lines, with ashes, obtained, if possible, from the hearth on which a consecrated fire is perpetually maintained. But as such ashes are not always procurable, they generally draw lines of red sandel or vermillion. They sometimes add a red streak up the middle of the forehead, with a red circlet at the root of the nose. This circular spot, they mark, when they avow themselves, either with saffron or with turmeric and borax, but most frequently with red sandel, which, however, properly belongs to the Shaiva sect.

For the purpose of keeping an exact reckoning of the number of times the radical mantra is repeated, without which, it is declared the worshipper loses the fruit of his devotion, every Hindu counts it either on the digits of his fingers, or on a bead-roll. But the mode in which this is done is different in different sects. The Shaktas adopt the following method. Taking three digits in every finger, they begin at the middle digit of the finger next to the little finger, touching it with the end of the thumb,—they then touch the digit at the bottom of the

same finger, and then go over all the digits of the little finger, commencing from the bottom,—they then come to the uppermost digit of the finger next to it, and then coming from the top downwards, through all the three digits of the middle finger, end at the bottom of the finger next to the thumb, which all the time serves as an index, pointing to and moving over each digit. In this way they get the number ten. And while the right hand is employed in counting the mantra from one to ten, the left hand in the same manner marks the number of tens, so that when the index has gone over all the ten specified digits of the left hand, the mantra must have been repeated one hundred times. When the mantra has been repeated one hundred times, they put before them as a symbol of one hundred a grain of *chhola*, a quantity of which they always procure before hand.

The bead-rolls, which are used in japs, but more frequently in the repetition of the name of the goddess, have indices affixed to them, called *shakshis* (witnesses), and consist generally of such a number of beads as gives the number a hundred by being multiplied by any whole number. To mark the knot where the two ends of a string of beads meet, a bead of a different shape, or a tassel of silk or cotton thread, is placed. At one end is the index, consisting of a thread doubled round the string, with a knot at its end to prevent its falling off. When all the beads are once turned over, the index is placed after one bead, after another revolution, after two, so that the number of beads between the index and the knot where the two ends of the string meet, shows the number of revolutions which, multiplied by the number of beads in the bead-roll, will give the number of times the name of the goddess is repeated. The beads are made either of coral, or of a certain species of stone called *Sphatic*, or of human bone, or of the teeth of a chandala. This last sort is said to be replete with miracles, and is much valued by the Vámácháris. The seeds of the rudraksha, and more especially what they call the *sunkhya gutika*, are highly prized by the Dhakshinas. The beads of the latter sort are composed of five ingredients, namely, shell-lac, red lead, red sandel, cow-dung, and the ashes of cow-dung burnt. Strings of rudraksha seeds are also worn by the Shaktas round their heads, necks and arms, as those of tulasi are worn by the Vaishnavas.

Various mystical figures or marks called *yantras*, are appropriated to the several divinities and to the different titles of each. Such figures are usually drawn on the spot, where a consecrated jar is to be placed, or delineated on

the jar itself. These yantras, which are believed by the superstitious Hindus to possess many occult powers, are treated of at great length by the Tantras, but seem to be unknown to the Vedas and Purans. The yantra, sacred to Vishnu, is marked ✠, the sectarial ensign of the Shaivas, is a double triangle. One triangle represents Shiva, uniting in himself the three great attributes; the other triangle signifies his consort with the same character and attributes. The characteristic mark of the Shaktas is an angle bisected by a straight line.

CONCLUSION.

The Shaktas form the great majority of the Hindus in Bengal. It has been found by computation, that at least three-fourths are of this sect; of the remaining fourth, three parts are Vaishnavas and one Shaiva, &c. The Shaktas are at the same time the most powerful and influential party among our countrymen. This is owing, not so much to their superiority in number, as to their pre-eminence in rank among the various grades of caste. Men of higher classes are for the most part followers of the Shakti,—those belonging to the lower grades are generally the worshippers of Vishnu. This is owing to a circumstance peculiar to the Hindus, and therefore cannot be rendered intelligible to foreigners without a detailed explanation. A high caste and pure Brahman sinks in society, if he were to act as an officiating priest to a Sutra, even of high rank, though not so far down as to become an out-caste. Of the Sudras, the Káyastas and nine other secondary classes are regarded as *Sat* or pure Sudras. Those Brahmans who perform the religious rites on behalf of Sutrakas lower in rank than the foregoing, are excommunicated, and become *Patita*, or degenerated Brahmans, forming of themselves a distinct class. But there is a set of Brahmans who form exceptions to this rule, and who go and give mantras to Sutrakas of every grade and rank, and eat in their houses without fear of excommunication. These are the Goshmamis, the hereditary Gurus of the Vaishnavas. But although the Goshmanis are not treated as out-castes, yet, in many respects, they hold a rank much inferior to that of the high caste Brahmans. The Vaishnavas are, in consequence, regarded as inferior to the Shaktas, who would never acknowledge any Brahman as his Guru, who mixes freely with Sudras of all descriptions, pure and impure. This accounts for the fact that men of the higher classes are for the most part the worshippers of the

female divinity, and in this is implied a certain pre-eminence in rank enjoyed by the Shaktas.

The religious practices of the Shaktas being such as are believed to lead to the possession of supernatural powers, many persons of this sect, taking advantage of the religious blindness of the great mass of the people, practise the most bare-faced impositions. The credulity of the Hindus becomes to many an unexhaustible source of wealth, especially to those who are at the head of any religious establishment, where any form of the Shakti is the presiding divinity. These priests, who day and night attend on the goddess, and perform various mystical rites, gradually acquire the credit of having close intimacy and secret communication with her; and then gifts, presents and votive offerings are incessantly poured on the altar. Under pretence of healing diseases of children, and curing barrenness, mothers and young women are induced to join in the worship of Kali, when the worthy votaries of the black goddess, the priests, thank her for having fulfilled the object of their wishes. Offerings are presented, not only for receiving blessings, but also for personal safety. Life and death are said to be in the hands of these *Shiddhas*. They, if provoked, can sooner or later, kill the offender by the power of their mantras. This deadly ceremony is called *Māranuchchātan*. There is in a district with which we are familiar a temple dedicated to Shiddheswari, a form of Kali, the late attending priest of which was a man universally believed to be of no common rate. The belief yet prevails in the neighbourhood, that once in the height of indignation he caused the death of a rich native for having indirectly called him a drunkard. The story runs thus: At a feast given to the Brahmans by this native gentleman, the priest of Shiddheswari was invited to his house,—the latter, on account of the manifold duties of the temple, was late in his attendance, on which the host, being displeased with his conduct, for the lateness of one affects the whole company, said to him as he entered the doors, “Well Bhattacharjya, now I believe the dimness of your eyes has vanished,” alluding to his known habit of drinking. At this raillery, the rage of the favorite of Kali knew no bounds. He instantly returned to the temple and closed its doors, strictly enjoining his servants not to disturb his meditation before flames from the funeral pile of the wretched host ascend to the skies. And, wonderful to relate, an hour had scarcely elapsed before the sons of the host came to the priest with clothes round their necks, fell suppliant on their knees, and with folded hands implored his

mercy, saying "O! Sir, save us and our family." The priest, smiling, asked them what was the matter, to which they replied, weeping, "Our father is no more. No sooner had your holy feet left our doors, than on a sudden blood came out rushing from his mouth, he fell on the ground and expired. Save us, we entreat thee and the rest of his family, for we have not offended against thy holy divinity." On this the wrath of the priest was pacified, and he spoke to them in an affectionate tone; "No fear, my children, you are safe, go home and perform your father's funeral obsequies." Another marvellous anecdote is told of him, as well as of many others of similar character. When on one occasion he was bringing liquor concealed in a water pot, a person whose object was to expose him, stopped him on the way and wanted to see what was in the pot. To which he calmly replied, nothing but milk. Saying this, he poured out the contents, and the liquor was found converted into milk. Such persons, by taking advantage of the fears of the superstitious Hindus, extort money and other presents from them.

There is another set of impostors who pretend to have obtained dominion over the impure spirits. These go about doing miracles among the ignorant Hindus, by whom they are called in for various purposes, generally for curing diseases, barrenness, &c. They invariably come at night, in a body of two, three or four persons, one of whom is always a ventriloquist. They require to be brought yavâ flowers, which are sacred to Kali, sweetmeats, curds, &c., which being placed on the floor of a room, they and the visitors enter the room. The worship of the Shakti is now performed, and then the lights are extinguished. The chief actor then begins to call his vassal goblin by name, saying, "Arambaraye, Arambaraye," and a hollow voice answers from a distance, "Here I am coming." Soon after, a variety of sounds are heard, as of some one knocking at the door, windows, roof, &c., or if it be a cot, the thatches shake, the bamboos crack, &c., in short, the room is filled with the presence of the spirit. Now the head impostor asks him a number of questions as to the nature of the disease to be cured, and then begs some medicine to be given, on which a sound is heard, as if something were thrown on the floor. The lights being then brought in, roots of plants or some such things are discovered. In this way the commanders of ghosts impose upon the credulous Hindus. The process is called *Chândujâgâna*, or awakening the ghost. The impostors always fail before men of sense in their attempt to call in the ghost.

Much of the splendour of the Hindu idolatry consists in the celebration of the Shakta rites. The great festivals, which are annually celebrated in Bengal, such as the Durga Puja, the Jagaddhatri and Kali Pujas, the Charak, the Basanti, Rutanti and Falahári Pujas, are all Shaktya observances, and for the most part performed by the worshippers of the Shakti. These festivals themselves, and the exhibitions that accompany them, exert a pernicious influence over the morals of the people. The spirit in which these religious days are kept, the splendid and fascinating ceremonies connected with them, and the merry exhibitions, including savage music and indecent dancing, that form a part of the worship, cannot but captivate and corrupt the heart and overpower the judgment of youth. The Hindu temples are, by far the greater number, dedicated to the joint form of Shiva and his Shakti, represented by the *Linga* and the *Gauripatta*. Take our own city, the great metropolis of British India, and you can scarcely point out a street in the native town, where there is no temple consecrated to Kali, or to one or other of her numerous modifications. In the immediate vicinity of Calcutta, the temple of Chitteshwari at Chitpore, where human sacrifices were formerly offered, and the grand temple of Kali at Kalighat, are famous seats of Hindu idolatry. In the interiors, wherever you see any religious establishment, you are sure to find on enquiring that it is one where the combined form of Shiva and his Shakti, or the goddess alone, is the presiding divinity. These are all places of Shakta worship, where the Shakta rites are performed day by day, with more or less splendour; where the bloody sacrifices are hourly offered; and where large numbers of Brahmans assemble for worship, and an immense concourse of men and women, for the purpose of presenting their votive offerings. Sightings like these cannot fail to produce strong and lasting impressions upon the minds of those that witness these scenes from their infancy. Even the most inattentive passers by cannot but mark men, who either standing before the temples, call aloud "Kali, Kali, O! mother, save us, protect us," or falling prostrate on the ground, implore her mercy. The youth is every moment reminded of the veneration he owes to the goddess by such spectacles. In proportion as his respect for the Shakta divinities increases, his morals are corrupted by witnessing scenes of impurity which we cannot commit to writing. The Shakta temples are the favorite haunts of drunkards, thieves, robbers, impostors of all descriptions, and women of ill fame.

The Shakta processions are utterly abominable. One of

these processions takes place after the blood-offerings at public festivals, which we have already described. Of a similar character are those which both go before and follow the images, when carried to be thrown into the river or into a pond. On these occasions the Shaktas utter terms most grossly obscene, loudly and repeatedly, and make gestures the most indecent that can be imagined; and all this before their goddess and the public. What a pernicious example does this afford to the Hindu youth, who is from his early stage of life familiarized to scenes which should call forth his feelings of abhorrence and disgust. What wonder then that decency is so little observed among the Hindus?

The habit of drinking wine, which prevails so widely among the Shaktas, produces baneful effects on the minds of the Hindus. Leaving the Kaulas as out of the question, since they themselves train up their children in the habit of drinking, the Shaktas in general are more forward in trying the qualities of the prohibited article than any other sect of the orthodox Hindus, and their example stimulates others to do the same. This is one of the reasons why the drinking of spirituous liquors, which was almost unknown among the Hindus of yore, has gradually become so prevalent among them, as at this day. The tenets of the Shaktas open the way for the gratification of all the sensual appetites, they hold out encouragement to drunkards, thieves and dacoits; they present the means of satisfying every lustful desire; they blunt the feelings by authorizing the most cruel practices, and lead men to commit abominations which place them on a level with the beasts. The Shaktya worship is impure in itself, obscene in its practices, and highly injurious to the life and character of men.

ART. III.—*Salem, an Indian Collectorate, by J. W. B. Dykes, Civil Service.*

WE have somewhere met with an old proverb, that a late spring brings a great plenty. In writing of India, after so many have ably written, we certainly carry out the first part of the proverb, and can honestly lay claim to being late in the season, but whether we shall verify the latter part remains to be proved. Indeed, so much has been written, and so many questions discussed, regarding the future of India, that if we escape the imputation of being of the "*imitatores, servum pecus*," we shall give ourselves credit; as well as for the modesty of confessing that we are only urging what many have urged before, and are only giving new form, not matter, to this *vexata questio*. Surely, if there is any truth in the old adage, "enough is as good as a feast;" we have a rare feast of books set out before us, a sort of monster picnic, to which several have contributed various dishes, cooked and composed after their own peculiar tastes. One worthy gentleman, Mr. Campbell, devoted to his own service; gives us the length and breadth of India in square feet, tells us of the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms, speaks of vast improvements introduced into the country, and gigantic measures in prospect; reads us a lesson in finance, in moral and material improvement; throughout all of which, taking considerable pains to deify the Civil Service, he somewhat depreciates the army, delicately drawing his readers to the conclusion, that if a man is not a C. S., he is nothing. And how can it be otherwise? A man who has passed through the trials of Haileybury, owned a cap and gown, read Greek and Latin plays, bolted the elements of Sanscrit and Political Economy, wandered and groped about in a maze of Hydraulics, Trigonometry, Dynamics and Astronomy, with a smattering of Hindoostani, Telugu and Persian, and, perhaps, seen the back of a Blackstone, and tried his hand at an essay, and all this in somewhere about one year and a half, how can he be otherwise than a ready-made Metcalfe or Munro, or what is more to the point, and nearer the truth, how can he help fancying himself so?

His book approves, on the whole, of the present administration, with the exception of its want of progressiveness and generalization, but does not give so favorable an account of our judicial system, deficient as we are in good laws and good lawyers. He advocates the village system, condemns the ryotwari, and founds the justice of his conclusions on the fiscal confusion and

evils prevalent in Southern India, where the ryotwari system is in force, and which contrast strongly and unpleasantly with the better state of things in the north, where the village system obtains. As the village lease mode of settlement, however, was tried in several districts under the Madras Presidency, it may not be amiss here to give the result of one trial, with a few remarks thereon, by men under whose eye and immediate charge the trial was conducted. Much as Col. Munro, in 1805, pressed upon the Government the necessity of establishing a permanent ryotwari settlement in the Ceded Districts, allowing a remission of 25 per cent. upon the survey assessment, in order, by that means, to arrive at a permanent settlement, and to raise up a body of resident land-owners, the exigencies of the Government would not admit just then of so great a sacrifice. This, and the further consideration, that a ryotwari mode of management would, in its operation, prove inconsistent with the judicial system then recently introduced into that part of the country, induced the Government to resort to a settlement of villages on lease, as facilitating the collection of the revenue and the future introduction of a permanent settlement, as adapted to the established system of internal judicature, as according with the usages of the country, and as being compatible with its progressive improvement. In Bellary the triennial lease was instituted in the year 1809, previous to which Colonel Munro had retired from India. The average annual collections, exclusive of motespha, in the Bellary district, for 1804, '5, '6, '7, '8, while under ryotwari management, amounted in round numbers to twenty-six lakhs and more. The annual collections under triennial lease, exclusive of motespha, in round numbers, amounted

	In 1809	...	to	23 lakhs.
•	1810	...	to	25 „
•	1811	...	to	25 „

The revenue realized from the country during this lease, if viewed only with reference to the amount, would appear to be by no means unfavorable, but it is to be feared its effects were in no slight degree injurious to the real interests of the state, as well as of the people. At the expiration of the triennial lease, it was found that nearly all the renters had been losers, many of them ruined, and that probably not ten out of a hundred would again come forward to offer for the septennial or decennial lease. To the Board of Revenue, however, it appeared that this had not arisen from any defect inherent in the village lease system itself, but rather to the effects of too high a rent and

too short a lease, to the fall in the value of produce, and to the discontinuance of the restrictions before imposed on the cultivators, then no longer capable of being practised, in consequence of the institutions of the Civil Courts. These and other considerations, connected with the finances of Government, which were not yet in a situation to admit of the arrangement suggested by Colonel Munro, determined the Board to propose the continuation of the village leases, and in consequence, the decennial lease was introduced into Bellary in the year 1812. To carry out the Board's instruction, to do every thing in his power to keep up the present revenue, the Collector raised the rent as high as could be afforded, in seasons tolerably favorable, remissions for extraordinary accidents being inseparable from the system. In all cases where the potail acceded to what the Collector conceived a fair rent, he made a point of confirming him in possession; on the other hand, where the potail refused, the Collector gave every encouragement to all classes of competitors.

The annual collection, under decennial lease, exclusive of motesphá, amounted

In 1812	...	to	24 lakhs.	In 1817	...	to	24 lakhs.
1813	...	to	25 "	1818	...	to	23 "
1814	...	to	25 "	1819	...	to	24 "
1815	...	to	25 "	1820	...	to	21 "
1816	...	to	24 "	1821	...	to	22 "

From this it will be observed—that the collections during the decennial lease were Rs. 3-9-3 per cent. less than the seven previous years, and Rs. 2-8-7 per cent. less than the average of the triennial lease. To sum up, in a few words, the effect of the village leases, it will be sufficient to say that, from the very first, *from* struggles between the ryots and renters, *from* mismanagement or incapacity of renters, *from* the opposition and intrigues of those who had been excluded from the lease, *from* poverty and emigration of the Ryots in search of cheap lands, and *from* other causes, numerous failures took place, and accumulated each year, until some 1,600 villages in the eighth year of the lease had fallen into an amannie, of which the greater part had either been seized for arrears or thrown up by the renters as a losing concern; in either case, the renter had always endeavoured to drain the ryots before he gave in, and in general, may be considered to have impoverished them before he became a bankrupt himself. In a word, the introduction of the village lease settlement proved a complete failure, and to get over this awkward point, Mr. Campbell

argues, that in the experiment, the very condition essential to its success, capital, was absent, or, as he pithily remarks, the country having relapsed into our hands, after a long course of destructive wars, capital was altogether wanting. This is well known to us, as well as the fact that capital is employed in two ways in agriculture. 1st. In supplying seed, implements, bullocks, &c. 2nd. In facilitating the carriage of produce to markets, and is equally essential to any great success of any system, ryotwari or zemindari; and if, as Mr. Campbell says, it is altogether wanting in a country, Government must advance it; in which case we imagine no one will dispute that what is advanced is more likely to fetch a better return when distributed piece-meal to the immediate cultivators, than when pocketed in a lump by a bulky zemindar. But let us take Mr. Campbell's own ground, and own the village lease system to be the only system that will answer in India, yet totally impracticable without capital. What, in the name of goodness, we would like to know, would he do with a newly conquered and impoverished country? Would he give it up to the inhabitants gratis, and for nothing for a while, until he became satisfied that sufficient capital had accumulated to ensure the success of his favorite system, or would he commence with ryotwari, and when each individual had learnt to look upon his fields as his little farm, bonâ-fide his own estate, improved and cultivated by himself and children, and on which, confident of possession, season after season, he had laid out his little savings, would Mr. Campbell, in the face of all this, and of a long established custom (for capital is not gathered in a day) and in opposition to all their wishes and prejudices, would he change the whole face of things and start a village lease system? We hope not. It would fail so bitterly in effecting what Sir W. Jones calls the principal object of our Government, the happiness of the governed. Sudden changes, whether of men or things, beget mistrust, beget a host of ills, and end in ruin. We had no intention of being led into the one thousand-times-told argument, zemindari *versus* ryotwari, had we not read in a pamphlet published in 1853, by Mr. Prinsep, formerly a Member of the Council of India, as follows:—

“The ryotwar settlement of the Madras Presidency, which was introduced by Sir Thomas Munro, on the ground of its affording greater security to the cultivating proprietors, has especially failed, either as a source of improved revenue to the Government, or a benefit to the classes for whom it was devised. There is a discussion of this question in the book recently published by Mr. George Campbell, a Revenue Offi-

cer of the Agra division of the Bengal Presidency, well competent by study and experience, to form a sound opinion. His observations on the subject are deserving of attention, nor do we see how his conclusions against the system are to be resisted." Along side of this, and in opposition to a zemindari mode of settlement, hear what Adam Smith says, as far back as 1776:—"It seldom happens, that a great proprietor is a great improver. In the disorderly times which gave birth to those barbarous institutions, the great proprietor was sufficiently employed in defending his own territories, or in extending his jurisdiction and authority over those of his neighbours. He had no leisure to attend to the cultivation and improvement of the land. When the establishment of law or order afforded him this leisure, he often wanted the inclination, and almost always the requisite abilities. If the expense of his house and person either equalled or exceeded his revenue, as it did very frequently, he had no stock to employ in this manner. If he was an economist, he generally found it more profitable to employ his annual savings in new purchases, than in the improvement of his old estate. To improve land with profit, like all other commercial projects, requires an exact attention to small savings and small gains, of which a man born to a great fortune, even though naturally frugal, is very seldom capable. The situation of such a person naturally disposes him to attend rather to ornament, which pleases his fancy, than to profit, for which he has so little occasion. The elegance of his dress, of his equipage, of his house and household furniture, are objects which, from his infancy he has been accustomed to have some anxiety about." That this has frequently been the case in India, is evident from Mr. Kaye, who, in his history of the administration of the East India Company, writes:—"But the management in most instances was neither able nor economical. The zemindars were often indolent and extravagant; they mismanaged their estates, left them to the superintendence of underlings; and were fatally given to ruinous litigation."

Again, in the *Calcutta Review*, No. XLI., in an article headed FRENCH NOTIONS OF INDIA, the author, talking of zemindars, makes use of the very words which exactly bear out our idea of the case, that when the assessment is too heavy, all systems equally fail, and when the assessment is light, the zemindari system is more ruinous than the ryotwari. Pardon us for giving the whole extract. "As to the settlement of the land revenue, which our author asserts to have produced such

disastrous consequences, we are forced to admit, what has been again and again asserted in our pages, that in many respects it is far from being satisfactory. But that the exorbitance of the tax has been the means of ruining the body of native gentry, we most distinctly and emphatically deny. That there have been large numbers of sales of zemindaries for default of payment of revenue, is quite true; and it is to be supposed that no zemindar would permit his property to be brought to the hammer, if he had the means of satisfying the claims of the Collector. But we venture to assert, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, this inability arises, not from the excessiveness of the land tax, but from the foolish extravagance of the zemindars. We know that it is not unusual for a family, who are deeply in debt to Government, and perfectly aware that the sale of their estates will be the result, unless the debt be discharged, to expend a sum upon the debaucheries of the durga puja, which, if paid into the hands of the Collector, would have extricated them from all their difficulties. The credit of the family for liberality was at stake on the one hand, the existence of the family was at stake on the other; and if they have deliberately chosen to incur real annihilation, rather than undergo imaginary disgrace, who shall blame the Government that, in such cases, it enforces its claims? We feel a real sympathy for the ancient aristocracy of a country rushing on to ruin; but it is a law enacted by a power infinitely higher than that of the East India Company, that the profligate aristocracy that will not be reformed, must perish. This law is in operation in poor Ireland, and it is in operation in India, and in both countries it is not unusual to ascribe its results to other causes than the real ones. There is no zemindar who does not draw from his ryots enough to pay the Government revenue and to maintain his own family, in a station suited to his possession, and if many will squander the money that ought to be applied to these purposes, the ultimate result is as certain as the fall of an unsupported stone to the ground."

Mr. Campbell's gratifying conclusions then, touching the existence of a better state of things northwards than southwards, is owing not to the existence of the zemindar's settlement in the north, but to the lightness of the assessment there. For Mr. Kaye, talking of the permanent settlement of Bengal, remarks, "The assessment, originally light, has become lighter by the improvement of land, and the cases of default are few." On the other hand, if he had been describing the ryotwari settlement as existing in Madras, he would have

said, the assessment originally heavy, has become heavier by the lowness of prices and non-improvement of cultivation, and the cases of default are many. But we will close here this wrangling about systems as being far from our intention to open out old wounds afresh, and approving of this or that system, condemn the rest. Too often we have had to lament the huge labor that has been spent in arguing the best mode of collecting the revenue, when it is very much our opinion, that the mode, whether ryotwari, whether zemindari, whether mutahdari, whether by annual settlements or by lease, has no more to do with the prosperity or poverty of a country, than the lancet has to do with the health of the patient. Should the instrument be a clumsy one, the operation will not be so neatly performed, will give more or less trouble, and may be more painful, but surely the quantity of blood taken from the patient, is the doctor's chief and special care; bleed him copiously and he faints, a few drops more and he dies. Is not this somewhat like the case with the ryot? Have we not somewhat overbled our patient? Let us look back, and we find one simple story, we find Munro himself,—and later than him, Elphinstone,—indeed, all our best and ablest men, raising their voices in deprecation of the griping greedy policy which meets us in every corner in the shape of rich productive lands, one mass of waste and weeds from over-assessment. What use is there, from year to year, of the zealous civil servant drawing attention in his report to the cheapness of grain in one part of his district, and famine prices in another, the distance of markets, the absence of roads, and of any other communications, the difficulty of collection, the poverty of the ryot, and the high assessment of the fields? Is the matter put aside for special investigation? Is the Collector called upon for further information, or encouraged to act upon his own discretion, and make a trial of some small reduction? Oh! no! systematic silence and habitual indifference to his views, depress him to despair, and freeze him to inactivity, in which, driven to spend his best and latest years, he forgets, that as in youth, we require something of the tardiness of age, so in age we must labour to recall the fire and impetuosity of youth. Should, however, by good luck, be found a man of unflagging zeal and dogged perseverance, who, indifferent alike to favor and to censure, never ceases month by month, year by year, ringing his change in the ears of the placid old gentlemen of the Board, that the country is over-taxed, probably, just as he is in the last despair, will come a few miserable words, inserted in some official paper, that the exigencies of the Government at present admit of no reduction. Is it not almost

beyond belief, that men can be so blind as not to see, that improvement in the circumstances of the ryot tends, in the long run, both directly and indirectly, to more extensive and improved cultivation, to greater wealth and to an increase of revenue?—letting alone what Adam Smith says, that, “It is but equity, that they who feed, clothe and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour, as to be themselves tolerably well fed, clothed and lodged.” We shall recur to this again; in the mean time let us close Mr. Campbell’s account, and embark awhile in his ship of state, in which he advocates one minister for each department, viz., the political, interior, judicial, agrarian, finance and military, the whole, with the Commander-in-Chief and Lieutenant-Governor to form the Cabinet Council of the Governor-General. This may be a mode of Government the most suitable to India, and may not; it has not yet been carried into effect, so we cannot give an opinion of its merits. Of this, however, we are quite certain, that until our Courts of Justice are less cumbersome and quicker in action, more accessible and acceptable to the people, until the land is more evenly and fairly assessed, we can well waive all other considerations as of very minor importance, and take leave of Mr. Campbell and his ship, in the words of Horace:—

*Oh! Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus! O quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum—Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigia latus;
Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antennæque gemunt?*

Let us now take up a volume, which Mr. Dykes, of the Madras Civil Service has contributed to the feast, and confined to the history and description of one district in our vast eastern possessions, formerly fortunate under the fostering charge of Sir Thomas Munro, but now shaded, with the rest of the Deccan, under that huge dark tree, which cripples and stunts the growth of every thing beneath it. Mr. Dykes commences his account of the district with the beginning of this century, (about which time, or thereabout, the district fell into our possession) and boldly diving into the middle of a sea of musty records, brings to light a quantity of local information, valuable enough to men whose duties lead them to that part of the country, but possessing little interest to the general reader. The system by which Colonels Read and Munro drove out mistrust and disaffection, spread the gifts of peace and contentment through every nook of the district; how con-

fidence, like a sun ray through a mass of cloud, shone gently out and smiled upon the villages and tanks; how Munro, once an enemy, stood afterwards the champion of the ryotwari system, all this is clearly and distinctly recorded, while page upon page of official letters and local orders quoted *in extenso*, exhibit a very detailed view of the machinery in motion throughout an Indian collectorate. Would that we could stop here and close the volume, or rather would that the author had never strained a nerve in a vain effort to reach the *utile cum dulci* mode of writing, which alone in charity we imagine to have produced such stuff, as the graceful Hindoo with her bright "polished urn tripping lightly homewards at eventide from the lotus-veiled pool." How a man who has spent a dozen years in India, ridden through a bazar and seen a common village tank, can confound graceful Hindoos and lotus-veiled pools, with the chatter and gabble of those we too often meet tripping home with water, is no small wonder, and spoils the book for the Indian reader. To men grown yellow out here, such artificial patches cast ridicule on the whole.

So we pass on to another gentleman, who has, most conscientiously, and at the same time most ingeniously, said all that can be said in favor of the existing state of things in India. Adroitly comparing England with India, and stringing together a heap of obsolete barbarisms, formerly common in Great Britain, and lamenting the many wants and abuses of the present day at home, and groaning for Ireland and its "howling wildernesses," he claims for the Government of India, equally with that of England, the right to be called a Government of Progress! India a Government of Progress! Hear the Political Economist's opinion of a Government of Progress, and judge whether Madras has the smallest claim to the title. "It deserves to be remarked, (he says,) that it is in the progressive state, while the Society is advancing to the further acquisition rather than when it has acquired its full complement of riches, that the condition of the labouring poor, of the great body of the people, seems to be the happiest, and the most comfortable, *it is hard in the stationary*, and miserable in the declining state. The progressive state is, in reality, the cheerful and the hearty state, to all the different orders of society, *the stationary is dull*, the declining melancholy."

Where is the comfort, the ease and plenty, the cheerful and hearty state of society, or the encouragement of industry under the Madras Presidency?

That there is progress we do not absolutely deny; but assured-

ly it is of the tardiest. Could we but quietly induce old time to stop his flight a while, and call back to life some ancient bones which have whitened the soil for a century or more; how quietly Mr. Bones would look around and find the same fields, the same skies, the same customs, the same contracts, the same commerce, the same dispositions, the same hopes, the same poverty, every thing the same. Whatever plea, therefore, we may urge in palliation for neglect, however much men of singular obstinacy may repeat, that the resources of Government, exhausted by war and other expenses, will not allow of outlays, whatever excuses, in a word, we may conjure up, one thing is certain, much in India has been done which ought not to have been done, and more has been left undone which ought to have been done, and the country has been stationary, is still stationary, and unless we arrive at the cause, and strike at the root, will remain stationary. Col. Cotton, in a work lately published by him, has very ably pointed out all this, and surely, if acknowledged ability and practical experience extended over a large number of years, carry any weight with them, all must agree with him, that something is radically wrong, and that India is ill, and feeling convinced of this, should consider it their duty to search out a cure. We do not go the length Col. Cotton does in advertizing his favorite theme of Public Works as the sole and only remedy for India's ills. Fully alive as he is to the thousand charges of omissions and delays urged from time to time, with such justice, against the East India Company, and disgusted beyond measure at the feeble, crooked, penny-wise, pound-foolish policy, which from the commencement has characterized our Eastern rule,—no wonder though he writes in very sickness of soul, and lays on the lash like one whose hopes and ambitions have been checked, whose zeal has been overlooked, perhaps abused, and whose love for India has been well nigh smothered and extinguished by the policy of a Government as impolitic, as short-sighted and illiberal,—no wonder, we repeat, while declaiming against our hitherto ruinous policy, which has ended in universal poverty and want, though he is led somewhat away in recommendation of his favorite theme—Public Works. We trust that now, at least, no one will question the advantages to be derived from them; the necessity for such is obvious and of paramount importance to every country; as fire to the steam engine, as water to the mill, sails to a ship, so are Public Works the locomotive power, the very tendons and sinews of a kingdom. But where in India is the engine, or the mill, or the ship. Ride into any village (in the Ceded Districts) and mark its condition, its utter prostration in regard

to progress, the total absence of a sign even of wealth or of capital, or of improvements in land or houses; take up the simplest case of an assault, and learn the utter ignorance of any thing like a duty or obligation to speak the truth, though solemnly sworn before God to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do this, and you will but too readily confess, that two great obstacles stand in the way of all improvement, and like two deadly blights, eat up and wither the very heart of the country. These are poverty and ignorance. Before then we give an impetus to large Public Works, and spend our time in devising plans and calculating estimates, or at any rate, simultaneously, let us clear away these two scourges, and place the ryot on a healthier and sounder footing. That great efforts have of late years been made on behalf of education, we are aware of, as well as of the existence of an Educational Department, of schools and of colleges. All this incontestably betokens a sign that the crying wants of the natives have at last raised a faint echo in England, and a few, a very few are at last awakened to a sense of the huge responsibility hanging over us and darkening our bright shield of fame, when we consider the utter debasement and ignorance of millions of our fellow subjects in Hindoostan. True it is, much is talked of education, and plans are being carried out, but how limited in extent, and in some cases how mis-directed! It is not however our intention at present to pursue this part of the subject further than to remark, that in this as in every thing else, Madras is far behind her sister Presidencies. Yet there is hope for us, for at a great dinner given to Lord Harris, before leaving England, the Chairman we see talked much about a subject which we trust is not all talk, and that the matter will be taken up in earnest. It must be long before the natives in general can be advanced to a high state of education, yet the sooner it is begun the better, and the officers of Government ought, both in their public and private capacities, to exhibit a close and lively interest in it, and throw all their influence into the scale.

Let us now look at poverty, that greater curse of the country; in as much as it more immediately and directly affects every individual,—let us examine into its causes and effects. It has already been the occasion of volumes upon volumes having been written *ad nauseam*, under the title of, THE BEST MODE OF REVENUE COLLECTION, &c. in which, while each grows hot and furious in advocating his darling system of collection, he overlooks the ryots' means; whereas, were they present, the mode of collecting the revenue would be a question of as much

moment, as at which end of the street he was to begin collecting, would be to the Water-rate man in London. In truth, the poverty of the ryot has hitherto stood out a huge mountain, which all have endeavoured to surmount, some by one way, some by another, some by foot-path, some by bridle-path, some by turnpike, one slowly, another quickly, but all without success. And why? Because we have hurried along the road with little thought, we have never well surveyed our ground, and considered which path is most advantageous, which opens out the widest prospect, and above all, which is most acceptable to the country and its inhabitants. Surely, when a people are so universally poor, one of the best and readiest reliefs, and one which would affect the greatest number most beneficially, is the reduction of the land tax. Here some one may ask,—a reduction of the land tax, how is this? Your district came under possession of the British Government in 1800, its resources greatly impaired by frequent change of masters, the ravages of large bodies of horse and Pindaries, during the Mysore war, the commotions of rebellious Poligars, the effects of the famine of 1792-3, and still more recent oppressions of the Nizam Government, on which account every acre of the district was surveyed, classed and assessed (under Sir T. Munro) by comparing the collections under native princes with those under British Government, and the estimates of the ordinary and head assessors, with the opinions of the principal natives, and the real sum fixed from 5 to 15 per cent. under the result arrived at, besides a further reduction of 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. after the first year's experiment of the survey rates; and in addition to all this, the district accustomed to pay a money-rent from the time of its conquest by the Kings of Golconda,—how is it, some one might ask, you now complain that the land is so sadly over-taxed? We answer in the words of Sir Mathew Hale. “Time is the wisest thing under heaven. ‘Those very laws which at first seemed the wisest constitution under heaven, have some flaws and defects discovered in them by time.’”

And in like manner that tax, which was deemed just, appropriate and easy, under the conciliatory administration of 1800—5, and by which, in a few years, the cultivation of the province just ceded to us was double what it was at the period of its cession, has become by time, in 1854, heavy, unjust and insupportable. Otherwise, why so much compulsion and tying on of waste in the tilling of the plains, why so many peons hounding defaulters from village to village, why the necessity of so many paltry remissions, if ever so small a want of rain, or ever so trifling an accident befalls the cultivator? Why such loss of life

and numbers of deserted villages, should the monsoon fail or the province be visited by any other calamity—do you ask why? We say, simply because we drain the ryot of every pice, and leave him empty bellied. That such is the case, is evident on all sides of us, and that thousands upon thousands of the best and richest acres in the Ceded Districts are waste, and that the ryots for a length of years have gradually been relinquishing the highest assessed lands for the scanty and lighter assessed ones, is equally evident and cannot be challenged. This is particularly observable in cotton soil, and how Mr. Prinsep arrives at the conclusion, in his pamphlet before alluded to, that the complaint of the Manchester Association, “about the present ‘high rent of land, being one of the hinderances to growing ‘Cotton cheap,’” is a complaint betraying ignorance of the first principles of Political Economy, and requiring no answer, is beyond us to fathom. The most careless traveller could not walk through the districts and not notice the miles and miles of rich black soil, plains eminently adopted for cotton, without a yard of cultivation, and overgrown with grass and weeds; and there must be some reason for it. As it stands now, cotton-soil afore all other kinds, is the first thrown up, and when once deserted, from the large expense and outlay necessary to bring it again under the plough, may be considered, as far as 19-20ths of the people go, to be utterly irreclaimable.

One thing is quite established, we fancy, that neither a ryot nor anybody else will cultivate an article in any large quantity, of which the returns are unprofitable, and this is the case with cotton cultivation in the Ceded Districts, it is unprofitable; or at any rate, more unprofitable than cholum and smillit, and with this additional disadvantage, that a cotton field affords no straw or stalk of any kind as fodder for cattle. Then where lies the fault? That the ground is excellently adapted for cotton, and that the cultivation charges are as small as they can be, none will be disposed to doubt. It remains then, that either the land tax is too high; or the Manchester Gentlemen give too little—both may be the case. Any how, we cannot see that the mere supposition of the first being the cause proves a man ignorant of the first principles of Political Economy, and requires no answer.

Some narrow-minded men, glad of any sweeping excuses to relieve themselves from the necessity of exertion, fill themselves with the idea that the evil lies in the native character; their want of energy; as long as they can barely live they don't care to labour for a wet day; they procrastinate, they sleep, they sit down, they chew betel, they won't work more than they are absolutely obliged, and won't be improved—the sooner men

crammed with crotchets of this kind retire, the better for the service. That the native does not possess any particular vigour of constitution or activity of mind and body, is plain enough, so plain that he who runs may read ; but it is equally as plain that they don't always sleep, that they don't always sit down, that they had rather earn a pagoda if possible, in preference to a Rupee—that, in a word, they will work if paid for it. If any example be wanting, we have not far to go for it—take the famine roads in course of making at present in the Ceded Districts, note the thousands upon thousands of men, women, children, whole families pressing to the overseer for work, at a pay, the highest of which is two annas per day, some as little as one anna four pie, and hard work it is ; and who are these thousands and tens of thousands ? Why, the very back-bone of the country, ryots, who, unable to meet the demands of Government, have abandoned their villages, in some cases to a man, and become common coolies on the road. But why enumerate examples, when there seems a sort of biliousness in old Indians, which muddles their sight and retards all they touch, or ages ago they would have seen that, though a ryot could afford to pay twenty Rupees for a piece of land which brought him in 100 Rupees, yet it is absolutely out of his power to pay twenty Rupees for the same piece of land which now, from lowness of prices and other causes, does not bring him seventy.

The price of every commodity resolves itself into one or other of three parts, and the price of grain resolves itself into all three.

1st.—Pays rent of land to landlord.

2nd.—Pays ryots' cultivation, charges, wear and tear of cattle and instruments, &c.

3rd.—Pays profit to ryot.

Now it appears to us that the system of permanently assessing fields is contrary to every principle of Political Economy, which teaches that as prices are high or low, a great deal more, or very little more, or no more than what is sufficient to pay the charges of cultivation and profit to ryots (the 2nd and 3rd parts) so land affords a high rent or low rent, or no rent at all ; in other words, high rent or low rent is one effect of high or low prices. Doubtless, there are other considerations to be weighed touching high or low rent of land, but this is one great principle—that any variation in prices ought to affect the (1st part) the landlord's pocket, and not (the 2nd and 3rd parts) the ryot's pocket. If then the 1st part (the rent of land) is a fixed sum, unchangeable by time, as in the Ceded Districts, we can easily see how all variations in the price of grain directly affect the (2nd and 3rd parts) the ryot—and if we can show you a province in which there is not a single road, canal, navigable river, or other communication different

in 1850, from what existed in 1800, and in which the prices of grain from 1800 to 1850 have gradually and steadily diminished (without any additional cultivation or increase of population) from 30 to 35 per cent., we shall consider that we have established the fact that, simultaneously at any rate, with the commencement of great Public Works, some reduction in the land tax is necessary.

Take then the following statement of prices.

CHOLUM,

Used commonly for food, and by monthly return of prices.

	Rs. per Garce.		Seers per Rupee.
Sold in 1805	173	139	18
" 1810	106		30
" 1815	124		26
" 1820	142		24
" 1825	150		22
" 1830	79	96	41
" 1835	101		32
" 1840	92		35
" 1845	109		29
" 1850	98		32

The price of cholum then from 1825 to 1850, is 31 per cent. less than it was from 1800 to 1825.

How does this affect the ryot ?

* Suppose an acre of cholum produces 130 seers.

* Suppose cultivation-charge, &c., per acre two Rupees.

The average rent of land in which cholum is sown is two Rupees per acre.

It appears then, from 1805 to 1825, an acre of cholum produced...Rs. 6 0 0

Cultivation charges..... 2 0 0

Rent of land..... 2 0 0

4 0 0 Deduct... 4 0 0

Leaves profit to ryot from 1805 to 1825, per acre..... 2 0 0

From 1825 to 1850, an acre produced 4 0 0

Cultivation charges..... 2 0 0

Rent of Land..... 2 0 0

4 0 0 Deduct... 4 0 0

0 0 0

Add remission of $\frac{1}{4}$ rent of land allowed by Government in 1822-3..... } 0 8 0

Leaves profit to Ryot from 1825 to 1850, per acre..... 0 8 0

* We have made these suppositions on the information of the ryots; they may not be quite correct; it makes no difference however in our argument, as we only wish to draw a comparison between the ryot's condition in 1850 and 1805, owing to the depression of prices alone.

MILLET.			Seers per Rupee.
	Rs. per Garce.		
1805	191	138 Average 5 years.	17
1810	92		32
1815	115		28
1820	125		26
1825	164		19
1830	75	98 Average 5 years.	43
1835	94		34
1840	86		38
1845	112		21
1850	98		32

The average price from 1825 to 1850, is 33 per cent. less than it was from 1805 to 1825.

How does this affect the ryot?

Suppose an acre of millet produces 250 seers, and cultivation charges, &c., two Rupees.

The average rent of land in which millet is sown is Rs. 3 per acre.

From 1805 to 1825 an acre of millet produced Rs. 10 0 0
 Cultivation charges 2 0 0
 Rent of land 3 0 0

5 0 0 Deduct... 5 0 0

Remaining to profit of ryot..... 5 0 0

From 1825 to 1850 an acre of millet produced..... 6 12 0
 Cultivation charges 2 0 0
 Rent of land 3 0 0

5 0 0 Deduct... 5 0 0

1 12 0

Add remission of $\frac{1}{4}$ rent of land allowed by }
 Government in 1822 } 0 12 0

Remaining to profit of ryot... 2 8 0

RAGGY.			Seers per Rupee.
	Rs. per Garce.		
1805	161	119. Average	21
1810	78		41
1815	115		27
1820	124		26
1825	117		27
1830	71	82. Average	46
1835	82		39
1840	82		39
1845	96		33
1850	82		40

The average price from 1825 to 1850, is 32 per cent. less than it was from 1805 to 1825.

How does this affect the ryot ?

Suppose an acre of raggy produces 168 seers, and cultivation charge two Rupees.

The average rent of land on which raggy is grown is 2 Rupees.

From 1805 to 1825 an acre of raggy fetched	6 0 0
Cultivation charges	2 0 0
Rent of land	2 0 0
	4 0 0 Deduct... 4 0 0
Remaining profit to ryot on an acre of raggy.....	2 0 0
From 1825 to 1850 an acre of raggy produced	4 0 0
Cultivation charges	2 0 0
Rent of land	2 0 0
	4 0 0 Deduct... 4 0 0
	0 0 0
Add remission of $\frac{1}{4}$ rent of land allowed by } Government in 1822.....	0 8 0
Remaining profit to ryot on an acre of raggy	0 8 0

WHEAT.		
Rs. per Garce.		Seers per Rupee.
1805	337	10
1810	238	13
1815	237	14
1820	284	11
1825	268	12
1830	187	17
1835	208	14
1840	266	14
1845	199	16
1850	204	15
Average 273.		
Average 225.		

The average price from 1825 to 1850, is 18 per cent. less than it was from 1805 to 1825.

How does this affect the ryot ?

Suppose an acre of wheat produces 100 seers, cultivation charges two Rupees.

The average rent of land on which wheat is grown is Rs. 2-4 per acre.

From 1805 to 1825 an acre of wheat fetched	8 0 0
Cultivation charges	2 0 0
Rent of land	2 4 0
	4 4 0 Deduct... 4 4 0
Remaining profit to ryot on an acre	3 12 0

From 1825 to 1850 an acre of wheat fetched.....	6	3	0
Cultivation charges	2	0	0
Rent of land	2	4	0
	4	4	0
			Deduct... 4 4 0
			2 4 0
Add remission of $\frac{1}{4}$ rent of land granted in 1822...	0	9	0
Remaining profit to ryot on an acre of wheat	2	18	0

If then there is any truth in political economy and prices, it ought to affect the rent of land and not the ryot. On what a strange and opposite principle have we acted in the Ceded Districts for half a century and more; a systematic and steady fall in prices, unaccompanied by a single improvement in agriculture, without any additional facility of communication with proper markets, has taken place in a district from which the Government has exacted, (with the exception of the trifling remissions in 1822-3) for half a century, every anna of a rent which Munro himself, the originator, in 1805, pronounced to be exorbitant, and only justifiable in consequence of the emergencies and expenses of Government; and what has been the result? Utter poverty throughout, and a general relinquishing of the most fertile and higher-assessed lands for the poorer and lower-assessed ones. To confirm the statement, we have taken a few villages, all at random, from some of the talooks, in which, giving the ayacut or total amount of land cultivable in a village, the reader can compare that with what was actually cultivated in 1837, and still later in 1847.

And what does all this point out? If a man makes two, three or four Rupees an acre, after having paid rent and all cultivation expense, he can take as much land as he likes, and be well enough off, some one may say. We are not arguing that point now, our object is not to show the exact sum a ryot ought to have per acre to feed himself and family upon, after paying rent and cultivation charges: upon this point men will always differ. We only desire to call the reader's attention to this, that if Sir Thomas Munro, in 1805, declared an assessment which left six, seven, or eight Rupees per acre to the ryot, after paying rent and all charges, to be exorbitant, and only justifiable in consideration of the times—what must that same assessment be now, when from lowness of prices and other causes, it leaves only two, three, or four Rupees to the ryot, after paying the same rent and the same cultivation charges?

Land assessed per acre.	The ayacut or whole amount of land cultiva- ble under the several heads of assessment.	Number of acres cultivated in 1837.	Number of acres cultivated in 1847.	Increase.	Decrease.	
R. A. P.	Acres Guntas	Acres Guntas	Acres Guntas	Acres Guntas	Acres Guntas	Village (A) in Ceded Dis- tricts.
26 4 0	707 10	682 10	650 10	0 0	32 0	
24 12 8	364 0	342 0	277 0	0 0	65 0	
14 9 0	43 0	43 0	41 0	0 0	2 0	
11 10 8	2 0	2 0	0 10	0 0	1 30	
10 5 8	39 0	32 0	32 0	0 0	0 0	
4 6 0	71 0	65 0	61 0	0 0	3 0	
1 2 8	384 0	253 0	257 0	4 0	0 0	
0 14 0	2,866 0	2,385 0	2,157 0	0 0	228 0	
0 4 8	772 0	548 0	547 0	0 0	1 0	
8 12 0	6 0	6 0	6 0	0 0	0 0	
5 13 4	6 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	
3 8 0	71 0	53 0	53 0	0 0	0 0	
2 9 0	188 0	186 0	179 0	0 0	7 0	
1 5 0	156 0	156 0	134 0	0 0	22 0	
0 9 4	279 0	240 0	222 0	0 0	18 0	
0 4 8	231 0	103 0	78 0	0 0	25 0	
0 2 4	124 0	14 0	68 0	54 0	0 0	
5 13 4	1 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	
4 1 0	55 0	45 0	45 0	0 0	0 0	
2 7 12	49 0	35 0	35 0	0 0	0 0	
1 12 0	93 0	65 0	71 0	6 0	0 0	
0 11 8	78 0	11 0	39 0	28 0	0 0	
0 2 4	522 0	74 0	140 0	66 0	0 0	
3 15 4	84 0	75 0	72 0	0 0	3 0	
0 11 8	254 0	254 0	253 0	0 0	1 0	
0 9 4	67 0	47 0	48 0	1 0	0 0	
0 2 4	329 0	277 0	326 0	151 0	0 0	
2 14 8	88 0	35 0	20 0	0 0	15 0	
2 3 0	31 0	31 0	0 0	0 0	31 0	
1 7 0	18 0	18 0	18 0	0 0	0 0	
1 5 0	132 0	56 0	49 0	0 0	7 0	
0 4 8	151 0	30 0	30 0	0 0	0 0	
2 14 8	31 0	7 0	8 0	1 0	0 0	
1 14 4	46 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	0 0	
1 9 8	38 0	8 0	8 0	0 0	0 0	
0 14 0	313 0	51 0	81 0	30 0	0 0	
0 4 8	94 0	7 0	32 0	32 0	0 0	
						Village (B) in Ceded Districts.
						Village (C) in Ceded Districts.
						Village (D) in Ceded Districts.
						Village (E) in Ceded Districts.
						Village (F) in Ceded Districts.

These six villages, as we said before, have been taken entirely at random, and before we give further examples, let us

look at the result they present. The two years of 1837 and 1847, the cultivation of which we are comparing, have not been selected for any particular object, or as affording some peculiar facilities for proving our hypothesis, but simply because abstract accounts of the cultivation of these two years are on record, having been ordered and prepared at the time, and the items are ready cut and dried for our use.

On looking at the increase and decrease of actual acres under cultivation in these six villages, in 1837 and 1847, no great falling off is apparent.

The decrease is 461 acres.
And increase is 373 „

Leaving a decrease of 88 acres only in ten years.

But now take the assessment on these acres, that is, the amount of revenue they respectively pay to Government.

	Rs.	As.	P.
The value to Government of the 461 acres, decrease is ...	2,852	1	11
While the value to Govt. of the 373 acres, increase is only	134	0	8

Leaving a loss of revenue in these six villages alone of ... 2,718 1 3

and demonstrating clearly that hitherto our policy of restrictions and high assessments has produced a gradual, but steady desertion by the Ryots of the higher assessed and most productive fields, for the less productive and lower assessed ones.

Land assessed per acre.	Ayacut, &c.	Number of acres culti- vated in 1837	Number of acres culti- vated in 1847	Increase.	Decrease.	
2 10 0	485	446	288	...	158	Village (G) in Ceded Dis- tricts.
1 5 4	305	291	185	...	114	
0 14 0	553	375	510	135	...	
0 11 8	186	138	142	4	...	
2 5 4	245	161	150	...	11	Village (H) in Ceded Dis- tricts.
1 12 0	444	260	307	47	...	
0 14 0	316	138	149	11	...	
0 7 0	303	173	139	...	34	
1 14 4	166	166	159	...	7	Village (I) in Ceded Dis- tricts.
1 5 0	624	504	539	35	...	
0 7 0	354	60	60	...	...	
2 5 4	1,561	1,194	1,194	...	...	Village (K) in Ceded Dis- tricts.
1 14 4	660	516	469	...	47	
1 7 8	598	445	460	15	...	
0 10 6	676	381	597	196	...	
0 4 8	907	528	590	62	...	

Here again are four villages taken at random, like the former ones, and if we mistake not, as prosperous as any in the district.

On comparing the increase and decrease columns of acres under cultivation in 1837 and 1847, we find a balance on the increase side.

Total increase	505 acres.
Total decrease	368 acres.

Total ...137

That is, 137 acres of land were cultivated in 1847 more than in 1837, and yet in spite of this increase of acres, there is the usual decrease of revenue—as is evident.

	Rs.	As.	P.
By the 505 acres of increase, paying assessment to Government.	429	5	4
While 368 acres of decrease pay assessment to Government ...	694	5	8
Leaving a loss of revenue ...	265	0	4

That every village in the Ceded Districts would exhibit such an universal decrease of revenue, cannot be possible, as we find from the tables the whole land revenue of 1837 to be about twenty-one lakhs, and of 1847 twenty-two lakhs, and we must be wrong in stating the villages above to be as prosperous as any in the district; were such the case, so large an amount of revenue would have been deficient in 1847 as to defy the efforts of the most crack Collector to squeeze it from the ryots, or make it up from other sources. Doubtless, there must be some villages which show a corresponding increase of revenue to make up the many deficiencies and keep the revenue near to its old point, but we fear they are very few—we fear that by compelling the ryot to cultivate heavily assessed and easily assessed together, by prohibiting him giving up what he likes, *i. e.*, what he finds unprofitable, and by other restrictions, rather than by any increase of prosperity for the last twenty years, the land revenue has wavered and oscillated near its old point, to the certain poverty and ruin of the ryot.

With these bare facts before us then, who can deny that our land tax is unsatisfactory and anything but just. That such is the case admits of no doubt; and the sooner we reduce the land tax, carry on public works and remove every restriction which clogs and hangs about agriculture, impeding its progress, the better for the ryot, the better for the country, and the better for the revenue. Hitherto, we have never given the ryot a fair trial; on the contrary, judging from some of the hookumnamah which occasionally meet our eye, it really would be difficult

to hit upon a policy more capable of suppressing agriculture altogether than the following :—

“ In the Ceded Districts dry lands are occasionally assessed with an extra assessment, but the practice is hardly just. In a few places, from the peculiarity of the soil and the proximity of hills, land assessed as dry, retains the water in seasons of heavy rains by small embankments being thrown across the fields, and advantage has been taken of this to fix an extra assessment upon these dry lands. There are no wells, tanks or nullahs, but only periodical rains.” A poor ryot toils from morning to evening, builds up a small embankment, retains by that means the rains upon his fields, grows a dearer produce and, *miserabile dictu*, finds his field doubly assessed, his hopes of profit vanished, and his labour vain. Here is encouragement to labour, to weed his lands, manure his fields and improve his property !

Again we read :—

“ The rule as regards lands assessed as doofacel (or two crop lands) is not to collect only two-thirds of the assessment fixed for two crops, when *only* one crop is sown. Even when the certainty of water is precarious, the *whole* assessment is collected, whether one or two crops are sown. In one crop land on the contrary, where two crops are reared, full jastee, or half the fyen assessment is collected. Frequently two crop lands as so assessed at the survey, for want of water, are left unsown for the second crop, and one crop lands from having water are sown. The extra assessment is levied in both cases, in the 1st by no remission of the fyen assessment being granted, in the 2nd by a direct extra tax being put on.”

— Examples of this kind might be multiplied at pleasure, and reading them, how strange it is that men at home, wise men from the East, should so lose sight of the question, and confounding systems and restrictions, condemning this and approving of that, fight and fidget for a particular mode of collecting the revenue, forgetting all the while that the very best system in the world could never prosper, if hampered with such restrictions as above.

Any attempt to account for their existence, would be quixotic. If we reverse the picture and fancy our policy to have been the suppression of agriculture, all is natural enough, and the present condition of the ryot in the Ceded Districts clearly accounted for.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Gong, or Reminiscences of India.* By Major Vetch. Edinburgh, 1852.
2. *India and the Hindoos, being a Popular View of History, Manners, &c., with an account of Christian Missions among them.* By F. D. W. Ward. Glasgow.
3. *India, its History, Climate, &c.* By J. H. Stocqueler. London, 1853.
4. *India, Pictorial, Descriptive and Historical.* London, 1854.
5. *The Three Presidencies of India.* By John Capper, F. R. A. S. London, 1853.
6. *History of British India, (Gleig's School Series.)* London, 1853.

STRANGE and fickle as the manifestations of literary activity may seem in this book-making age, we believe that they can be reduced to certain fixed and definite laws, more than sufficient to account for all the "curiosities of literature." Only let the induction be sufficiently wide, and the process of generalisation careful, and there is no eccentricity of the book-world, no marvel in the department of literature, that may not be reduced to a class like itself, based on some great general principle, or otherwise accounted for. We must admit the great truth, for the first time fully reasoned out by comparative philology, that, as there is an intimate and indissoluble connexion between thought and its expression—language, so the literature of every age or country must ever, even in its minutest shades, correspond with the history, morality, intelligence, or other natural characteristics of the time. Given a certain state of opinion, a certain tendency of belief, and a certain manner of living, to produce in the same external circumstances, the same form of literature all the world over. The great pulse of humanity beats at the same rate, the great mind of humanity thinks with the same intensity, in the same mode and to the same extent, other things being equal. If then we bring the idea of the "comparative" to bear on all mental manifestations, why may not the laws that regulate literary activity and productions, be reduced to the same uniformity, as those that have been generalised from the facts of outward and material nature? Why should we not have a "science of the laws that regulate mental manifestations?" call it by what name you will, to which, in all cases of difficulty

or discrepancy, critics might appeal with perfect confidence and success. It is Whewell, we think, who has asked this question, but in vain, so far as any tangible result is concerned, except in the case of Mr. Dallas, who has attempted to answer it partly, in his work on "Poetics." We fear such a question as this will never be fully solved, until our modern philosophy is placed on a securer and more universal basis, than either the Ontology of Germany, or the Eclecticism of France has been able to give it. We are met at the outset by the difficulty that attends all psychological enquiries of this nature, we must judge of the subjective, by the subjective itself—we must objectify one part of the Ego, that with the other we may study it. Thus oscillating between the two, we fall into continual error and doubt, and relinquish in despair the hope of attaining definite certitude on the laws of literature.

The literature of India, or rather the literature regarding India, furnishes us with many hints that might at least guide us in arriving at a partial conclusion. The aspect that it at this day presents, is a strange one. A country of vast extent, embracing in its wide expanse all the productions and scenery of every clime, containing nations of every shade of colour, variety of religion, physical structure, and mode of belief, with languages of great perfection, the origin of which is lost in a dark antiquity, and literature corresponding with a history, which, for the light and shade that chequer it, for the interest, surpassing that of romance, that is thrown over it, and for the great lessons to be drawn from it, is unsurpassed by that of any other country, with capabilities for development and improvement that seem infinite, and natural treasures that are boundless, long the field of conquest for the greatest nations of antiquity, and the source of interest and cupidity to all the mercantile nations of the world, the scene of some of Britain's greatest triumphs, and the brightest dependency of her crown, the home of many of her sons, the cause of many a broken heart, and the last resting-place of many a weary body, the field, too, where many of our greatest men have won their first and proudest laurels, as warriors, statesmen, legislators, judges and scholars—yet, until within the last few years, has it never excited any general interest for its own sake, or called forth any continued and prolonged efforts to elevate it in any sense as a nation and a land.

Cause for this reproach has now passed away, and the amount of literary activity on the one subject of India, has been during the last three years far greater than on any other sub-

ject, the one engrossing topic of the War excepted. India has seemed, for the last hundred years that the British have ruled her as territorial Governors, to hide her head in obscurity, and that with the full consent and wish of those who desired to retain a rich monopoly for ever in their hands, to get as much out of, and do as little for her as possible. Hence the great ignorance regarding her—an ignorance fostered by all her servants—an ignorance that gave rise to all the absurd stories regarding her and her Governors—an ignorance that has been a fruitful subject for her novel-writers, from the days of Fielding to those of Thackeray, and that lesser star John Lang. It would be the most interesting chapter in the history of fiction, were all the stories current regarding her, and related with such zest and piquancy by all the novelists of the last century, to be collected. Add to those the griffinisms of newcomers, and the practical jokes played off on them, either in imagination or reality, and the book would immediately take the first rank in all circulating libraries, a sure evidence of at least temporary popularity. Let us suggest this to some of our Anglo-Indian writers, who waste their “leisure” in useless translations, unpoetical sonnets, or unreal and stiff descriptions of the “Gorgeous Orient.” This is decidedly a desideratum in literature.

All full and accurate information on India having thus, as it were, by tacit consent, been kept back for so many years, it was to be expected that, when the secret seal was broken, and the haze of mystery displayed to men, it should gradually clear away before the inquisitive searchings of public opinion. India has now rushed to the opposite extreme, it has become the fashion to know about it, and to regard a somewhat accurate knowledge of it as part of the education of a gentleman; even our legislators have condescended to set out a few debates, which have suddenly become interesting, for the first time since the walls of the house echoed back the names of Nuncomar, Sujah Dowlah, Cheyte Singh, and the Begums of Oude, when Sheridan fell into the arms of the admiring Burke, and the great orator himself impeached the first, and, in some respects, the noblest Governor-General of India. The literary market still cries for more works on India, and obscure *litterateurs* come forth with inaccurate compilations, and old Indians with the fruit of many years' experience. Even our school-boys have now the hope of knowing something more, than that the Great Mogul is King of Ethiopia, and Plassey was fought in the days of Sultan Mahmoud.

In the successive numbers of the *Review*, we have noticed

some of the more important works that have issued from the press on India, and things pertaining to it. The list of books placed at the head of this Article, includes only a few of the many of minor importance that are ever being furnished. The realization of the hope approaches more and more closely, that at no distant day, India shall assume her proper place in the intelligent study and concern of all, who care for watching the gradual elevation of 150 millions of human beings, and the practical solution of problems, philological, religious, educational, scientific and social, on which the civilisation of the West has not ventured further than in controversial theory. Large as has been the number of the publications of the last five years, regarding all Indian subjects, it has been ridiculously small, when viewed in the light of the extent and character of the country treated of, and the importance of the interests at stake. The whole tendency of Parliamentary, as distinguished from East India Company Legislation, has been the abolition of monopoly, the public freedom and display of all things, the honest adoption of generally recognised principles of truth and just government, and the opening of the services to all whom not interest and influence, but merit and acquirements, render fitted for responsible positions. In a word, from Pitt's famous Charter of 1784, which created the Board of Control, to the bill of 1853, which, in after history, will be still more famous, liberality, honesty, just government, freedom of discussion, have been the recognised point at which to aim, if they have not often been realised. In proportion as the prospects of the mass, of obtaining a share in the Government of India, have been widened, their interest in all matters relating to it has been increased, and the discussion of the India Bill of 1853, the opening of the services, the recent education despatch, and still more, the document with regard to the education of the future Civil Servants, have caused all intelligent men to feel that not merely is India in itself worthy of careful study, but with reference to themselves and their own interests, it would be well fully to understand it. Hence the literary activity of the past few years, which we believe is but the beginning of a course of authorship and intelligent enquiry, that will finally cause Mr. Titmarsh and his confrères to produce in abundance such works as a *Journey from Cornhill to Calcutta*; *Holiday Ramble in the Himalayas*; *A Vacation Tour on the Banks of the Bhavany*; *Mr. Albert Smith's Ascent of Mount Dhwalagiri*; *Murray's Hand-book to the Mullah and Damoodah*; *Jottings on the Deck of a Steamer on the Godavery*; *Waltonianism on the Toombudra*, by a Brother

of the Angle. *The Farm Yard*—a Treatise on the best modes of rearing the Mangoose, the Elephant and the Alligator, with an Appendix on the Cobra de Capella; *Doubtful Plays and Poems of Kalidas*, from a Manuscript discovered in the Chakrabartian Library, with Notes and Emendations; *Memoirs of a Labouring Ryot*, by the President of the India Reform Association; *Sunny Memories of the Jullunder Doab*, by a Koolin's twentieth wife; *Life in the Patshalla, the Karkhana and the Rajbaree*, by Mrs. Kenneth Collinson, &c. &c.

We can easily understand that a publisher's Overland Literary Circular of the next twenty years, will contain such announcements as the above. The Khyber Pass will then be as often trodden by Cockneys as the Trosachs or Killiecrankie is now; the great inland seas of America, and the mighty falls of the Niagara will be despised, before the Chilka lake and the cataracts of the Cavery; and the sonorous voice of the travelled John Bull will be heard abusing the "young men" in the hotels of Kashmir, in as choice Hindustani, as is the French, wherewith he now signalises himself in the Champs Elysées, or at Baden Baden. Mr. Doyle will not confine the foreign tour of his protégés Brown, Jones and Robinson, to the narrow limits of one Continent, but will plant them on the summits of the Vindhya range, or picture them and their adventures in the far south of the Carnatic. The ridiculous in India will no longer be represented by the *Delhi Sketch Book*, but Punch himself, with his dog carefully packed, and Judy sent to rusticate in the wilds of Killarney, will entrust his precious personage to the steamer at Marseilles, and, scorning the rail and Nile boat alike, will emulate the fame of Cleopatra, and be the first to navigate the Suez canal. Then let the Mulls, the Ditchers and the Ducks, beware of him, whose eye no folly can escape, whose sarcasm no vice can overcome.

Comparatively many, however, as have been the works of late published on India, none seem to have taken the proper view of its past, its present and its future; the motives from which these works have been written, have been very various, but yet all more or less one-sided. All depends, in any subject, on the platform on which an author places himself, on the stand-point from which he takes his view. Every work must be unworthy of India, that is not, like itself, vast, wide, extensive, all-embracing, filled with a liberal and catholic spirit, radiant and bright as the sun that shines upon it, but at the same time, having a vein of great earnestness, of deep longing, of half-concealed melancholy running through it, so expressive of the moral and social state of its many millions, of the sor-

rows and regrets of its English civilisers. A good book on India must be an exact type of itself; the writer must have entered into all its shades and characteristics, he must have become subjectively Indianized. There must be no doubting of its glorious future, no scepticism as to its final redemption. A note of triumph must often be heard above the jarring discords of present evils and follies, as a knowledge of the present elements of good comes into view, as a trustful faith in the nature of the present energies adopted, is felt. In all works on India, how little has this been the case; men have made fortunes and gone home to enjoy an easy independence, they have come to the country from wrong motives, they have got out of it all the worldly good possible in their case, they have tolerated it only for this object, and they have gone home to deepen the impression that India is a fearful land, that it is the region of the shadow of death. There are many stand-points from which it has been viewed; let us consider them for a little, and see how far they fall short of what they ought to be, illustrating our remarks by extracts from some of the works, whose titles are given above.

The *scholar* comes out fresh to India, either ready-made or in embryo. He is a philologist, and as he walks among the millions of India, and listens to what would be to others a Babel-like confusion of tongues, his soul swells with an enthusiasm exceeding that of even Sir W. Jones. Here is the land of the Arian races; from these northern plains of Hindustan, the ancestors of all Europe sprang; in that strangely difficult speech of theirs, is to be discovered the root and germ of all the Indo-European tongues. Greece is noble, and surrounded with hallowed associations, but nobler far and more awe-inspiring still is the land, which was the womb of Greece. Egypt is enveloped in a dark haze of historical uncertainty, and the mystic symbols of its sacred tongue point back to a period to which history does not go, but more sublimely chronological still is the history of this land of the sun, which disdains millions, and reckons its historical antiquity by ages and cycles of *æons*, passing the limit of the human, and drawing largely on the unbounded epochs of geological time. Homer sinks into insignificance before Valmiki, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are modern tales when compared with the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharat*. For him all India bristles with learned truths and historical and linguistic associations, and he lingers in more sacred and ardent admiration over the topes of Bhilsa, or the rock-cut temples of Ellora, than ever he did amid the ruins and colonnades of Stonehenge, or the crumbling

pillars of Palmyra. But as he views these ancient remnants of departed greatness, his fancy peoples them not with the inhabitants of old, he sees not the same heart beating under the bronzed breast of the reverend Brahmin, as in the bosom of the white man, who worships a different God in a different form. He traces no connexion between the form of belief which these views body forth, and the social state here, and the everlasting state hereafter, of races, whose descendants now wander over the desolated spot, heirs of a glorious destiny, and yet ignorant of its nature and responsibilities. He is a dreamer, a book-maker, a collector of facts, nothing more; and having accomplished thus much, his scholastic stand-point lets him do no more, and so—he passes away, and India is not a whit further up the ladder of progress through him.

There is another position from which India is viewed, and a much more false one than this—through the stained glass of what has been called the *Services*. To eat the Government salt, and yet to turn one's heel against it, would be inconsistent with all the known laws of gratitude, and more especially those of our oriental clime. Hence to be in the services, civil, military, medical or marine, covenanted or uncovenanted, is to be in a position of being either positively or negatively in favour of Government. Nor do we object to this, as at all inconsistent with a position of independence and courageous private judgment, unless a desire for self-interest and an overpowering eagerness after lucrative appointments, lead one to indiscriminate praise, to throw himself boldly into every little breach, to sound loud trumpets of defence on every little occasion, and to proclaim himself Advocate General for the powers that be. No Government can be perfect, much less one in India; all that its critics can fairly demand is, that its principles be honest, the general adherence to them staunch, its objects good, and the general attainment of them not inconsistently slow. We believe that since 1833, the Indian Government can stand this test better than perhaps any other, all circumstances considered. The only fault has been one for which principles and objects are not to be blamed; the men who have carried them out have not been always the best. But with all this, there has insensibly been communicated to all the writings of service-men, a lack of high moral purpose, a tinge of toadyism, a slight flush of self-interested partiality. And this too is natural; the civilian loves his service, and the officer his, and both think them the finest in the world, and of great benefit to the country. Were this not the case, they would work with neither enthusiasm nor zeal. But however natural,

it is wrong, it is a low position on which to place one's self, and such had better not write about India at all. What are the contents of their works? Are they military men who write? Then the books may be very amusing, but for all purposes of good they are useless. Some days' ramble in the Himalayas and Neilgherries, in which there is much pleasant adventure, and a few facts about natural history—the romance of war, descriptions of battles, surveys of newly ceded or annexed districts, camp-life, flirtation in the Presidency cities, or the hill sanatoria, the ribaldry of the mess and the consequent duels, and the faint attempt at mental or physical work of some kind, dispel the unsupportable *ennui* which results in sentimental sonnets, or inaccurate and inelegant translations. We do not object to all this in itself. But does it not seem trifling, when you consider that the authors of such works have been living in the midst of 150 millions of human beings, who are at least a thousand years behind them in all the comforts, amenities, and beliefs of civilised life? Are they on the other hand civilians who write? Then will the tinge of their works be different. Something more solid will be given. There will be an attempt at thought, a striving to reach just principles, and at least an array of facts, from which others may generalise principles. Brought more into contact with the native population around them, and thus knowing more of their necessities, social and physical, they may be led to think that they can suggest measures for their good. There have been many honourable cases of this kind, which would have been more so, but for the "Service" medium, through which all things have been viewed. The Medical Service has not taken its full share in the literature of and about India. Were we to create an author, who should be best fitted to write such a book about India, as would be worthy of the country and the cause, it would be one in the circumstances and position of a member of the Medical Service. He has at once the physical and the metaphysical, the external and the internal, the mind and body requisites for successfully accomplishing it well and accurately. Trained up in acquaintance with the facts and principles of all the physical sciences, the whole unexplored domain of Indian science and products lies open before him, and the question of the relation in which they stand to the social and economic position of the masses. Brought into contact on the other hand with most of the ills that flesh is heir to; witness of the abnormal states and aberrations of the mind, as well as of the body; introduced often into these

secret chambers of the soul, where "latent agencies" abide, and ever and anon come forth to astonish, by their eccentricity and supernatural character; seeing human nature on a grander scale, and its vices and virtues of a greater magnitude than at home; having a heart thus naturally opened up and softened by the tenderest of scenes, having a soul capable of understanding the hidden springs of action, and the deep and often deferred hopes of degraded yet aspiring natures, the Indian Doctor ought to take a professional position above that of all others, and ought so to avail himself of his opportunities for doing good, that, as healer of soul and body, he might act as a great lever to raise India to her proper position in the scale of nations. Why this has not been the case, why the service is left almost unrepresented, except in strictly professional works, why the highest ambition with the majority seems to have been, to become a Presidency Surgeon, make a fortune, and go home as soon as possible, we leave with the Service themselves to answer. As professional men and as earnest and successful students of the Physical Sciences in India, many of them are worthy of all praise, but as good-doers for the sake of good-doing, and the rewards that it brings in itself, as men who have recognized their responsibilities and opportunities, in a land of mental and moral, as well as physical disease, the majority of them have fallen short of what they ought, as a class, to have been.

Another stand-point from which India has been much and most partially viewed, is that of the merchant and the manufacturer. Although abstractly it may seem a harsh statement, and would be indignantly repelled by both, yet the country is viewed by them, as a place where there are certain capabilities for raising certain products, which have a certain marketable value, and would yield a certain return to the speculator, and that these must be raised at the cheapest rate possible from the smallest number of men, who will do the greatest amount of work, as labour-machines composed of bone, sinew and marrow. However true and immutable the principles of a sound political economy may be, they are after all in the daily life of such men, unscriptural, unnatural and unhuman. It is not that they are utilitarian; that is, except when philosophically viewed, but a small matter; it is that they are materialistic, earthy and soul-destroying. None can admire more than we do the energy that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have shewn, in surveying and reporting on the cotton-growing districts of India, but we cannot,

with all charity, avoid noting the motive of their so doing—a motive as plainly self-interested, and only self-interested, as the peace agitation and pro-Russian tendencies of their chiefs, Cobden and Bright. We are afraid that the history of all mercantile effort in India, from the establishment of the trading Company, to the failure of the Union Bank, and, indeed, the most recent times, proves that, however true and immutable the honest principles of commercial activity may be, the men who carry them out in India, are either themselves very crooked, or apply them in a most unskilful way. What a strange spectacle does India present to the eager and avaricious soul of such! Not merely does it seem filled with Rupees, a very forest of pagoda trees, but it is to be studied, and lived in, and tolerated only for the sake of these. It seems to consist of but two great elements—on the one hand it is a mass of minerals, metals, fibres and other products in a raw state, and on the other, it bears in its mighty extent a dense array of human machinery, who constitute the labour market. It is the object of the mercantile man to bring these to bear on each other, and mutually conduce to his own aggrandisement and wealth. There may be such, and blessed be God, there generally are such glorious results, as an extension of civilisation, a diffusion of comforts, morality and religion, but such results never enter into the calculations of the Manchester and merchant-men, nor do they personally in the least strive to produce them. The human soul beats but for them, the human energy is exerted but for them, and the glorious bloom of holy emotion and heaven-ward aspirations, destined to bear fruit in eternity, is gathered here to adorn the products of the loom, or to line the purses of so called Christians. The merchant as such has taken but an insignificant place in the ranks of Anglo-Indian writers. Confined chiefly to the Presidency Cities, or a few of the larger Mofussil towns, which have become quite anglicised, he knows nothing of the land, its inhabitants or their necessities, and is content to take as much information as will do for his practical purposes at second hand, from the reports of Government surveyors, and the records of Government offices.

Perhaps the largest class of writers on India, and those who have most contributed to diffuse the popular motions regarding it, and the English in it, may be represented under the terms of the *adventurer*, the *dilettante* and the *litterateur*. Recognising no higher end than the pleasure of the hour, the reputation of authorship, or the chance of pecuniary success, they leave home

in every sort of character, and play a most eccentric part in a land where all is so strange, that people have ceased to wonder at aberrations of any kind. How many such are there in India at this moment ; noble fellows they might have been, filled with all the British energy and strong will, fitted to gain success for themselves, and to make others succeed ; but from some moral blight, from some screw loose in the higher region of the soul, they pass through a strangely chequered life, with the reputation of clever fellows, companions of a circle of society infinitely low and degraded, addicted to petty and sometimes even to startling vices, living from hand to mouth—, abusing the country and its natives, and having done no good to themselves or others, the only legacy they leave behind them, is a book, full of pungent wit, cutting sarcasm, or pointless drollery, but ignoring all moral principle, except what is the lowest, on which the decencies of life rest. What a book would the “History of Personal Adventure in India” be, from the days of the runaway younger sons of English families, the military Frenchmen of the time of Clive and Hastings, and the Jacobins of Wellesley, to the present, when our hospitals, indigo factories and Mofussil obscurities might tell a strange tale. But there are others of this class more harmless and less *outré*, than these. You can recognise them in the works that picture the life of a Cadet, from Portsmouth to Peshawur, that minutely detail his adventures and *amours* on board the East Indiaman, that introduce him to the gaieties and vices of Calcutta life, that lead him into all sorts of scrapes there, and suddenly transfer him to all the realities of the goose-step at Baraset. Such picture him on his way up the river to join his regiment, the pranks and tricks of his senior Officers, the elegant conversation of the mess-table, the desperate efforts to kill time leisurely, to get up enough of the Vernacular for an interpretership, or to move heaven and earth for a staff appointment. According as fancy or whim prompts, they either lead him into all the blood of the oft-described Affghan and Sikh campaigns, and make him to die fighting bravely, pressing a locket or a picture to his lips ; or they send him home after many an adventure, to become the *nawab* of the London circles and the London novelists, to storm, rage and fume, to abuse every thing and every body, to have his angelic daughter carried off by a poor, but noble youth, and finally to die of bile or apoplexy, cutting her off with a shilling, and leaving his large fortune to the “Philanthropic Institution, for the taming of the animals that have hitherto

been called wild beasts," after a splendid monument, copied from the Taj Mehal, has been erected over his remains. A as! how little such writers know of a care for India! Like Goldsmith with his "Animated Nature," who "hardly knew an ass from a mule, or a goose from a turkey, except when he saw it on the table," they write to meet present wants, as the hack of a publisher, the sub-editor of a newspaper, or its Indian correspondent. In face of the eternal interests of a multitude of semi-civilised races, which have been trampled on and set aside, in face of a present fearful degradation and a future glorious destiny, they scratch and scribble their little pens upon them, and then themselves drop into forgetfulness. If this class of writers has produced the most amusing and interesting works on India, they have been at the same time the most inaccurate, ephemeral, and void of any high moral purpose.

Higher in aim, in execution, though perhaps not in worldly wisdom, and scholarly elegance, is the Missionary Literature. When we say that it is by this means that India was first fully opened up in every sense to the Western world, we but state an universally recognised fact. In education, in high moral purpose, in sound views of Government, in a knowledge of native character and necessities, in authorship, in literary efforts, and, we had almost said, in scholarship, the missionary was the pioneer, the spur, the example to a then unenlightened Government, which proscribed him, and under the plea of neutrality and tolerance, was as intolerant as the Propaganda of Rome. The man who had been obliged to sneak out to India, to skulk in the Sunderbunds, and then to establish himself in a foreign settlement, finally forced the power that had abused him and the cause which he represented, to acknowledge his usefulness even to them, and, with perhaps too great haste, he accepted of their honours and their Rupees. •The despised Baptist cobbler became Professor of Sanscrit, the associate of proud officials, the admired, courted and dreaded of unfledged writers. Of all that we have already noticed, the missionary has the highest stand-point;—not that it is the best possible, or what it ought to be, or might be, but it is infinitely better than all others. Taking his stand as he professes to do, and generally does, on the great idea of *non-self*, on the abnegation of self, and that too, in circumstances and in a country where such a position is difficult to be consistently borne, he at once commands the admiration, and calls forth the gratitude of all, who can appreciate the disinterested and

the noble. He looks not upon India as a land of Rupees, to be tolerated for a few years, and then abandoned for ever ; he considers not its natives as a band of deceitful and stupid knaves, whose moral sense is so blunted, that they are almost irreclaimable ; he strives not to quench the Spirit nor limit the extent of its power ; he looks not on the glorious land as forever abandoned physically to the jungle and its inhabitants, and morally to those passions of which Siva and Durga are the incarnation ; but he says in the spirit of a trustful faith, the deeper the degradation, the more grand the destiny, the chiefier the sinner, the more all-embracing and all-purifying the salvation. But while his is, in happier moments, a confidence that is full of sure certainty, and the object at which it aims one of unmitigated and unalloyed happiness, it would not be wonderful if the basis were sometimes insecure, the means by which it attains its ends sometimes fickle, inconsistent and unsound. There are dangers besetting the missionary's path on the right hand and the left. He may be over-sanguine. A great thing you say in a land where lassitude and idleness are the rule. But a most deadly error, if it misleads himself into the belief that great ends can be accomplished by insufficient means, if it lead a whole nation or church into the error that India is at the foot of the cross, that all the preparations are made for resuming the old days of Pentecost, that Koolinism, Polygamy, Caste, Vedantism, are tottering, and will soon fall with the crash of Babylon of old. If such is the case, then to be sanguine is to be criminal, to be over-hopeful is to be foolish, to be too eager is to be hypocritical. Another insecure point on which he is in danger of placing himself, is the cause that he assigns for the deferred hope of final regeneration, for the comparative non-success that everywhere follows his efforts. Though sanguine, modest and humble, he may yet, by a strange fatality, look too much out of self for the cause. He may view the mysterious dealings of God's Providence too much, his own fitness for his work too little. Filled with an overpowering sense of the greatness of the cause in which he is engaged, and the dignity of service in it, he is in danger of looking only to the Master, and by a false view of the relations in which he stands to him, of resting upon them entirely with an almost pantheistic passivity. If no success comes, or none commensurate with the means employed, he may be too apt at once to fly to another, instead of questioning his own faith, energy, and wisdom, to forget that God will do his part only when

man does his, that it is possible to work always, and pray always too, that a steady adherence to duty is of more use than elaborate reports, large committees, enthusiastic meetings, and long subscription lists. It was a common saying of a great workman in India, who burned the oil of life too fast, that he prays best who works best. In his mouth, the "prayer of work" was a powerful phrase. Again, the missionary coming more closely than any other class of men into contact with the native character, which exhibits itself to him alone, without the disguises that it assumes in its dealings with those whose favour it is of importance to court, it were no matter of wonder if he were sometimes to fall into despondency, and forgetting at once the power and the promises of God, were to take up the language of despair, and to conclude that these cry bones can never live. Such are the opposite errors into which the missionary is in danger of falling. That all have avoided the one or the other, it were too much to assert; but we do think it remarkable that they have avoided them so generally as they actually have done. Not so rare is the error of committing himself, from custom, authority, or choice, to a certain plan of action, in which only a set of influences is brought to bear on the regeneration of a country, and of course only a partial success is attained. He is evangelistic or educational, he preaches or he teaches, but he is not Baconian, he learns not the lessons of experience, nor does he generalise from them.

The Missionary Literature about India is most wide and extensive, as there is hardly a man in the class who has not written of it and its wants, in some shape or other. The book, whose name we have placed at the head of this article, is a favourable specimen of its class—the minor missionary literature. Its author is Mr. Ward, an American missionary, who laboured for many years in the most important of the Missionary stations in Southern India—in Madura, Tinnevely, Madras, and also in Ceylon. He embodies in a succinct form, all that the popular mind need know about India in its widest extent. Of course, a considerable portion of the book is devoted to missions, which he views with a sanguine spirit. In a chapter on the *Means for advancing Christianity in India*, he shews the necessity for a missionary being something more than a mere Theological student, who can preach his stated sermon with civilised elegance, and be done with it.

The objections urged against Christianity are of such a character, that a missionary would be not a little ashamed, if conscious of an inability to

return satisfactory replies; and yet these may be presented in a form so novel, and urged with a manner so confident and earnest, that he is often quite at a loss what to say; and the reader can well imagine the use that his opponent (if a shrewd and wily Brahmin) will make of his momentary hesitancy, in turning against him the sneer and laugh of ridicule. "Do you believe the words of your Saviour?" inquired a Brahmin, as a missionary was addressing an assembled audience. Upon hearing an affirmative reply, he continued, "Jesus said, 'if any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also,' you are well dressed and I half naked, pray give me your garments." He also said, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' suppose I give you a blow on the face, will you act in obedience to this command?" Before the missionary had time to answer, there was general laughter and interruption. When a reply can be given something in the style of the question asked, the effect is often very good. As one of the first missionaries in Bengal was preaching in a street of Calcutta, a baboo passing by cast a contemptuous glance at him, and said, "You, padres, are just like the hypocrites of whom your Jesus said, They love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." "Yes, my friend," replied the missionary, "but with this difference, they did it that they might be praised, and we are scoffed at and despised for it."

A missionary in Bengal being asked by a philosophical Brahmin, "What do you preach here?" replied, "We teach the knowledge of the true God," "Who is he? I am God," said the Hindoo. "I thought," said the missionary afterwards, "that it would be an easy matter to confute him, but I soon discovered my mistake." "This is very extraordinary," said I, "are you then almighty?" "No," he replied "if I had created the sun I should be almighty, but I have not." "How can you pretend to be God if you are not almighty?" "This question shows your ignorance," said he; "What do you see here?" pointing to the Ganges. "Water." "And what is in this vessel?" at the same time pouring out a little into a cup. "This is water likewise." "What is the difference between this water and that of the Ganges?" "There is none." "Oh, I see a great difference: that water carries ships, this does not. God is Almighty; I am only a part of the god-head, and therefore I am not almighty; and yet I am God, just as these drops in the cup are real water." "According to your representation God is divided into many thousand portions; one is in me, and another is in you." "Oh," said the Brahmin, "this remark is owing to your ignorance: how many suns do you see in the sky?" "Only one." "But if you fill a thousand vessels with water, what do you see in each?" "The image of the sun." "But if you see the image of the sun in so many vessels, does it prove that there are a thousand suns in the firmament?" "No! there is only one sun, but it is reflected a thousand times in the water." "So likewise there is but one God, but his image and brightness are reflected in every human being." The missionary, instead of stopping to point out the falsity of the comparison, preferred trying to touch his conscience. "God," he continued, "is holy, are you holy?" "I am not; I am doing many things that are wrong, and that I know to be wrong." "How, then, can you say that you are God?" "Oh, I see," said the former, "that you need a little more intellect to be put into your head before you can argue with us. God is fire; fire is the purest element in the creation; but if you throw dirt upon it, a bad odour will arise; it is

not the fault of the fire, but of that which is cast upon it. Thus God in me is perfectly pure, but He is surrounded by matter. He does not desire sin; He hates it; but it arises from matter." In this way the conversation continued long, but at the end the missionary found that he had made but little progress in convincing his opponent. Many a person who can fill a pulpit in America or England with respectability and credit, would undoubtedly break down, if called to make an attempt among the Hindoos; and this not for want of mental strength or furniture, but from the peculiar manner in which objections are presented, and the confidence with which they are uttered. Readiness in apprehending the point of an opponent's arguments, and tact in returning a brief but satisfactory reply, are of far more value in such circumstances than depth of mind or extent of scientific acquirement. Quickness conquers where research loses the day.

Large calls are also made upon the *better feelings of the heart*, especially patience and forbearance. The missionary hears his motives impugned in a manner very painful to one of honourable purpose, and conscious of sincere integrity and benevolence. Said a missionary to a Hindoo: "What do you think is the reason why we leave our native country, come to your villages, establish schools, and expend so much in the education of your children?" One replied, "You expect by this good deed the more certainly to reach heaven," while another answered, "Oh! it is your nature, just as it is the nature of the jackal to prowl abroad at night stealing fowls and geese." How often have I been compelled to hear the name of the blessed Redeemer blasphemed, and his most gracious acts misconstrued and vilified in a manner tending to awaken feelings akin to those of the too zealous disciple, when he said, "Shall we not call down fire from heaven and consume them!" But his thoughts and feelings, though bitter to agony, the missionary must not express, except in the language of pity and compassion; for to get his opponent irritated and vexed, is the Hindoo disputant's most earnest endeavour. This done, and he leaves the field with the triumphant exclamation, "The padre is angry, is angry, and the day is won!"

What then is the proper spirit to approach India with—from what stand-point ought it to be viewed? How many so-called Christian Europeans are there spread over the wide extent of India, who have influences of some kind upon it? The first necessity for a man who has the great good of India at heart, is for him to recur to first principles, to recognise fully what he is, where he stands, what he is doing. He must first fix his own present stand-point, and then that on which he ought to be. Of what use am I, what am I about in this land of the Devil and of his children? Some such self-question as this may bring him to the first. What ought I to be, what is the only just principle, before God and these Heathens, who neither know nor care for Him, by which my conduct ought to be regulated, and my relations towards both them and Him ought to be guided? Were the author of the *Latter-day Pamphlets* and *Sartor Resartus*,

baptised with a new spirit, were he to be placed here where we careless ones are dreaming, beating the air, and gold-hunting, how would the "everlasting yea" assert itself victorious, and lift up the mass of black and blackened devil's-children into a destiny as glorious, as it is certain. He must feel too that humanity is a unity, and that though marred, it is still beauteous in its ruins, that hope ends but with death, nay, that it rises in proportion to difficulties and despair. He must not be *essentially* of this sect or that, devoted to this profession or that, but with a pulse that beats fast for all humanity, he must be an earnest and a liberal cosmopolite. He cannot be happy in his labours, without acknowledging the existence of good elements on which to work, nor earnest, without feeling intensely how these have been overlaid by crime, ignorance and folly. A student of human nature, its blackest vices will thus not repel him, nor its fairest virtues make him over-sanguine. Not merely must he have a heart that can feel for a land so fair, and yet marred by evil of every kind, but he must have an intellect that can lay wise plans to reform it, a judgment that can decide in the midst of contending schemes, a common sense that can base them on the recognised principles of action and universal instincts of mankind, and a power of will and knowledge of the springs of action, that can bend others under him, can assign to them their various spheres, encourage them in the execution of their taste, and animate all by his own great spirit. In the midst of all this, there must ever be that humility or diffidence that imparts a charm to the energetic character, and is based on no distrust of self in comparison with man, but in the light of that Great Being who has promised His Spirit to guide the hopeful trusting heart, by bringing it into contact with the Great Teacher, who came to regenerate a world. A few such men in, and a few such writers about India—men of thought as well as feeling, of action as well as fancy, men on whom the awful sense of a ruined land has fallen with a crushing power, and has stirred up to do and to dare all things for its final salvation, such would have motives of the right kind, and success beyond expectation.

How many such have there been in India? Let its present state answer. Placing yourself in the centre of the greatest of its mercantile cities—Calcutta—you feel surrounded by life in its fullest and most busy aspects. Everywhere is action ceaseless and ever-repeated, energy developed on a grand scale and fastening on mighty schemes. You feel that the

city is making fast to be rich, and that all, white and black, and every shade between, pursue eagerly the one object—self. Is it the merchant at his desk, or the shroff at his table counting his gains, or the kite and the vulture at the auction, snatching at the relics of once happy homes, or the stray sweepings of foreign investments, is it the clerk in his office, thinking of nothing but the assistant above him, and the “step” that he would get were he removed, and having his moral nature sapped under the cursed evils of the seniority system, or is it the comparatively poor servant who trades on his earnings and thinks the usury of 40 per cent. but trifling interest? In all the same characteristics are developed, and this in the face of eternal realities that will sometimes, as unbidden guests, nestle in the nooks and crannies of the heart, and whisper now and then to its owner of something beyond rupees, annas and pie, indigo, opium and silk.

Pass from this along the level plain, which serves as the lungs of Calcutta, and up the wide and fashionable Chowringhee, to where the tall Casuarina waves mournfully around the graves of the English dead, and lordly monuments are erected over their dust, which soon crumble down and desolately mingle with it, a fitter tomb than marble or stone. Cross the Circular Road and over the Great Ditch, which still recalls the Mahratta Philistines, and into a Mahomedan suburb, where decaying bazaars are covered with filth, and the lazy dogs around look, if possible, more lean than the filthy carcases in the shambles within. Straight in, and there a little to the right, and the top of one or two tottering urns tells you that here is another home of the dead. What Scotchman's heart has not beat here as he has stood amid the bones of his countrymen, and said “I too may soon be here.” Place yourself amid mounds that are firmly built over, that no jackal's teeth, no dog's jaws “may lazily mumble the bones of the dead,” and you have a true stand-point from which to view life and labour in India. What a book would that be—*Autobiography of the Dead in a Calcutta Cemetery*—what a record of motive, of desire, of despair, of remorse, and of successful faith and glorious triumph as well. Here would be a representative of every class that we have mentioned, and of many more, and here by the side of the adventurer, the merchant and the self-seeker, would be found the dust of John Macdonald and Andrew Morgan.

The first attempt made to view India in the true spirit

was in Arnold's work, *Oakfield or Fellowship in the East*, which, as it has been already reviewed in a previous Number, we need not do more than again commend to our readers. Somewhat based on the same great truths, but far lighter in execution and more superficial in high moral purpose, is '*The Gong*,' by Major Vetch. Originally published in *Hogg's Instructor*, we are delighted to recognise it now in a complete and artistic shape. Written in a kindly genial spirit, full of interesting adventures, though not always within the range of the "probable," recognising at all times the great feelings of the soul and principles of the conscience, which it never shocks, nor even delicately offends, it is lacking only in the stand-point that is assumed, which is not so much deficient in the kind as in the degree of its elevation and enlargement. His subject is the trite one, a Cadet going to, in, and returning from India, but he throws a new charm over the old story, illustrating the lines of Horace:—

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,

Gregory, for such is the euphonious name of the hero, is introduced as having returned from India and settled down in one of those exquisite old-fashioned houses in the Canongate of Edinburgh, the modern filth of which now dissipates all antiquarian enthusiasm. His only companion is his old nurse Tibby, who has waited so long in the sure faith that "her bairn" would one day return from "the jungles" to comfort her in her old age. Knowing the power of the association of ideas, he had only to toll (should it not be strike?) a gong, and away he was in the land of the sun, once more beside its dusky inhabitants, once more in his bungalow under the mango tope, once more in the courts of Delhi or beside the pagodas of Benares. The gong tolls eighteen times, and at each stroke, a new chapter in his life is laid open. An idle contemplative boy, he is suddenly aroused from his dreaminess by the demand of his uncle, "what do you intend to be?" and the adventurous spirit of the youth who, in imagination, had roamed over many lands, immediately fixes on a military career. A Cadetship in the service is obtained, and down he goes to Portsmouth, where he meets with others in the same position as himself. Among these is an Irish youth named Jerry, whose adventures are sufficiently amusing in the early part of the volume. Unable to pay Mrs. M'Cutlets, his land-lady, he of course absconds, and keeps himself in hiding till the vessel shall

sail. Jerry in his den had heard the gun-signal for departure.

"That's it, my honeys!" cried Jerry, as he started up at the sound, buttoned up his surtout, set his beaver on one side of his head, poised his shillela quarter-staff, and, like an honest man, tossed sixpence to the old woman of the attic, and descended the trap-stair, singing,

"To seek for promotion,
I cross'd the wide ocean."

Having gained the lane, he hurried on to the shore; but what was his horror and surprise when, reaching the beach, he beheld a sight more dreadful than apparition, for there stood in *propria persona*, the worthy Mrs. M'Cutlets, attended by an ill-favoured sinister-looking man, who, from a short baton in his hand, Jerry could not for a moment doubt, had unfriendly intentions towards himself. Mrs. M'Cutlets was eagerly watching every youthful adventurer as he took his place in the boats, in hopes of finding among them her young gentleman blackguard.

This was a damper even to Jerry Jenkins; he saw the coast fairly shut against him. No time was to be lost; he paused for a moment, and, seeing that it would be impossible to carry the day by force of arms, he resolved to have recourse to the stratagems of war; so, hurrying back into the lane, he plunged into an old-clothes shop, kept by a countryman of the name of Murphy, with whom he had had some dealings, and exclaimed, "Here, Mr. Murphy, look at this purty dress I have on; it is yours for the oldest, ugliest suit of ragamuffin regimentals in your dirty shop; and be quick, for time and tide wait for no man."

While Jerry was divesting himself of his own, Mr. Murphy, seeing no objections to the terms of exchange, was selecting what had once been a private's suit in the "Buffs," which might well have been supposed to have seen the last of its fields, but was now to be employed again in one which would tarnish for ever all its former glory. Jerry, having assumed the soldier's garb, called in the barber from the neighbouring door, who in a moment cropped him to the bone, and, according to his instructions, glued two of his finest severed locks as appendages to his upper lip, intersecting the face at the same time with patches of black plaster placed at various angles to each other.

"And now, Mr. Murphy," said Jerry, "there is the finest beaver hat in all the city of Cork to you as a present, and toss me that ould Scotch bonnet in its place." The exchange being made, Jerry continued, "And now, Mr. Murphy, I leave in pawn with you this handsome shillela, and take as acknowledgment of the same this broomstick; and, if ever you visit the East Indies, ask for Major-General Jeremy Jenkins, and I shall redeem my pledge by giving you one of the soundest drubbings you ever got in your life, for having taken in a gentleman-cadet of the Honourable East India Company."

So saying, he tossed a penny to the shaver, and sallied from the door, while Murphy and his wife, with one child in her arms and six at her feet, with the barber, all issued into the street, following with their looks and shouts of laughter their comical customer. Jerry turned round for a moment at the sound, shook his broomstick at the group, and, turning a corner, was out of sight: and the scene of embarkation was again before him, where stood at her post his dreaded landlady, and still more dreadful man-at-arms.

"Neck or nothing," said Jerry to himself; "a faint heart never won a fair woman;" nor cheated an old one, he might have added. Though Jerry mustered all his impudence, it was not without a tremulous misgiving that he rubbed elbows with his worst enemy; but there was no cause of alarm, for so completely was the young gentleman metamorphosed, that his own mother would not have recognised him, far less old Mrs. M'Cutlets.

He passed her all unsuspected, and took his seat at the stern of the boat, with his face towards the enemy; and when the barge had fairly pushed off, and Jerry felt safe on the high seas, he could not resist the temptation of giving a demonstration of his triumph. Rubbing off the moustaches and plasters from his face with one hand, and taking off his bonnet with the other, with a stentorian voice, he thus saluted his landlady, "I say, Mrs. M'Cutlets, was you ever in the army?" The sound of Jerry's voice opened Mrs. M'Cutlets' eyes and ears at the same moment, and, in the agony of grief, disappointment, and despair, she exclaimed, "The scoundrel's aff, etfir a'," and sunk senseless, exhausted with vexation and fatigue, in the arms of the bailiff, who conveyed her to her home, and before any measures could be adopted for discovering Jerry's ship, or apprehending him at sea, he was on his way to the East with a fair breeze.

The usual adventures in the outward voyage follow, and at last the Ganges is reached.

We shall not recapitulate the often-detailed dreariness of the scene on first entering the Ganges, but merely subjoin some lines descriptive of one or two features in the desolate picture, by Major Markem:—

Again restored to India, here we are —
 What's that upon the Ganges' bosom floating ?
 No lotus-flower that sends sweet scent afar :
 It is a native's corpse, half ate, half rotten.
 It glides, with its white ribs exposed to view
 A wreck of man, and carrion-crows the crew.
 One vast expanse above of brazen skies,
 One vast expanse of dazzling plain below—
 The mighty, silent stream like Lethe lies—
 A pillar'd funeral flame ascending slow—
 And where the river round yon sand is bending
 Vultures and dogs are for a corpse contending.

The custom in the old Indian days, when European ladies seldom blessed India with their smiling faces and happy hearts, of Mrs.—, when she arrived, holding a sort of levee, *en reine*, when all were introduced to her, is described rather humorously, with something of the fun of Charles Lever.

General Frolick, being aware that a *particular friend* of his own in the upper station expected his wife to arrive on the present occasion, was no sooner apprised of her non-arrival than he determined to personate the lady *himself*; and, before the public had time to discover the trick, issued the usual notice, that "Mrs. Blowse having arrived, would receive the company of Calcutta in the town-hall that evening."

Getting the master of the ceremonies and a few friends to enter with him into the joke, and having disguised his aged and portly figure in a lady's

costume, and being deeply veiled, as female modesty justly required on such a public exhibition, he ascended the vacant throne, which he nobly filed, and, with his hands clasped most effectively across his breast, and twirling his thumbs, he awaited the arrival of his visitors in silent state.

No sooner was the sun set, and the mosquitoes on the wing, than carriages of all descriptions, and palanquins, with feathered dames and cocked-hatted gentlemen, arrived in front of the building, and, ascending the magnificent staircase, entered the hall of audience, and, arm-in-arm passing the throne, were introduced by name to Mrs. Blowse, and moved on.

On the personal appearance of the enthroned it was impossible to make, from the veiled state of the countenance, any other but one remark, which was audibly whispered by the gentlemen now and then—"Very stout;" while some of the ladies, who had brought from the boarding-school a smattering of French, sweetly lisped, sneeringly, the words "*En bon point.*"

When the General, who, though hid from others, saw distinctly through his gauze all that was going on, observed that there ceased to be any accession to the company, he rose to close the ceremony. Throwing back his veil, he first of all disclosed a face so remote from anything feminine or lovely, that the company might almost have supposed it a vision of Moore's Mokanna unveiled, if the General had given them time to fancy anything so fearful; but he instantly followed up the throwing back of the gauze, by raising aloft his brawny arms in that vulgar ogre-like attitude, used by a person just roused from an after-noon nap in the easy-chair, and, after a long and terrific yawn, in accents of the broadest and most vulgar Scotch, he made the splendid hall resound with the following exclamation—"Hech, sirs! what a het country this o' yours is, for I'n a' in a muck o' sweat!"

The Cadets are marched off to Baraset, there to be initiated into all the disagreeables of a military life, which results in a slight mutiny among the unfledged warriors, in which our old friend Jerry distinguishes himself, and ends his Indian career by being finally packed home to become a merchant and Mayor of Cork. But Gregory passes his period of dull probation, and is posted to his regiment, which he speedily joins. He sails slowly up

"By Chierical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while yet a child."

Soon he becomes acquainted with all the monotony of river scenery, which is relieved by the first entrance on the mighty Ganges. Our author, whose descriptive powers are by no means of a low order, thus paints it:—

At last, one forenoon, amidst the tropic's awful silence, an exulting shout arose from the boatmen on shore of "*Gunga-jee-salam!*" ("Hail to our sovereign lady Ganges!") startling the mid-day profound. Gregory stepped on deck, when he found the reed-crowned banks of the narrow stream, opening into the horizon-bounded vale of the mighty Ganges, at

this season of the year one boundless expanse of dreary sand, with here and there a vein of glittering water winding through it.

The first view of the ocean to an inland inhabitant is always an impressive sight of wonder, but perhaps there is something still more impressive in the first view of a tropic desert. Of a great mass of water we have always formed a somewhat correct idea; but all the visible part of the creation suddenly spread before the sight in one unvaried expanse of desolate and dazzling sand, is an object that, even after the most animated description, the mind is scarcely able fully to realise. Gregory felt it in all its overwhelming power, and drew his breath deeply for relief. Nothing seemed now wanting to complete the feeling of utter expatriation; but at the same time there was something not uncongenial to his mind, that had little or no fellowship with mankind, in finding a world of which man and his works formed no part. There was an indescribable and strange exultation on finding himself alone amid this dreary and illimitable solitude.

Sometimes the stream, dividing, left a low and flat sandy island in the midst; and it was a new and fearful sight to see (where all other animals of the upper world were wanting) these islets peopled with crocodiles and alligators, in motionless and terrific repose, their wide-expanded, dagger-implanted jaws turned upward to the sky in huge, horrific grin, as if with satanic rage they were telling the tropic sun how they hated his beams.

But, shuddering as it is to see the upper world thus tenanted, it is nothing to the sensations of horror and astonishment excited, when the voyager for the first time, amid the dread silence and intolerable sunshine of a tropic noon, sees, from the oozy deep of the sleeping stream, first one and then another of these magnificent monsters emerging from the mysterious and unexplored watery world below, into the light of day. Milton's lion "pawing to get free" from the solid earth, is neither half so appalling, picturesque, nor poetical. First comes the dragon-looking head, the organ of insatiable destructiveness; then the enormous fin-like arms; then the long-arched back, crested with its defying *chevaux de frise*; then the second pair of shapeless limbs; and, lastly, the vast length of cuirass-tail which, in the slow and struggling progress made by legs less suited for the field than the flood, seems to have no end—at length the amphibious monarch lies revealed in his leviathan longitude, his invulnerable scaly armour reflecting from its dewy surface the beams of a vertical sun.

What would that dear gentle angler, honest Isaac Walton, have said in his paetic prose, if, while fishing on the banks of his favourite Dove, such a fish had issued from the pool below to claim his acquaintance?

"Tis all very fearfully fine to sit by the fireside, and, through the wild imaginings of Coleridge, listen to the ancient mysterious mariner "calling spirits from the vasty deep," and telling of

"Slimy things that crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea;"

but it is a very different thing to gaze in reality on these aquatic monsters emerging from the gloomy waters of the Ganges.

To the Hindoos of Gregory's river-retinue, the sight of the main stream of their deified, purifying flood was, of course, one of the most joyous occasions of their most joyless existence.

For some days, Gregory pursued his way up one or other of the streams that winded through the world of arid desolation. A range of hills at

length began to loom on the far western horizon, and on the third day afterwards the southern extremity approached the river.

On the table-land at their base, overhanging the Ganges, stand the magnificent ruins of Rajmahal, once the residence of the royal prince Sultan Souja, unfortunate brother of the infamous Aurungzebe. Its palaces and towers are now silent, deserted, and weed-grown; and the humble, thatched cottages of the natives, interspersed among the dilapidated remnants, are the only occupied habitations of the place.

By the traveller coming through such a lengthened tract of wilderness, Rajmahal must ever be regarded with intense interest, both on account of itself and the most welcome variety it affords. It is a Tadmor of the desert. But its chief charm to the British wanderer is that one of these Palmyra cottages is occupied by a Hindoo official of government, who has charge of the post-office, and this is the first point of communication with the European world since entering the Ganges—the connecting link between exile and all that is dear on earth. And oh, what throbbings and thrillings in thousands of British bosoms has that place known!

No sooner does the boat touch the ruin-clustered bank, than the eager voyager springs on shore, and, guided by a boatman, hurries unheeding through echoing archways and deserted palace-halls, till he reaches the humble hut containing more to him than all “the gems of Ind.” The sable official knows the call, and out he comes with an armful of letters which he throws on the ground for the stranger’s inspection.

One episode follows, which, to say the least, is most improbable, and Gregory is with his regiment. He is introduced to his brother officers, who seem a motley crew, having as their Colonel an old sea-captain, whose marine tastes are still strong even on the plains of India. All in fact are characters in their way—the Captain a very Don Quixote, who delights to relate “how Cornwallis conquered Teepoo;” the Doctor, who is ever experimenting in chemistry, and blowing himself and his house up; a Captain M’Allan, who has all the courage and superstition of his Highland race, and whose fate becomes linked with that of Gregory, and a Lieut. Turf, who delights in taming wild beasts, and has a pet tiger that finally runs off with the new-comer. Soon he enters active service with his corps, and a graphic description is given of the reduction of one of those strong hill forts, with which North Western and Southern India abounds. In this a Glaucus and Diomedee-like episode occurs. A terrible assault has been made, and the brave antagonists on both sides, M’Allan and the son of Zubber Khan, single out each other.

The young Hindoo hero marked out M’Allan as his antagonist, and with his shield and sabre raised, advanced to meet him. The Highlander bounded at him like a mountain-deer, and with one irresistible thrust sent his broadsword through the Hindoo shield, as if it had been pasteboard, disabling the wearer’s arm, and laying him prostrate at his mercy. The fall of the chief was instantly followed by a charge of sepoy bayonets, which drove the assailants from the battery.

M'Allan was much struck with the appearance of his youthful foe, and said, "Who are you?"

"You deserve to know—I am the son of Zubber Khan."

"You are more—you are a noble fellow by nature. Rise, and follow your brave routed soldiers; and tell your sire, with my salaam, that, if you have been overmatched, it was by one older in arms, and sprung from a race as renowned in song as your own Roostam Khan. I only ask the shield from your disabled arm, to hang up in the hall of my fathers, a memorial of this day's meeting; accept, in return, the claymore that pierced it, as a token of friendly remembrance."

The exchange was made, a friendly grasp of the hands given, and the young warrior disappeared in the cover, on his return to the fort.

The gallant exploit was soon circulated through the British camp.

The officers of M'Allan's regiment had assembled round the mess-table in the evening, and were loud in their praises of their brave brother-officer, who, being relieved from his duty, now entered the mess-tent, when "Hurrah for M'Allan!" brought the blush into his manly face. Gregory was deeply affected. He rose from his seat, and, unable to speak, grasped his friend fondly by the hand. The major also rose, as he passed his chair, and heartily wished him joy of his fresh laurels.

"Come along, shipmate," said Broadsides, as M'Allan reached the further end of the table, where a place had been reserved for him on the right hand of the Colonel; "come away, my lad. Thanks for the honour you have done our corps to-day; and I hope, now that the battle has been fought and won, and you still above-board, you will send adrift all your dreaming imaginations."

"In this little skirmish," said M'Allan, with a smile, "I saw no Ensign Gregory by my side. But enough of that."

The approaches continued to be carried on against Zubberghur, and breaching was commenced in one of the curtains.

When not on duty, M'Allan and Gregory spent much of their time together. In the course of conversation, M'Allan informed his friend, that his ancestors had possessed extensive domains in the Highlands, but, having taken part in the attempts to restore the Stuart dynasty to the throne, their estates had been confiscated.

"My father," continued M'Allan, "who was too young to be a rebel, as they were called, served long and faithfully under the House of Hanover, and, on retiring in his old age, endeavoured to get the forfeited lands and castle restored to him as the rightful heir; but I have lately heard from him that all hopes were lost, and that, abjuring his name and the Highlands, he had retired to the Lowlands of Scotland with his only daughter. I was in hopes I might live to redeem our ancient halls and hills, but that hope is now, I fear, for ever over."

The day appointed for the storming arrived, and the hour was fixed for noon. Gregory having equipped himself for the field, and finding he had a few minutes to spare, proceeded to his captain's tent.

M'Allan had just taken down a claymore, which he held in his left hand. Placing his right on a small pocket Bible that lay on the table—the parting gift of an affectionate mother, blessed by her prayers, and bedewed with her tears—he said, "I hope that, amid all the darkness of this pagan land, I have in some degree kept the faith, and, amid many disadvantages, to some extent fought the good fight. One battle more for my country, and then the unfading wreath. But there is the bugle-call. When next the trumpet sounds for me, you, Gregory, will be again by my

side. May our short-lived but pleasing friendship on earth be then renewed, and for ever!"

The friends embraced in silence, and then hastened to their posts on parade.

"With ball and cartridge, prime, and load!" shouted Broadsides.

There is something truly thrilling in the words, heard for the first time, and in the ring of the returning ramrods, that announces all is ready for the work of death.

Broadsides' battalion was ordered to form part of a force that was to make a diversion by attacking an outwork, or fortified garden (which had been intrusted, as a reward for his bravery, to the son of Zubber Khan), situated on the opposite side of the fort to the one breached. The march upon that outwork was through a ruined village to the right, half-way between the camp and fort. As soon as the force in column defiled through it upon the open plain, the enemy's cannon opened upon it. Sometimes the balls fell short, and then bounded over the ranks—sometimes too high, and went at once over the bayonets, on which occasions they were hailed with mock salutations of merriment by the gallant Sepoys—sometimes they fell with destructive sweep among the files.

Having arrived within a thousand yards of the enemy's embattlement, the column halted, and wheeled into line.

At that moment, M'Allan, in passing Gregory, hastily pulled a ribbon and locket from his neck, and said, "take care of that—the last gift of a beloved sister."

Gregory cast one short glance on the likeness, and there saw, unconsciously smiling on the death-devoting field, the charms that had captivated his lonely heart. He thrust the miniature under his breastplate, next that heart, for protection, and moved on at the brave order, "Advance," amid a tumult of indescribable feelings.

At a hundred yards from the walls, the enemy's breastwork was instantly lined with soldiers, who started up with their matchlocks.

"Claymore!" once more was shouted by M'Allan, as he rushed to the centre of his company to lead it on. This brought him close in contact with Gregory. The line of matchlocks was levelled, and a volley fired.

M'Allan and Gregory were both struck. The gallant Highlander, shot through the head, fell back dead into Gregory's arms. The latter was saved by his breastplate, the blow shattering the miniature to atoms. Laying his friend on the ground, Gregory now stood on the verge of the ditch.

That Major Vetch is a true son of Fingal, imaginative as the fleecy clouds on his own hills, and filled with all the superstitions of lone Highland glens, many incidents in the volume shew.

Gregory resolved to watch through the night beside the remains of his friend, and took his seat on a chair at the opposite side of the tent, facing the couch where the body lay. A flood of moonlight streamed into the chamber of death, and fell full on the bier. Overcome with grief and fatigue, Gregory at last sunk into a slumber, but the scene continued the same to his sleeping senses. As he gazed on the illumined gorgeous shroud, a well-known female form, beautiful and ethereal as the pure light through which it moved, gliding in, stood with her hands clasped in agony over her brother, and, struggling with her grief, exclaimed, "Farewell, best and bravest of brothers! You have fallen in the midst of your fame,

and no bard to record your deeds. I saw thy spirit borne on the cloud through the skies of our native land. Mine will not linger long behind. Farewell, for ever, on earth ! Soon may we meet ' in the pleasant fields of our rest ! ' Last of our race, farewell ! "

As she turned to retire, Gregory, spell-bound by his sleep, strove in vain to rise, and in vain his bursting heart strove for utterance. The departing Malvina looked in tenderness and pity upon him, and sadly said—" It may not be. Thanks are all I have to bestow. Friend of my brother, farewell ! The silence betwixt us is broken—and again it is silence for ever ! "

But Gregory's life is not confined to the routine of station idleness, or the adventures of fort-storming. His regiment is ordered to the city of the Great Mogul himself. We had wished that in the following passage the heart of the man, and the responsibility of the moral agent had been a little more seen, as well as the enthusiasm of the warrior and the scholar.

The next reflection that suggested itself to Gregory was, that of the wonderful sovereignty of Britain over the dominions lately subject to the Timur dynasty. Since the battle of Plassey, about fifty years before, the conquering army of England had advanced, almost unconsciously and imperceptibly, from province to province, till, "awaking with a start," we behold the descendants of Alfred on the throne of Arungzebe; and, where formerly

" The gorgeous East with richest hand
Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearls and gold,"

the British sway now showered far better things—the blessings of protection and peace.

From the regal towers of Delhi, the genius of England looked forth upon one of earth's mightiest monarchies prostrate at her feet, bounded on the north by the heaven-piled Himalayan ramparts—on the west by the five classic streams, beyond which the conqueror of the world was unable to penetrate—on the south by the ocean, over which she had ever held her victorious march, whether to combat on the deep or on some far distant shore—and on the east,

"Where the first sun
Gilds Indian mountains, rivers unknown to song."

And what was the nature of the conquest of Hindostan? Not interminable wastes of American forests, unassociated with one poetical or historical incident—traversed at times only by roving barbarians, who traced their course alone by notches in the trees, or by strewing branches to guide them in their labyrinthian path; not an Australian desert, peopled only by kangaroos, or more dangerous migratory tribes of horrid-looking, spear-armed savage assassins. No. It is a land whose classic Ganges reflects in its sea-like course the colleges of Hindoo lore, and heaven-piled observatories, where eastern magi nightly, in purest sapphire skies, read "the poetry of heaven," and marked and measured the sublime revolutions of planetary systems,—poetic bowers, vocal with epic, descriptive, and dramatic melody of Sanscrit verse—verse that would not discredit our Spensers, Shaksperes, and Miltons (though, alas ! but as yet too little known to the classic conquerors),—"Looms of Ind," that England, with all her advantages and advances, was unable to rival, till she took her lesson in Cashmere and Cossimbazar; a land bearing aloft on its plains or excavated in her mountains, subterranean temples, elephantine monuments

of human genius, and architectural skill and embellishment, that dispute the palm with pyramidal Egypt, and effected at a period when Britain had nothing better to show than the rude and shapeless mass of gigantic granite at Stonehenge; a land teeming with inhabitants distinguished for arts, sciences, and agriculture, written laws wonderful in a country which had not the light of revelation to guide the lawgivers; a land whose princely bankers negotiated, in perfect confidence and security, money-transactions from Cape Comorin to the confines of Chinese Tartary, in the pure gold of Ophir; a land where every stream flows to the melody of legendary or love-sick strains, where every glen has its traditional verse, and

“Not a mountain rears its head unsung.”

Here we are introduced to new characters, and to one who recalls the early associations of Gregory's boyhood to his soul. When a youth, roaming through the glorious wilds of the west of Scotland, he had often met with a gipsy tribe, and become interested in a gipsy boy. Between the calm contemplative mind of the one, and the oriental affection and fancy of the other, an attachment had sprung up, pure and natural as the water in which they used to angle together. Gregory taught Archie on the Scholar's Rock and in the Scholar's Cave, and in turn loved him with all the affection of a virgin soul. They parted, and each took his way, the one to his gipsy-court, the other to his corps and his duties in the land of the sun. But Gregory never, even in India, lost his roaming propensities, and often sallied forth from Delhi to survey the surrounding country. It was in such rambles that he entered the wilds of the Mewattee jungles, and there came upon a vast congress of rude tribes, who had met to elect their king, in this, the land of their birth. Physical prowess alone could give a title to the honour, and, as in the jousts of the knights of old, many a match came off, and at last one remained victor.

Is he to be crowned, that Goorka gipsy, that dwarfed but brawny man; is Nepal to have the honour of supplying the gipsy throne? No, another defeats him, and amid the loud shouts of “Wah, Wah, Shabash!” the solitary clear peal of “Scotland for ever” is heard. At last after many trials the new comer is victorious, and, to his astonishment, Gregory recognises his old friend of the Scholar's Cave—Archie Shaw. He has come to claim the gipsy throne of Scotland, and behold he fills that of the world. The old friends recognise each other. Archie leaves his protégé, and receives the command of a corps of irregular cavalry, and with a roving commission, is soon on the way to wealth and power. But Gregory is tired of India, he is too fond of a quiet and meditative life for its hard action and business. He announces his determination to Archie to retire

and the latter, true to his friendship, retires before him, buys an estate, adorns part of it in Indian style, and astonishes Gregory by his reception of him in the old Scholar's Cave. The scene is well described.

•It was a long walk for a burning day in July, and welcome was the deep shade of the fondly-remembered woods round Fairy Castle, the distant rushing of the river, and the solemn composing cooing of the wood-pigeon. Oh, that indescribable fulness of the heart, as we approach, for the first time again, after a long absence, some long-loved spot of early days!

He passed at a short distance the turreted mansion. He saw no change there, save that a flag-staff had been added to one of the towers, on which languidly waved in the summer zephyr what appeared to Gregory like a Mahratta banner, thus recalling to him other climes in his native land.

Gregory now began to descend, from the high ground through the woods, the footpath that led to the glen. How solemn and magnificent those natural staircases, especially at midsummer, with its burning sky, while we wind slowly down, increases the night-like gloom, and gives a deeper deliciousness to the unsunned dewy coolness that meets the feverish brow! Louder, nearer, more impressive, and almost fearful, ascends the hosannah hymn of nature's "solemn temple," from the unseen river, till at last here and there its silver lightning is seen by fits flashing through the woodland gloom.

Gregory now became excited, even to agony, as he successively recognised some well-known object of early days—an old familiar rock, or deep recess, or lordly tree. He at last turned the projecting cliff—the spot from which he had first beheld the gipsy encampment, and where his first acquaintance with Shaw had taken place. Great was Gregory's surprise when, looking down the dell, he beheld the level ground betwixt the precipice and the river, now occupied by a neat thatched bungalow in strict conformity to those of Bengal, with its open pillared verandah facing the stream.

It stood in perfect solitude and silence, save the consenting Indian melody of the ringdove.

Gregory rubbed his eyes, and began to fear that his return to his native land was only one of those incongruous dreams in which contrarieties are strangely jumbled. Dream or no dream, however, he determined on investigating this unlooked-for metamorphosis; so, crossing a lately-erected rustic bridge of unshaven fir, he entered a garden-ground laid out in all the stiff formality of the East. Passing through this, he ascended two or three steps that led to the terraced verandah.

He found the venetian doors all open to the summer air, *à la* Hindoostan. The bungalow consisted of a centre hall and two side bed-rooms. It was furnished after the Indian fashion. On the walls of the hall were paintings of Delhi, Benares, and other famous Bengal cities, together with delineations of the wild sports of the East; and in niches were lifelike effigies of Brahmins and Fakirs; and Gregory observed among the pictures a frame, enclosing a Persian inscription, and, proceeding to read it, what was his astonishment when he found it run as follows:—

"The Genius of the place has reared and prepared this retreat for George Gregory Sahib Behadur, against his return to his native land."

"What can all this mean?" said Gregory. "I shall certainly awake and find myself on the banks of the Ganges, and all this fairy vision vanishing before the blaze of a tropic sun. In the meantime, however, I shall yield to the influence of the hour, and accept the proffered possession and pleasure; and being somewhat tired with the walk and heat, profiting by this mysterious hospitality of the unseen *genius loci*, rest myself once more on this inviting Indian couch."

So saying, he threw himself on the pulumpore, and was soon in a sound sleep, rich with dreams worthy of the "Thousand and One Nights."

Gregory, however, had not been unobserved; for no sooner had he lain down, than an urchin, who had kept strict watch in the hazel copse immediately behind the bungalow, posted off to the castle; and while Gregory was lying delightfully bewildered in fairy dreams, a middle-aged man, of fine commanding appearance, in the costume of an Indian chief, attended by a dusky page in the rich dress of the court of Delhi, with a guitar slung over his shoulder, were seen descending the path that led to the bungalow.

Making a circuit through the woods, they entered the copse behind the retreat.

The Asiatic grandee then stole softly into the bungalow, his eyes sparkling with delight when he beheld his slumbering friend. He gazed for a minute through gushing tears, and then, softly retiring with his attendant into the copsewood, he left the minstrel there, and returned to the castle. The page now, touching the Hindoostanee lyre, sung impromptu, soft and sweetly, the following words to a Mahratta air:—

"Welcome, wanderer, here again—
Welcome to the Gipsy Glen—
Welcome, wanderer, welcome home!
Here no noxious thing invades
The shelter of thy native shades;
Here no bloody tigers roam;
Here the couch invites repose,
Safely here thine eyes may close.
All thy wanderings now are o'er;
While the murmurs of the stream
Woo to slumber, and thy dream
Other lands and friends restore."

Gregory awoke; the air still continued. He sprang from his couch, and looked round in vain for the musician. He then exclaimed, with thrilling excitement—

"Friendly Genius—whoever you be, and wherever you are—I conjure you, come forth and receive a stranger's thanks for your ravishing reception."

The music ceased, the page glided forward from the cover, and, leaving his gilded shoes on the threshold, advanced with clasped hands and, Mary a salaam into the hall, and then spoke—

"Sahib Bahadur, the Genius of the place, gratified by your approbation of the bower he has dedicated to you, invites you, through me, to his palace."

"Unwilling," said Gregory, "to dispel the delight of this romance of real life, I follow wherever you lead."

The page led on, and crossing the bridge, threaded the way that led directly to Fairy Castle.

Arrived at the outward gate, he exclaimed, "Open Sesame!" and the portals expanded. Crossing the court, they reached the hall-door.

"Open Sesame!" was again given, and the lofty door flew open. No person was seen. The page pointed to an arched door on the opposite side of the hall: a gong of deep and powerful tone rang solemnly through the castle. The portals of the archway expanded, and hurrying forward from the farther end of a magnificent museum-library, in his Eastern dress, Archie Shaw rushed to the embrace of his friend.

After this, might they not well sing those sweet lines of Addison:—

"How are Thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed untainted air."

And thus the last echoes of Gregory's Gong die away into the pleasant land of remembrance. Its tolls are cheerful, but for us their tone is not deep enough. It tells not of a great moral earnestness, of an improved responsibility, of good accomplished, and good resolved on. It causes not such triumphant emotions as those two graves in the Scotch Kirk-yard of Calcutta.

ART. V.—*The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada; from unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by himself, his family and his friends. By John William Kaye, author of the History of the War in Affghanistan, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1854.*

THE prolific pen of Mr. Kaye has laid the public under a deep obligation, by the production of the biography of an illustrious man, who bore a distinguished part in important transactions in both hemispheres. And we may state our candid opinion at the outset, that the author of the two volumes before us has worthily executed an important task. We suspect that Mr. Kaye does not generally get due credit for the very great amount of labour and research that he bestows on the production of his books; and this simply by reason of the rapidity with which they follow each other. The advertisements in the newspapers announce the fact, that Mr. Kaye is engaged in the preparation of a work on a given subject. Forthwith, the work appears in two goodly volumes, and another is announced as in hand, and preparing for publication. All who do not read the books, take for granted that works composed so rapidly are necessarily flimsy; while of those who do read them, a large proportion are utterly incapable of judging of the amount of labour that has been employed in verifying statements by the collation of authorities, and in working up an almost infinite number of facts, of every possible degree of importance, into a narrative or treatise in which due subordination of the parts to the whole is successfully aimed at. Thus these readers take up the cry of the non-readers, and represent Mr. Kaye's works as very readable, and, upon the whole, rather amusing; little imagining the amount of toil that has been expended in their production. There is something also in Mr. Kaye's style that tends to perpetuate this mistaken idea. He writes with such apparent ease, and states his facts with so little of the pretension of research, that his readers are apt to be beguiled into the idea that his matter has come to him spontaneously, that what is so easy and pleasant for them to read, was equally easy and pleasant for him to write;—which is about as great a mistake as were that of the epicure who should imagine that the pleasures of the cook in preparing the savoury viands, are as intense as are his own in devouring them. In opposition to this opinion, we must state our conviction, that there is probably no writer of the day, who

bestows more labor upon each of his works, than does the author of that now before us; and that great injustice is done to him by those who imagine that he writes with little care, because he writes with great rapidity. To us it appears evident, that those who thus judge, under-estimate the power of a man of genius and extensive information, to concentrate his labour, by throwing none of it away—to bring to bear upon the matter in hand the knowledge that has been stored up in his mind, and the reflexions that have been incorporated into its very substance, without any intention of their ever being made use of for the purpose to which they are actually applied.

These remarks are suggested by the work before us; yet they are not so applicable to it as to some other works of the same author. His *History of the War in Affghanistan* is entitled to rank as a classic, and will, unless we greatly mistake, be more thought of fifty years hence than it is now.

Our own Palatial City has the honor of having given birth to Charles Metcalfe. The house in which he was born was afterwards styled the "Lecture House," though Mr. Kaye, who ought not to be ignorant of Calcutta topography, has been unable to discover where it stood, or why it was so called. After what we have just said of Mr. Kaye's diligence in research, it may seem like presumption to hazard a conjecture on the subject; but we cannot help suspecting, that the Lecture Room was in Writers' Buildings. We presume that, at the time when the letter quoted by Mr. Kaye was written, Charles Metcalfe was a student in the College of Fort William. Now we know that, pending Lord Wellesley's reference to the Court of Directors as to his magnificent project for a building at Garden Reach, the business of the College was carried on in the Writers' Buildings. In that range there must have been at least one house set apart for the delivery of Lectures, and in this house it seems to us probable that Charles Metcalfe was offered apartments. This seems to us to be at least a plausible hypothesis, and we leave it for discussion to our Calcutta antiquaries—for in respect of Calcutta localities, even half-a-century suffices to bring a question within the province of the antiquary.

Be this as it may, Charles Metcalfe, the second son of a Major in the Bengal Army, made his first appearance on this terrestrial stage, on the 30th day of January, 1785, being the 136th anniversary of the day on which England's "Royal Martyr" enacted the last scene of the life-drama, being moreover thirty days after the first issue of the *Times* newspaper, and nine days before the departure of Warren Hastings from the shores of India. Major Metcalfe retired from the service

shortly after the birth of Charles, and in due time became a Director of the Honorable East India Company, an M. P. and a Baronet. Of Charles's babyhood and early boyhood no records are forth-coming; nor is this very greatly to be deplored. Of course he suffered the usual training and testing of the nervous system, by being subjected to the daily and hourly threats of a visit from a certain "old man," who so long wielded a sceptre not the less potent, because of its being imaginary, over the subject nurseries of England in the "good old times." His "first school" was at Bromley, in Middlesex, which, at the beginning of 1796, he quitted to become an Etonian. But he does not seem to have very fully caught the spirit of that noble institution. In the school-room he was respectable, or perhaps somewhat more, but in the grounds and on the river he was decidedly "slow." His energies might perhaps have been better expended on the sports of the play-ground, than on a battle which he waged (and won) with the authorities respecting a point of school-discipline. However, his journal, which he began to keep at Eton, indicates that he was a boy of great vigor, and that even then he had a good deal of the "pluck" which he afterwards exhibited in many an important crisis. We fully agree with both parts of the following comment by his biographer, on the Young Etonian's career. The rule is, doubtless, as he states it; but Metcalfe does seem to have been an exception.

In after days, Charles Metcalfe used to say, that nearly all the literary knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his life, had been gained as a boy at Eton—he had never been able to read much at a later period of his career. How great was his application then, how varied his pursuits, may be gathered from these extracts. Great men are not to be tried by ordinary rules; they make rules for themselves. I would rather think of a fine open-spirited boy, boating, swimming, playing, ever getting into mischief at school, and in the holidays spending half his time on the back of a pony; and I should, as a rule, believe, that in such trair-ing there were more hopeful assurance of turning him, in due time, into a useful servant of the state, than in the discipline of such continued book-work as is recorded in Charles Metcalfe's Journal. But it was fortunate, in this instance, that the bent of the boy's inclination was rather towards intellectual than muscular exercise—that he spent his leisure hours with Ariosto and Chatterton, with Gibbon and Voltaire, rather than with the boats' crews and the Eton Elevens. If he had been Captain of the boats, and beaten Harrow and Winchester off his own bat, he could not have grown into a manlier Statesman. But if he had not acquired a love of literature, and some knowledge of books at school, he would never have acquired them at all; and though he might still have distinguished himself greatly on the theatre of the world, it is hard to say how much might have been wanting from the completeness of the character, which it is the business and the privilege of the biographer to illustrate in these pages.

This is all very well, and we quite agree with Metcalfe and his biographer in thinking that it was well that he read and studied *so much* at Eton; but we cannot go along with them in their regrets, that he did not study *more*, or that his studies were cut short when he had reached his fifteenth year. He might indeed have gained more extensive information on literary subjects, had he been allowed to remain a couple of years more at School. But while he might, or might not, have enlarged his information, he would almost certainly have enlarged his dogmatism; and we do not think it at all likely that he would have been a wiser man or a better Governor than he actually turned out. There are matters in regard to which no general rule can possibly be laid down—and while young Metcalfe's education might be far from theoretical perfection, it is difficult to say, looking back from the stand-point of the culmination of his career, whether any other would have been much better *for him*. At the end of March, 1800, Metcalfe quitted Eton, and in the middle of June he sailed for India. But in the interval he had time to form an attachment, which seems to have influenced his future life to a considerable extent. Probably it had been well that it had been ripened into matrimony; but it was the old story of the course of true love, a river whose channel seems to be as rocky as that of the Thessalian Peneus. As it was, the influence of this boyish attachment was, doubtless, favorable. "Next to religion," says a book that at the moment of the present writing happens to be open on our table, "there is no charm so powerful to soothe the sorrows of exile, and to keep inviolate virtuous principles, as carrying within the heart the talisman of a pure and reciprocal love." Doubtless, there is much that is ridiculous in the idea of love at the tender age of fifteen, but there is much that is serious also.

On the first day of January, 1801, which his biographer, with questionable accuracy, calls the first day of the present century, the future Governor-General entered the river Hooghly, and on the third he made his entrance into the Palatial City. He landed with a resolution to devote himself with full power to study, which resolution, says his biographer, "went the way of young Civilians' resolutions in general." The gaieties of Calcutta Society were more attractive than the Odes of Hafiz, or the profundities of the *Bhagavata Gita*. But his journal testifies, that his studies, though fitful and irregular, were intense, and in due time he acquired a competent knowledge of the languages of the East. On the 4th day of May he was admitted into the College of Fort William, being the first student admit-

ted into that institution. Throughout his year of griffin-hood, he was, or fancied himself to be, supremely unhappy, and submitted a formal request to his father, to be permitted to resign the service. But

There's a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;—

And in this case the Providence acted through the channel of the old Major and his lady-wife. The letters of his mother are sensible and to the point. She was a "strong-minded woman;" and when her son sent forth his sentimental sighings, she said that they came from his stomach and not from his heart. "You will laugh at my sending you out a box of pills by Miss S——, but I think you are bilious, and they will be of great service." And Mrs. Metcalfe was right in the main. What her son required was simply to have the nonsense laughed out of him. Had his parents consented to his wish, and permitted him to return to England, he would, probably, have been the first to regret it, and long before he could have reached England, he would have been as anxious to return to India as he now was to quit it; or if the thoughts of Miss D—— had sufficed to keep up his resolution during the whole period of his voyage, at all events six months of idleness in England would certainly have cured him of his Indo-phobia. Instead of quitting India to be an idle and a useless man, as would infallibly have been the case had he got his own will, he left Calcutta in January, 1802, to enter upon a career of usefulness and activity, which led him on eventually to the highest offices in the state. He was appointed Assistant to the Resident at the Court of Scindia, and set out to join his appointment. His principal was Colonel Collins, an old friend of his father, who was probably willing to requite the kindness which he had received from the Major, by doing all that lay in his power for the advantage of young Charles. But his ideas of kindness were peculiar—a clever, gruff old Indian, who regarded all young men as puppies, and felt it an incumbent duty to dock their ears. Mr. Kaye's comment upon the whole matter is in the spirit of the Baconian.

That "Jack Collins" and Charles Metcalfe had their differences, and could not agree to differ amicably and philosophically, is clear. The story is a very old one; within every man's experience; intelligible; without mystery. Colonel Collins was cold, imperious and overbearing. He was known by the name of "King Collins;" and he had little toleration for those who did not recognise his sovereignty. He looked upon Charles Metcalfe as a vassal and as a boy. He stood upon his position, and he stood upon his age. He exacted a deference which the youth was slow to concede; he claimed a superiority which was not willingly acknowledged. The boy thought the man arrogant and domineering. The man thought the boy forward and presumptuous. It is probable that both

were right. It is almost a condition of early talent to be vain and self-sufficient. It does not much matter. The vanity and self-sufficiency are soon rubbed off.

Quite true. But how? Generally by the very processes to which old Jack subjected young Charles. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth;" and we have not any doubt that Metcalfe was all the better for having "his nose held to the grinding-stone." However, he resigned his appointment, and on the 10th September, 1802, he arrived in Calcutta. Three weeks later he was appointed an Assistant in the office of the Chief-Secretary to Government: and here his official life properly began, for now he had made up his mind to abide by his calling, and gradually did he enter with more alacrity on the discharge of his duties, and more and more did he concentrate his studies to the point of preparing himself for the responsibilities of an Indian official. So far as appears from his letters and journals, he seems to have now stood aloof, to a great extent, from the gaieties and dissipations of Calcutta Society, to have plodded contentedly at his official work, and to have spent a large portion of his leisure time in historical studies. Altogether Charles Metcalfe is now a promising young man, having got rid of most of the nonsense which made him fancy himself so unhappy during the first months of his sojourn in the orient. Yes—a promising lad enough—much given to theorize, and to fill his common-place book with rather dry dissertations on rather dry subjects, but still a youth with a warm heart and a strong head. But, perhaps, the turning-point of his life, the great crisis of his career, dates from a visit of his elder brother Theophilus, who took a run from China, and dropped in upon him quite unexpectedly. Theophilus was a fine light-hearted fellow, who took things as they came, and had not a particle of that *nonsense* in his composition, which at one time had formed so large an element in that of Charles, and of which he had not got completely rid even yet. It was a great matter for Charles to be now brought into contact with this brother. And then in April, 1803, he was placed in a position that brought him into immediate contact with a great man and with great measures. He was then appointed an Assistant in the office of the Governor-General, and was employed, as however humble a wheel, in the great machine of diplomacy and war. The following picture is so well sketched, that although it may be more appropriately ticketed 'a scene in the life of Lord Wellesley' than in that of Charles Metcalfe, we cannot resist the temptation to give it a place in our gallery.

**** At present it is enough to say, that the complication of affairs, threatening as it did to involve the British power in the greatest war in which it

had ever been engaged in India, threw a large amount of work into the Governor-General's office, and taxed all the energies of his assistants. Lake and Wellesley were in the field, waiting the opportunity to strike. It was certain that no Statesmanship, that no diplomacy, could avert the inevitable collision. Whatever may have been the wishes of the Governor-General, I am afraid it cannot be said, that the boys in his office were very desirous to arrest the war. They were deeply interested in the progress of events, and their sympathies were not with the peace-makers. So it happened, that when intelligence reached Calcutta, that the anticipated rupture had actually taken place, and that Colonel Collins had quitted Scindia's Court, Metcalfe and his associates were thrown into a state of excitement, in which there was no great intermixture of pain. It was, indeed, a memorable day. There are men still living, who, after the lapse of half a century, remember all the circumstances of that evening as vividly as though they had occurred in the present reign. For some days, the "glorious little man," as his disciples affectionately called Lord Wellesley, had been pacing one of the halls of Government House, girding himself up for the approaching crisis; and now he was prepared to meet it. Aided by Edmonstone, the political Secretary, whose knowledge was as ready as it was extensive, he now dictated instructions to Colonel Collins, now to General Lake, now to Arthur Wellesley, now to John Malcolm, and now to Cloe and Kirkpatrick, the Residents at the Courts of the Peishwa and the Nizam. All day long these weighty despatches grew beneath the hands of the young scribes. The brief twilight of the Indian evening passed, and left the work only half done. But still by the bright lamp-light the young writers resolutely plied their pens, as hour after hour the Governor-General continued to dictate the despatches, upon which the fate of principalities depended. Words of encouragement little needed, came freely from him, as he directed this great work, and still, as Adam, Bayley, Jenkins, Metcalfe, Cole, Monckton, and others wrote and wrote these weighty despatches, upon which the events of the great war were to turn, he told them ever and anon, that their work would soon be done, and that there was a table spread for them in the banquet-room, at which they might presently drink success to the campaign. Though it was now the exhausting month of August, and rest and food were denied to them throughout many long hours, there was not one of them who flagged at his desk. Sustained by their youthful enthusiasm, they continued at their work till past midnight; then weary, hungry and athirst, they were conducted to the table which had been spread sumptuously for their entertainment. It was a festival not soon to be forgotten. A special message from Lord Wellesley instructed them to give full vent to their hilarity—to use his cellar as though it were their own, and not to think that they were bound to be quiet because they were in Government House. So they drank success to the campaign in good earnest; toasted the glorious Wellesley and his glorious brother; toasted General Lake and Colonel Stevenson; toasted the British Soldier and Jack Sepoy; and finally toasted one another. And the Governor-General did not complain that next day his "office" was not very efficient.

Who, on reading this extract, does not feel the wish rise within him, that he were "a glorious little man" too? Gentle reader, and why not? You and we may, or we may not, be or become Governor-General of India. But that's "neither here nor there." It may be ours and yours none the less to

shed a genial influence around us, to make our associates feel that it is pleasant to be with us, to make our subordinates feel that it is pleasant to serve us—to kindle or cherish the glow of enthusiasm in some young breasts, and stir them up to fight all the more manfully the great life-battle—and he who does all this, is a glorious little man, aye, a gloriously great man, whether he wield the sceptre of subject realms, or preside at the humble family board. It might have been all the better, had the toasting been more restricted, and the “office” had been ready to begin work next morning; but this was the fault, not so much of the glorious little man, as it was of the times in which he lived. It is the discovery of more modern days that man may be merry without being unwise: and a discovery it is, worthy to take its place with the rail-road, the electric telegraph, the stereoscope and the lucifer-match,—even the discovery, that the effusion of an inordinate quantity of champagne is not essential to the success of a campaign, and that good humour and even merriment may be maintained without the stimulus of “universal punch.”

The period of Metcalfe’s employment in the office of the Governor-General, was signalized by his production of a memorandum, or minute, as such documents are called in India, on a proposal to station a subsidiary force in the territory of Scindia. This document is given entire by Mr. Kaye, and is a very favorable specimen of the composition of a young statesman. It received the hearty commendation of Lord Wellesley, and as the first taste of blood is said to have weaned the tame tiger from all liking to the slops on which he had been previously sustained, so this commendation of the Marquis, seems to have effectually revolutionized young Metcalfe’s tastes, who, instead of longing any more for the dull respectability of a desk in Downing-street, now devoted his whole energies to the service in which he was destined to attain so great distinction. Shortly after, he properly began his career, being attached as a Political Assistant to the staff of General Lake. Those were the days when travelling in India was somewhat more exciting than it is generally in these days, when an attack of dacoits on a European traveller, though not altogether a matter of the past, is so rare, as to be the exception rather than the general rule. As our young “political” was wending his way to join the army of Lord Lake, meditating deeds of lofty chivalry, or haply wishing that the bearers would not grunt quite so loud, or jolt quite so much, his palanquin was suddenly stopped by a band of armed robbers. The bearers and attendants, abounding more in

discretion than in the other element of valour, and arguing, doubtless, that if there be advantage to him who "fights and runs away" over him who "fights till he is slain," the balance is *à fortiori* in his favor, who runs away without fighting at all.—dropped the palanquin and retreated to a safe distance. The odds were altogether overpowering, but the young Etonian would not yield without a struggle. He seized a club from the hands of one of his assailants, and for a little time maintained the unequal contest. But his club-hand was soon rendered powerless by a stroke from a tulwar, which cut off the ends of two of his fingers. Resistance had been vain all along; it was now impossible. It was all that could be hoped for, that he might be allowed to escape and leave his assailants to ride his palanquin at their leisure. He escaped accordingly into the jungle, and soon sank exhausted on the bank of a river. After a while he was able to crawl back and see how the land lay. The dacoits had not yet completed their work of spoliation, but ere long it was finished, the discreet bearers returned to their duty, and Metcalfe was "carried on to Cawnpore. where, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Richardson, he soon recovered from his wounds, and proceeded onwards to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief."

His position in Lake's camp was at first an unpleasant one. He was of course treated with respect by those in authority, and with no absolute incivility by the officers with whom he associated; but it was evident enough that they regarded him as an interloper. He was styled the "clerk," and was obliged to "hold his manhood cheap while any spoke" that had taken part in the stirring scenes, that had been enacted before he joined the camp. It would not have been very wonderful if, in the spirit of those times, these taunts and assumptions had incited Metcalfe to vindicate his character for "pluck," by challenging one of his rivals. But perhaps the young Etonian may have remembered the episode of Pulio and Varenus, elegantly introduced into Cæsar's Commentaries:—"Erant in eâ legione fortissimi viri centuriones, qui jam primis ordinibus appropinquarent, T. Pulio et L. Varenus. Hi perpetuas controversias inter se habebant, quinam anteferebatur, omnibusque annis de loco summis simultatibus contendebant. Ex iis Pulio, cum acerrime ad munitiones pugnaretur, 'Quid dubitas,' inquit, 'Varene? Aut quem locum probandæ virtutis tuæ spectas? hic, hic dies de nostris controversiis judicabit.' Hæc cum dixisset, procedit extra munitiones, quæque pars hostium confertissima visa est, in eam irrumpit." Be this as it may, our young political adopted a similar method of

vindicating his character, and establishing his reputation in the British camp. The fortress of Deeg, about forty-five miles distant from Agra, was to be reduced; after six days' battering a breach was effected, and a storming party was told off to enter. This party Metcalfe volunteered to accompany; he received permission, and was one of the first to enter the breach. The effect of this upon his warm-hearted associates needs not be told. From that day he was the admired of all admirers, from the old hero Lord Lake, who used to call him his "little stormer," down to the unbearded ensign, who, if such slang was current in those days, would of course pronounce the very definite opinion, that "Metcalfe was a *brick*, and no mistake."

Our author expends a considerable amount of ingenuity, in vindication of this escapade of the young Civilian, on the ground that he was very young, and that some such demonstration as this was necessary, in order to increase his influence, and so to enable him to discharge his important functions with advantage. We would treat the matter differently. The thing was wrong, simply. But the fault was not Mr. Metcalfe's, but Lord Lake's. Lord Hardinge understood a soldier's duty better, when he ordered "little Arthur" to the rear, although Arthur held no responsible office such as that which Metcalfe held, and which should have prevented Lord Lake's permitting him to expose himself to unnecessary danger. However, as the thing turned out, no evil befel, but much good. In his more appropriate sphere, Metcalfe rendered excellent service, and acquitted himself in a position that would seem, but for the result, to have been far beyond his powers, to admiration. We cannot afford to enter into the details, nor would they be of much interest, if compressed into a brief space. Suffice it to say that, at the urgent solicitation of Sir John Malcolm, he remained with the army till the close of the war, and rendered excellent service in his own department. Meantime, the "glorious little man" had taken his departure from the shores of India, and on his arrival in England, had gladdened the heart of Sir Thomas Metcalfe, by a glowing account of the talents and prospects of his son. We doubt not that there was joy in Portland Place that night, and that the father and the mother, though neither of them disposed to the melting mood, shed tears of joy as their hearts overflowed with thoughts of their absent boy.

It is not within our province to discuss the politics of Lord Cornwallis during his brief administration. Had these been far more to the taste of young Metcalfe than they were, he would have been disposed to contrast them with those of his

former master, to the disparagement of his successor; as it was, it is evident that he thought that India had suffered grievously, in exchanging Lord Wellesley for Lord Cornwallis. "It will be melancholy," says he, in a confidential letter to his friend, Mr. Sherer, "to see the work of our brave armies undone, and left to be done over again. I hope for the best from Lord C.'s administration; but I am, I confess, without confidence. It is surely unwise to fetter the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, and to stop all operations until his own arrival. We shall have Holkar near us in a few days. I wish you would send us money." But money was just the thing that Sherer could not send; and it was the want of this indispensable "sinew of war," more than the pacific intention of our rulers, (though they were doubtless peacefully disposed) that led at last to the arrangement of a treaty of peace with Holkar. On the 7th of January, 1806, Metcalfe was sent to the camp of Holkar, a visit of ceremony on the part of some English gentlemen being desired by the old Mahratta, in order to give assurance to his army that the peace was really *un fait accompli*, and not one of those *ruses* that he was in the habit of practising. He was received with unbounded joy and rapture in the old tiger's den. His sketch of the visit is worth framing.

Ek-chushm-oo-doula's [the one-eyed] appearance is very grave, his countenance expressive, his manners and conversation easy. He had not at all the appearance of the courage that we know him to have. The same countenance, however, which was strongly expressive of joy, when I saw him, would look very black under the influence of rage, or any dark passions. A little lap-dog was on his musnud, a strange play-fellow for Holkar. The jewels on his neck were invaluablely rich. With these exceptions, there was nothing extraordinary in his durbar, which was just as might have been expected under the circumstances of his situation.

This was the last scene of the war-drama. Mr. Kaye gives pointedly the conclusion that we have hinted at above, as to the cause of the dropping of the curtain. "Men spoke and wrote in those days eagerly and emphatically, according to the light that was in them: and it is not for us, after the lapse of half-a-century, to condemn them for that one-sidedness, which is apparent in all their arguments. The Lake party were right at Muttra and Delhi. The Barlow party were right at Calcutta. The views of both parties were tinged by local and incidental circumstances. If Barlow had commanded the army, he would probably have been as eager for the prosecution of the war, as Lake, if he had been at the head of the administration, and immediately responsible to the Home Government, would have been for its cessation.

‘ And I do not doubt that Charles Metcalfe, if he had been
 ‘ Accountant General, would have written just such letters as
 ‘ flowed from the pen of Henry St. George Tucker.”

Without any particular leaning to Cobdenism, we confess that we would rather take a brief from Barlow and Tucker than from Lake and Metcalfe. Apart from higher considerations, we have really had no occasion to destroy our enemies in India by a summary process; if left alone, they always destroy themselves. But we believe that peace was in 1806 a necessity. Without money the war could not be carried on, and money there was none. It was not a question of giving or withholding what was. It was the necessity of not giving what could in no way be procured.

Metcalfe's occupation as a diplomatist was now at an end. The "office" of the Governor-General had been abolished; and his orders were, that he should remain with Lord Lake, till his services were no longer required, and that he should then return to the Presidency, in order that when opportunity should offer, he might be employed in some other branch of the public service. He did not much like this prospect, and resolved to "proceed leisurely." He arrived, however, in Calcutta, about the end of the month of July, and was doubtless received with joy by those who knew him, though most of his friends of the "office," and the "Howe-Boys," were now scattered over the country. But while the affectionate heart that was in the youth felt the blank, yet he was now too much a man of mark to be solitary in a city, which has ever been rather famous for a lionizing tendency. Nor had he long to wait in idleness. In the course of three weeks he received an appointment as first Assistant to the Resident at Delhi. His principal was Mr. Seton, one of our Indian worthies, whom one could have liked to know. He had made a most earnest application to have Metcalfe appointed as his Assistant, and the terms in which he made the application are as creditable to Metcalfe, as any of the many panegyrics, that were pronounced upon him in the course of a long and distinguished life.

"Although my personal knowledge of Mr. Metcalfe," he wrote to Col. Malcolm, "is but slight, it is sufficient to convince me of the truth of what you say respecting him. We met but *once*. But it was such an *once*! So interesting a meeting! I already know a great deal of his character from having seen many of his private letters, and from having been in the habit of familiar intercourse with many of his friends. As a young man of most uncommon abilities and acquirements, not to have known him would have argued

‘ myself unknown ! When, therefore, we meet, I could not meet him as a stranger. Ever since, I have been one of his many enthusiastic admirers. In the arrangements to be formed for conducting the public business at Delhi, the claims of such a candidate cannot be overlooked.’

Under such a superior there was no danger of Metcalfe’s suffering as he did under King Collins; but he felt it painful to be deferred to so much as he was, by a man of Mr. Seton’s position and abilities. We think it was Robert Hall that described some man as offering a constant apology to all mankind, for presuming to occupy the same earth which they inhabited; and Mr. Seton seems to have been affected with some portion of this excessive humility, which is perhaps scarcely less painful when exhibited towards an ingenuous young man by his superior in age and position, than is the presumptuous insolence of a man of the opposite character, when dressed in a little brief authority. But withal, Seton was a man of noble mind, and personally there was nothing but mutual esteem and affection between him and his first Assistant. Officially, however, it was scarcely so. The same deference which, exhibited towards himself, Metcalfe felt to be painful, he could only condemn as at once undignified and dangerous, when manifested towards the puppet Emperor, and his haughty family. Metcalfe would have established matters on their true foundation, by resisting every attempt of the royal family to be or to seem aught else than they were; Seton thought it better to give way in small matters, that he might interpose with the better effect in great ones. That the Assistant knew human nature better than the principal, will scarcely be doubted.

In the same letter in which Metcalfe communicates to Sherer his views on this point, he makes an announcement for which we were not prepared,—that he was dreadfully and hopelessly in debt. “My finances,” says he, “are quite ruined, exhausted beyond hope of any reasonable repair: you know that I am very prudent: prudence is a prominent feature in my character: yet ever since I came to the Imperial station, I have gradually been losing the ground which I had gained in the world, and at length I find myself considerably lower than the neutral situation of having nothing; and without some unexpected and surprising declaration of the fates in my power [favour?], I see nothing but debt, debt, debt, debt after debt, before me.” Debt was indeed the normal condition of young Civilians in those days, who used to talk of the time they had taken to “double the Cape,” *i. e.*, to get beyond a lakh of

Rupees in the voyage of indebtedness. But we had supposed that Metcalfe had been an exception to the rule. It appears, however, that it was otherwise, and that this was the second time that he had fallen into this condition. But on both occasions he resolutely set himself to the task of extrication, and on both occasions he nobly succeeded without external aid. And this was the last time that he ever fell into debt.

Metcalfe's situation was not at all to his mind. In addition to his dissent from the principles of Mr. Seton's procedure towards the royal family, which, however, never interfered with their personal affection and mutual esteem, he was liable to be distracted from the political line, of which he had made a decided election, to the Revenue and Judicial, to which, both from taste and principle, he had a strong dislike. But this state of things did not long continue. In June, 1808, he was appointed by Lord Minto to one of the most important, and at the same time one of the most congenial offices in the whole service. At that time it was deemed necessary, as it has so often been deemed since, to "make all snug" on our Northern and Western Frontiers, so as to be prepared for the expected storm of a French invasion. With this view Sir John Malcolm was sent to Persia, Mountstuart Elphinstone to Cabul, and Charles Metcalfe to Lahore. The selection of a man of 23 years of age for a Mission of such mighty importance, and the entrusting him with so large discretionary powers, was one of those great experiments on which few men like to pass a judgment, until light is cast upon them by the event. In March, 1800, Metcalfe was waging the great "tea controversy" with his tutor at Eton; and recording in his journal, that but for their last despairing struggles, they should have failed. In June of the same year he was "sighing like a furnace" through love of Miss D——. In June, 1801, he was entreating for permission to leave India for ever, and be appointed to the humblest situation in a Government office in England. But, lo! in 1803, he is charged with most important functions as the Representative of the Governor-General with the army, and now, in 1808, he is sent to cope with the old lion of the Punjab;—(he was not very old then, but we can never fancy him but as an old fellow). We do not remember, whether the author of *Coningsby* includes Metcalfe amongst the list of men who have signalized their early years by great exploits; but a more remarkable example could scarcely be furnished by universal history. To the enthusiasm of youth he united a wonderful amount of that sagacity which is generally regarded as the fruit of long experience, and the two rendered him

a worthy representative of the English nation, at the court of a man, who, with all his faults, and they were legion, could estimate these qualities. How much the *entente cordiale* that subsisted so long between the English and Runjit Sing, was due to the impression made upon him by this mission, it is of course impossible to determine; but it is not difficult to perceive, that an Envoy of a different character might have produced a different result, and have altered the whole history of the Punjab during the last half century. By a union of firmness and conciliation, by carefully distinguishing between the spontaneous promptings of the noble savage's own mind, and what was instilled into it by his interested courtiers, by maintaining his own dignity, and paying all proper respect to him to whom he was sent, he gradually overcame suspicion and prejudice, and succeeded in impressing Runjit with the conviction, that it was for his interest to maintain friendly terms with the Company's government. It is impossible for us to enter into the detail of the marchings and counter-marchings that Metcalfe was obliged to endure, following in the wake of this most erratic genius, nor yet into the alternations of hope and fear excited by his vacillations. The results of the mission are recorded in history, and have been more than once referred to in the pages of the *Calcutta Review*. Suffice it to state here, that after delays and evasions innumerable, on the part of Runjit, after a display of most admirable temper, and firmness, and wisdom on the part of Metcalfe, the conquests of Runjit on this side the Sutlej were given up to those from whom they had been wrested, and that a treaty of general amity was concluded on the 25th of April, 1809, and signed at Umritsir by Runjit himself, and by C. T. Metcalfe on the part of the British Government. It is to us very pleasing to find, in the midst of a long chapter filled with details of chicanery on the one side, and uncompromising severity on the other, such a paragraph as the following, indicating that the harassing distractions of diplomacy had not stilled the beatings of the warm human heart in Metcalfe's breast.

In the middle of November he had received the distressing intelligence of the death of his aunt Richardson, to whom he was deeply attached. Some letters written by him at this time, to his afflicted uncle, and to his "dear, and now, alas! only aunt," Mrs. Monson, express the strength of his grief. He was eager at first to know whether his "dear, dear aunt, in her illness, ever thought of him." "With her mind," he added, "occupied by thoughts of her children and her beloved sisters, I cannot expect that she did." But all thoughts of his own sorrows passed away as he dwelt on the sufferings of the husband and sister, and prayed that they might be comforted and sustained by Him, who alone has power to wipe away all tears from our eyes. "May the giver of all things," he wrote to

his uncle, "give you patience and fortitude to support you under the heavy pressure! And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly, my hope is even in Thee. In the midst of life we are in death, of whom may we seek succour, but of Thee, Oh Lord? Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours."

The Lion of the Punjab having at last shaken paws with his metaphorical brother of Britain, the negotiator left Umritsir on the 2nd of May, and on the 6th of June reached his old quarters at Delhi. His conduct was declared by the highest authority in the country to have "established a peculiar claim to public applause, respect and esteem." This highest authority desired to see the man who had so successfully conducted so difficult and delicate an enterprise, and instructed him to apply formally for leave of absence, but to start for Calcutta as soon as he could conveniently do so, without waiting for the official answer to his application. On the 8th of July, therefore, he reached Calcutta, where he was enabled to forget all the anxieties and turmoils of the last eventful months, in the society of his brother, who had come round from China, with his wife and little child. But he did not long enjoy this soothing society. Lord Minto, considering that the state of the army in the Madras Presidency required his presence there, resolved to leave Calcutta, and believing that there was no man who could render him so valuable service as Metcalfe, he had him appointed "Deputy Secretary to the Right Honourable the Governor-General during his Lordship's absence from the Presidency." Beyond a pleasant trip, and the advantage of enlarging his circle of acquaintances, no results seem to have flowed from this appointment. While at Madras, his heart was saddened by the tidings of the death of his sister-in-law, to whom he was greatly attached. Theophilus Metcalfe, during his first visit to Calcutta, had married Miss Russell, a niece of Sir Henry Russell, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. In the beginning of 1809, they came round to Calcutta for the benefit of her health, and Charles had all the best feelings of his heart called forth by a few weeks' intercourse with his sister-in-law, whom he describes as "really one of the most sensible, the most amiable, and the most virtuous of women." In the beginning of January he heard that she was dead, and that the widowed husband, and the motherless little girl, were about to proceed to England. As Lord Minto did not leave Madras till May, and as Metcalfe in February spoke of his brother's being about to sail immediately for England, we presume that the brothers did not meet.

Before his return to Calcutta, Metcalfe had been appointed to act as Resident at the Court of Scindia, the same Residency

in which he had begun his political career as the subordinate of Jack Collins. In this office he continued for eight or nine months, after which he was transferred to the Residency of Delhi, on the appointment of Mr. Seton to the Government of Prince of Wales' Island. Lord Minto's letter, offering him this appointment, gives so pleasing a view of the manners and kindly feelings of that nobleman, that we cannot resist the temptation of transferring it to our pages.

LORD MINTO TO MR. METCALFE.

Calcutta, Feb. 20, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—You may possibly have already heard, though it is yet in the Secret Department, that an offer has been made to Mr. Seton of the Government of Prince of Wales' Island; and although it might be thought that he would consider his present situation the more eligible of the two, I have some reasons for supposing that he will be inclined to accept the proposal. In that event, I shall with (or without) your consent, name you to the Residency of Delhi. I know your martial genius and your love of camps; but besides that inclination must yield to duty, this change will appear to fall in not inopportunately with some information and some sentiments conveyed in your letter to me, of the 3rd instant. If you ask my reasons for so extraordinary a choice, I can only say that, notwithstanding your entire ignorance of every thing connected with the business of Delhi,—a city which, I believe, you never saw; and with Cis and Trans-Sutlej affairs, of which you can have only read; and, notwithstanding your equal deficiency in all other more general qualifications, I cannot find a better in the list of the Company's servants; and hope therefore for your indulgence on the occasion.

“So Charles Metcalfe, (says Mr. Kaye), now at the age of twenty-six, found himself the incumbent of an appointment coveted by the oldest officers of both services—an appointment which, in respect of its importance, its responsibility, and its distinction, was not exceeded by any other in India, below the seats at the Council-board of Government.” And never had Lord Minto reason to repent the choice that he had made. In all his relations with the “Royal Family,” with the people, with his subordinates, and with all with whom he came into contact, officially or personally, he gained golden opinions. There was, in fact, something in the man that could not well be described, but which compelled every one to like him—the term is far too feeble—to love him with intense affection. When the large loving soul of the man lighted up his rather homely features, he exercised an attractive influence over men which we have often heard described as partaking of the nature of fascination. It was a privilege to know Charles Metcalfe in those old Delhi days. No one ever charged him with any portion of the *hauteur* or presumption that is often supposed to be characteristic of the service to which he belonged,

and which might have been excusable in the case of so young a man, elevated to so high a position. There was a geniality and a humanity in his heart which kept him free from all taint of such a vice.—“Why is it,” said Dr. Doddridge to his little daughter, “that every body loves you so much?” “I do not know,” said the puzzled maiden, “unless it be, because I love every body so much;” and so it was with Metcalfe. Mr. Kaye suspects that Metcalfe was not particularly happy at this time, and quotes a number of letters which he wrote to his aunt, descriptive of the tedium of a life of exile, and the inadequacy of riches to compensate for the separation from relatives and friends. Now we do not, in the least, doubt, that when Metcalfe wrote these letters, he was perfectly sincere in expressing the feelings of his heart, as they were at the time of his writing. But we suspect that these feelings were called forth by the very act of writing to his aunt. His life was one of ceaseless activity, when he had no leisure to be either melancholy or unhappy. It was only when, at rare intervals, he snatched a few minutes to write a “home letter,” that a shade of melancholy stole over him, as he pictured, in his fancy, the avocations of the loved ones far away. So energetic a life as his could not be an unhappy one, and even that kind of melancholy which occasionally stole over him, was as different as possible from unhappiness. We are neither poetical nor sentimental, but although we may not be able quite to understand what the sentimental poets mean, when they talk of the “luxury of grief,” we yet know that home feelings and home affections, and even home longings which there is little hope of being able to gratify, do not render the right-minded exile unhappy in any proper sense of the term. Metcalfe himself describes the whole thing in a single sentence:—“Writing to any of you always makes me sad.” But as there were no Peninsular and Oriental Company’s steamers in those days, he could have but rare opportunities of writing to “any of you.” Thus the sadness was but a very small item in the congeries of thoughts and feelings that composed his inner life; and when it did come, it was of another complexion altogether than unhappiness. No doubt, Metcalfe at Delhi did not sleep upon a bed of roses. He had to maintain a constant struggle with “Kings, Vakeels, Sikhs, Patans, and old women,” and to these harassments was added a most uncompromising “wiggling” from the Court of Directors. The occasion was this: He found the Residency in a poor state of equipment. It was necessary to re-furnish it entirely, and with the spirit of the times, with which his own liberal ideas were quite in harmony,

he expended a large sum for this purpose. The furniture was public property, and he indented for it on the public treasury. The accounts were passed in Calcutta, and Metcalfe was enjoying what little repose his harassing occupations allowed him, on the couches and ottomans of the Residency. But he was not long permitted to be "stretched on the rack of a too easy chair."

The following missive would have disturbed the repose of a more somnolent person than the Resident of Delhi; it might have awakened any one of the seven sleepers, and made even the "fat boy" of Pickwickian celebrity rub his eyes and look around him :—

We consider the whole disbursement to have been incurred under circumstances so directly in opposition to the regulations of which Mr. Metcalfe could not have been ignorant, and in a spirit of such profuse extravagance, that we cannot possibly sanction any part of them [it?] without holding out to our servants in general, an example of the most dangerous tendency, as it amounts to no less than an assumed right to disburse the property of the Company at the discretion of individuals, divested of all wholesome control. We shall accordingly consider the whole of this disbursement as having been made unwarrantably, and under the personal responsibility of the Resident, and so accordingly direct, that he be peremptorily required to pay into your treasury the whole amount of the said sum of Rs. 48,119-6-5, and that the property purchased thus irregularly, be considered as belonging to the Resident, and not as constituting any part of the Company's dead stock.

Lord Moira, while he communicated this letter to the Resident, resolved to suspend the execution of the order, in the hope that the Court would take a more favourable view of the matter on re-consideration; and at the same time John Adam wrote privately to Metcalfe, "that the Government intended to resist the encroaching spirit of the Court of Directors." It was quite as much the affair of the Government as it was of Mr. Metcalfe, for his accounts had been passed in Calcutta, and the disbursement formally sanctioned. We cannot quite make out from the narrative, whether the refund was ultimately insisted on; but it was not of much moment to Metcalfe whether it was or not. With the salary and allowances that he now had, he could afford to pay 48,119 Rupees; and even the additional 6 annas and 5 pie would not have made him bankrupt; and whenever he could afford a sum for any good purpose, he never grudged it. But he bitterly felt the censure pronounced upon him by his honorable masters. It is probable, however, that this affair had, upon the whole, a good influence upon him. It touched him in the very point where he was most assailable,—his desire of reputation, or love of approbation. It is a great matter when a young man is

brought to the determination to do simply what is right, without reference to the opinion that may be formed of his doings by any man, or by all men. 'Thrice happy is the man who can say in down-right God's truth,

I've learned to prize the silent lightning deed,
And not the clattering thunder at its heels,
Which men call fame.

Rather valuable learning this—worth more than Rs. 48,119-6-5—and learning that is seldom acquired, save in the school of disappointment. "In whatever spirit," he wrote to Lord Minto, "my conduct may be judged—whatever return my services may receive, I shall continue, as long as I serve the Company, to serve with unabated zeal and entire devotion: unfounded censure cannot depress me, neither shall it diminish my faithful exertions. Highly as I prize the approbation of the Honorable the Court of Directors, if I have the misfortune not to obtain it, the approbation of my own conscience will support me; and I shall not sink under censure, however severe, when I feel that it is not merited, and see that it arises from error." And this promise he faithfully kept. At this very time, we find him propounding a most important document on the subject of the land-settlement, in which he proposed the system of village settlement, which was subsequently adopted in the North West Provinces; and also taking the bold step, for those times, of advocating the admission of independent Europeans into the Company's territories. To us it cannot but seem a strange thing, that sensible men should have so long opposed this measure. But so it is with all great discoveries. Men think them impossible before they are made, and then they wonder that they were not made sooner.

We can, in an article like the present, give no idea of the multifarious duties that at this time occupied the attention of the Resident of Delhi. At a most critical period in the history of our Empire in the East, with a new Governor-General upon the vice-regal throne; with a council openly in disagreement with their chief, not merely upon matters of detail, but on the great principle on which our administration was to be conducted in respect of our relations with the neighbouring states; with these states along our whole frontier, straining like greyhounds in the slips; with an exhausted treasury and an inefficient army; Lord Moira required the aid and the counsel of men who, like the children of Issachar of old, "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." Amongst these men was Charles Metcalfe, who in official and

semi-official papers discussed with great sagacity all kinds of questions, political, financial and military. His counsel was acceptable to Lord Moira, who knew how to appreciate powers like those of Metcalfe. His sentiments were generally in accordance with those of the Governor-General; but he did not adopt them because they were so. In fact, they were unchanged throughout the "vigorous" administrations of "the glorious little man," and of Lord Hastings, and the mild and conciliatory governments of Cornwallis and Minto.

"Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."

Thus prepared to like each other, by mutual esteem, and by a general coincidence of sentiments, the Governor-General and the Delhi Resident met each other at Moradabad, at the end of November, 1814.

There were many important questions to be put to the Delhi Resident—much information to be sought, which only he could satisfactorily afford;—what effect our recent disasters [in the Nepalese war] had upon the people of the Delhi territory and the adjacent country, and on the minds of the dependent chiefs and independent princes of Hindostan—what would be their influence on the mind of Runjit Singh—what steps should be taken to counteract their influence—what course of conduct ought to be pursued towards Bhurtpore—whether, and under what circumstances, the Governor-General should have a personal interview with the King of Delhi—whether the power of granting native titles should be left in the hands of the imperial puppet, or assumed by the British Government—whether an agent from Shah Soojah, the fugitive King of Cabul, should be received in the vice-regal camp—and lastly, what was the general political and military condition of the Upper Provinces of India, with reference to the defence of our frontier, and the expediency of consolidating our power in the interior of India. For the solution of all these questions, the Governor-General and his ministers looked eagerly to Metcalfe's arrival in camp.

The great principle of Metcalfe's advice was, in one word, *decision*. He instinctively saw the evil at all times, and in those times more especially, of attempting any thing by means which might risk the possibility of failure, when every instance of failure must serve to increase the number of our enemies. He therefore urged the employment of all the forces that could by any means be collected, for striking such a blow as would enable us to dictate terms to the Goorkhas of Nepal. Any thing short of this he regarded as only exposing ourselves to disaster, which might issue in destruction. It is a singular fact—but a fact not the less—that England has always underrated her enemies; that she has scarcely ever been engaged in a war in which she did not endanger all by a feeble beginning, and refuse to put forth her powers, until she found

herself on the brink of ruin. That we, of the present generation, are worthy sons of those who have gone before us, let Chillianwalla and the Crimea testify.

One result of this meeting was a confirmation of a desire that had previously been formed in the mind of the Governor-General, to have Metcalfe transferred to the Presidency. This was difficult to arrange, and we need not enter into the details, which were highly honorable to all concerned. The transfer did not take place at this period, and Metcalfe continued to labor at Delhi with his accustomed energy. At the close of the year 1815 Metcalfe was enlivened by another visit of his elder brother; who was now Sir Theophilus, their father having died in the previous year. To a man of Metcalfe's feelings, the loss of his father,—and that of his mother two years after, were a great blow. His ideas of success were all resolvable into the one of making a sufficient fortune, to enable him to retire and cheer the declining years of his father and mother. This one idea is re-produced again and again in his private correspondence; and we all know what a shock is given to the whole mental system, when it is thus violently driven from the line on which it had been steadily moving. Well was it for Metcalfe, that he had his hands full of employment that occupied his whole time, and more than employed all his energies. Not only were his strictly official duties of the most engrossing kind, but he was so mixed up with public affairs, that he seems to have been a sort of general referee in public affairs. Thus we find Sir David Ochterlony and Sir Jasper Nicolls reporting to him the success of their operations, the latter "congratulating" him on the success of our arms against the Goorkhas. He had also a vast amount of private correspondence: and his high official position did not set him above the numerous applications that are addressed to almost all men in India, for the execution of commissions of all kinds, from the procuring of a valuable oriental manuscript for a great European library, down to the purchase of a Kashmir scarf or a pair of bracelets for an Ensign's bride.

The Nepalese war being now at an end, the Government were at leisure to enter with less distraction on the great "Central India question." We have seen that Metcalfe entertained very decided views as to the line of policy to be pursued towards the native states; and these views he now embodied in a most important document, which he presented to the Governor-General, and which, coinciding in its principles with Lord Moira's own sentiments, became his main directory for the application of these principles. It was a game on which

the existence of our Indian Empire was staked, a game in which a false move might be fatal. The pieces on the board were not kings merely, but contending dynasties—those that counted up their pedigree to the days of the Mahabharat, and those whose grandfathers had been cow-herds and policemen;—knights of orders unknown to our Heralds' College, but not the less founded upon wild notions of chivalry;—not bishops and priests merely, but the three great faiths that divide the larger portion of the human race;—castles and forts that had been deemed impregnable for centuries;—and a host of minor interests that were individually of comparatively little moment, but which tended indefinitely to complicate the game. The policy that Metcalfe advocated, and that Lord Moira adopted, was of the “war-with-a-vengeance” type, a line of policy that is never good in the abstract, but one which, in certain circumstances, may be the least evil of possible lines. Such circumstances, we believe, existed in 1816. A great war was the essential condition of the existence of the British power in India; and the only question was, whether we should conduct that war energetically and win, or conduct it so as to ensure our own destruction, and then leave our multitudinous and multifarious enemies to destroy one another. Against the decided line of policy there was an argument that with the home authorities out-weighed all that could be urged in its favor. This was the financial argument. But this was at last obliged to give way to the force of circumstances. The cloud gradually became blacker, and at last the hurly-burly began. “On the morning of the 16th of October, 1817, the Governor-General took the field. Of the events which then ensued, great events following each other in rapid succession, until the war with the Pindaris had grown into a new war with the Mahrattas, it is not the province of Charles Metcalfe’s biographer to write in detail.” Still less is it the part of the reviewer of his biography to enter upon such details. Though Metcalfe had nothing to do with the fighting, he had much to do with the diplomacy of the war. To detach one powerful chief from the confederacy of our enemies, to persuade another that it was for his interest to take part with that power which must eventually be paramount in Asia,—all this was not so brilliant service as the storming of a fort, or the leading of a forlorn hope; but it was not less necessary to the success of the operations. And such were the duties that devolved on Mr. Metcalfe; and he performed them well. It has probably never been generally known, till now, how important was the part he acted in the subjugation and pacification of Central India, and how much we and the

country are indebted to him for the establishment of that power which is committed to us in this land. This is one of the great uses of biography, as distinguished from history; and we may notice in passing, that Mr. Kaye is conferring a great obligation on all those who desire accurate knowledge respecting the history of British India, by composing a series of works that will constitute what we may call a biographical history of our Eastern Empire.

At last the sword was sheathed "for lack of argument," our enemies were destroyed, or converted into friends,—that term being used of course in a conventional sense, which those who know the history of oriental principalities can understand. Some of their princes were our prisoners, others had exchanged the tone of proud defiance for that of lowliest supplication. India was revolutionized. From that date the British power was established beyond any reasonable doubt. The question sometimes arose till then, whether it could be maintained or no. The question since then has only been how it could be best and most easily maintained.

And now, for a time at least, Metcalfe's connexion with Central India was to cease. On the 10th of July, 1807, he had written to his friend Sherer; "For myself, I never, I assure you, can lose sight of the object to which you guide my thoughts; I mean Adam's office [the Political Secretaryship.] I despair indeed of ever gaining it, but I do not the less desire it. It is the only situation in India that I think of. I would make any exertions to obtain it if I expected success. But I fear, I fear, I fear, that I have no chance." And now, on the 9th of October, 1818, the same John Adam himself wrote to him, at the request of Lord Hastings, to inform him that the Private Secretaryship was about to be vacated by Mr. Ricketts, who was about to proceed to England, and the Political Secretaryship by Mr. Adam himself, on his elevation to a seat in Council, and that Lord Hastings desired to "double up" the offices and confer them both on Mr. Metcalfe. On the 23rd of the same month he intimated his acquiescence in the arrangement. The pain of leaving a place where he had enjoyed much happiness, and attained much distinction, and—what is of far more consequence than all,—had done much good, was softened by the knowledge that he was to be succeeded, at least in a department of his office, by Sir David Ochterlony. This fine old soldier had been removed from the Residency by Sir George Barlow, when Mr. Seton was appointed to the office. And although "such an explanation of the circumstances had been offered to him, as to convince him that he had not

‘ forfeited the high opinion of Government,” yet the iron had entered deeply into his soul. He had achieved high distinction as a soldier in the interval ; but he had never ceased to long for an opportunity of retrieving the character which he supposed that he had lost. There seems to us something very touching in the following extract of a letter that he wrote to Metcalfe in January, 1818.

“ In twelve days I shall complete my sixtieth year ; and in that long period have never but once had just ground to complain of ill-fortune or ill-usage ; but that once, though it has led me to unexpected fame and honor, has, for nearly twelve years, preyed upon my spirits ; and all I have since gained, appears no recompense for a removal which stamped me, with those who knew me best and loved me most, as ignorant and incompetent, and with the world in general, as venal and culpable. A feeling which I cannot describe, but which is quite distinct from the love of ease and the advantages of a Residency, makes me wish for that situation. I would not care where ; the name alone seems as if it would wash out a stain.” Envious must have been Metcalfe’s feelings when, towards the end of the year, at the beginning of which this letter was written, he was the first to communicate to his old friend the joyful tidings that he was to be his own successor in that very Residency from which he had been removed.

So Metcalfe was inducted as Private Secretary, and, a few days later, as Political Secretary. We have seen how, from the commencement of his career, he had set up this as the great aim of his life ; and now he had hit the target in the white. But it was the old story :—

Man never *is*, but always *to be* blessed.

The office, which, in a time of difficulty would have called forth all his faculties, required little now but hard fagging-official routine. Nor did he find that he occupied a situation of so much independence as he had held at Delhi. He was *the one* man there, at Calcutta he was one of several. We cannot wonder then, to find that he eagerly caught at a proposal made to him by Sir John Malcolm, to the effect that he should endeavour to get himself appointed to succeed Malcolm himself in Central India, with the view of carrying out his favourite plan of so uniting and regulating the several states, as to form them into a separate Presidency, or at least a Lieutenant-Governorship. The flame kindled by Malcolm’s letter, acting upon the tinder of his own taste for grand schemes, and his felt, though scarcely acknow-

ledged, discontent with his present situation, was fanned by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Marjoribanks, tendering his resignation of the office of Political Agent in the Nerbudda territories. Here was the very scheme which Malcolm had suggested, beginning to develop itself spontaneously. If Metcalfe could be appointed to succeed both Malcolm and Marjoribanks, a beginning were already made, of that system of consolidation which was to issue in the union of all the Residencies and Agencies into a single political charge. It was a grand scheme, worthy of its originator, and though not then, it has since been to a considerable extent realized. The Lieutenant-Governorship of the North Western Provinces is just such an office as Malcolm contemplated, although the limits of the jurisdiction may not be quite the same. We lately heard it asserted, that the three men in all the world who had most influence for good or for evil, were the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of France, and the Governor of the North West Provinces. And, indeed, it were difficult to over-state the importance of the office. Regarding the measure Metcalfe asked the advice of John Adam, who cordially approved of it, and advised that a definite proposition should be laid before the Governor-General at the proper time. A scheme originating with Malcolm, taken up with enthusiasm by Metcalfe, and cordially approved by Adam, could scarcely fail of acceptance with Lord Hastings; and although it was a delicate matter to break it to him, as it involved the setting aside of arrangements that he had effected with considerable difficulty, and as it might seem to betoken a want of appreciation on Metcalfe's part of the honors that had been conferred on him by the Governor-General, yet it was favorably received. He seems at once to have gone into the proposal, and it was expected that it was about to be carried out. But it was not to be at this time. Instead of this, Metcalfe was appointed to the Residency of Hyderabad, and towards the close of the year all was ready for his handing over his Secretaryship to Mr. Swinton, and proceeding to the capital of the Deccan. Accordingly, on the 10th of November, he left Calcutta, and in due time arrived at Hyderabad. On the 25th he was presented to the Nizam, and from that time he was immersed in the troubled sea of political and moral profligacy that inundated the court and capital of the Deccan. Upon political matters we can do little more than touch; of the moral state of things we may form some idea from the manner in which Metcalfe spent his first Sabbath in Hyderabad.

On Sunday, the 26th, went to Church. Afterwards returned the visit

of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Boles, who, with the staff, had called on me on the 23rd. Was received in the cantonments with salutes, and had a guard of the Grenadier Company of the 30th N. I. drawn up for me at the Commanding Officer's. I had heard much of the overdoing of those matters at Hyderabad; and was therefore prepared for all the honors I received. The Sermon at Church was about Aurungzebe, Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Fox, to the text of "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

On the 26th November paid my first visit to the minister, Mooneer-col-Moolk, and dined with him. He has a splendid house, fitted up at great cost, and with some taste. He gave us an excellent dinner, and conducted his entertainment in very good style. I am not in favor of dining with people who cannot or will not dine with us: and only went on this occasion, because I did not choose to make difficulties regarding what had been customary under my predecessors; especially as I had not received charge of the Residency, and was in a manner under the guidance of Mr. Russell, who accompanied me, as did also all the gentlemen of the Residency, including his party and mine.

Rajah Chundoo-Lall joined us after dinner, and we got home about half past ten, having been entertained with a nautch. Mooneer-col-Moolk's manners are good. Two of his sons are fine boys. Chundoo-Lall's manners are also good.

This extract excites painful feelings in our mind. But we are not without hopes that the date of the visit to Mooneer-col-Moolk was the 27th, and not the 26th, not Sunday, but Monday. The passage was written on the 28th, and if the second paragraph do not refer to the 27th, there is no record of that day's proceedings. Moreover, the second paragraph is introduced in such a way, as if it were meant to refer to a different day from that to which the first paragraph refers. It would be, we confess, a considerable satisfaction to us, if this conjecture could be verified.

Of course Metcalfe was immediately at work. Great reforms had been attempted by his predecessor, Mr. Henry Russell; but as yet the Nizam's country was in a dreadful state of misgovernment. It was the Resident's part to endeavour to put a stop to the disgraceful state of things, and yet the Resident had no authority to interfere directly with affairs of internal administration. "That during the period of Metcalfe's Residence in the Deccan, the inhabitants of the Hyderabad provinces were rescued from much oppression—that the rights of the agriculturists were more clearly defined—that extortion was checked—and justice rendered something better than a mockery—is not to be denied. He did not labour in vain. His best reward was in the increased happiness of the people, but the commendations of the Government, ever so dear to him, were not withheld. It was said afterwards, when there was an object in the distortion of the truth, that Metcalfe had been guilty of improper interference in the internal affairs of the Nizam's Government. But the system was not his system.

‘ He found it in operation. He only gave it greater and more beneficial effect.’

In our review of the life of Mr. Tucker, we alluded to the transactions of the Nizam’s Government with the house of William Palmer and Co., which ultimately led to a collision between the Board of Control and the Court of Directors. This house had managed to get the Nizam and his Government entirely under their power. They had advanced enormous sums of money to the Government at 25 per cent. interest, and had received assignments of lands, yielding revenue to the extent of thirty lakhs a year. Partly because the original transaction had been sanctioned by the Resident of the day, and partly because one of the partners of the house was connected by marriage with the family of Lord Hastings, the arrangement was generally understood by the people of the Deccan to be one with which the British Government had directly to do. This does not appear to have been the case; but there seems no reason to doubt, that the “house” intentionally fostered the idea, and that they employed it for their own advantage. “The house, indeed, had become so identified in men’s minds with the British Government, that even in remote districts, where the cabals of the capital were but little known, it was said that the revenue, which they paid on account of the lands assigned to William Palmer and Co., was paid into the British treasury. Gradually, indeed, there had grown up in the Deccan a power greater than the Nizam—greater than the British Resident—greater than the Governor-General of India. It was the belief of the minister, that so long as he had the house on his side, the support of the Resident was of comparatively slight importance. To secure this, large sums of money, in the shape of annual allowances, were paid to members of the firm, or their near relations. Even the sons of Mr. William Palmer, boys at school in England, grew under this mighty system of corruption, into stipendiaries of the Nizam. If the stipends were not paid, they were carried to account in the books of the firm at an interest of 25 per cent.; and thus increased the ever-increasing embarrasments of the Nizam, and rendered difficult the regeneration of the country.”

Such was the state of things when Metcalfe joined the Residency. He was more than well disposed towards the members of the house of W. Palmer and Co. The head of the firm was the brother of one of his dearest friends; Sir William Rumbold was nearly related to the Governor-General, and had been Metcalfe’s guest at Delhi, where he had nursed him in

sickness with the kindness of a brother and the tenderness of a sister ; and Dr. Lambe was an old friend. It was not, therefore, from any prejudice against the house, but from an overpowering sense of duty, that Metcalfe felt himself bound to do what could be done, to check the monstrous evil, and to rescue the Nizam from the hands of his extortionate creditors. The method which Metcalfe proposed for the accomplishment of this end, was, that the Government should open a 6 per cent. loan in Calcutta, and that they should pay off the Nizam's debt. He consented to the introduction of a clause into his letter, recommending that Palmer's people should get an additional gratuity of six lakhs, in consideration of the loss which they would sustain, by having so large a sum of money thrown upon their hands before they could possibly make arrangements for re-investing it ; and although Mr. Kaye says, that he subsequently reproached himself for this good-nature, we think it was not more than fair. But it was of little consequence one way or other, Sir William Rumbold had influence enough to stir up opposition to the scheme in the most influential quarter, and moreover to embroil Metcalfe with the Governor-General. His remonstrance to Lord Hastings is a fine specimen of manly and dignified composition. He felt that he was wronged—by one from whom he had a right to expect better treatment—in a particular which not only affected him personally, but tended to degrade his important office, during his tenure of it, and in all time coming, into a nullity. Metcalfe was not the man to hold his tongue under such treatment ; and the letter which he wrote to Lord Hastings, must have shewn that nobleman that he could not trample with impunity on the honour of a high-spirited English gentleman, and a faithful and energetic public servant. We believe it was the first and the last time that he ever attempted to do so. The dissension rose to the greatest height, and it was only at the close of Lord Hastings's Administration, that a reconciliation was effected. His departure took place on the first day of the year 1823, and but for the injudicious revival of the controversy in England, by his friends and those of the Palmers, the subject might have been allowed to rest for ever. As it was, these friends brought all the artillery of invective and insinuation to bear upon the conduct of Metcalfe, and only succeeded in establishing all the more firmly his character for inflexible integrity and manly determination, not to be turned aside by any influences from the path of duty.

We have now touched on the salient points of Metcalfe's

career throughout twenty-two years of his Indian life; and we doubt not that many who honor us by the perusal of our article, will wonder that it hitherto contains no record of his sicknesses and leaves of absence on sick-certificate. We know that there are many amongst our dear friends "at home," who conceive of Indian life as mainly composed of the two ingredients of getting ill and getting well. But their ideas are formed altogether on too limited an induction. That these are individuals, belonging to the class designated in India as "John Company's bad bargains," who spend their lives in receiving visits of the doctor, and in paying visits to the hill sanatoria, with occasional intervals of dull heartless work in the catcherry or on parade, is doubtless true; but the normal condition of Indian residents is work, energetic, vigorous work, quite as hard as is endured by Europeans in any zone, from the equator to the polar circles. The fact seems to be, that we write home month after month without saying anything about our health; then we write that we are in the Doctor's hands;—and the latter announcement makes ten times more impression on our anxious friends than the previous want of any announcement; and the conclusion is jumped at, all too hastily, that we have been ill for a long time, but have said nothing about it, until it became impossible to conceal it. This is a mistake, we repeat, for it is of importance to dissipate such a mistaken idea. At all events, Metcalfe was more than twenty years in the country before he was visited by any disease that laid him aside from active labor. And no wonder though at this time his health broke down. To a man of his constitution, the controversy with Lord Hastings must have been a sore trial. It was a violent shock to all his previous habits and ideas. And while in the midst of this period of anxiety and depression, he received tidings of the death of his elder brother. We have seen already how sincerely he was attached to this brother, and how good an influence the elder had exercised over the younger. They had both looked forward with earnest longing to the time when they should both be able to retire from their respective services, and settle down in England, to enjoy all the delights of tasteful leisure, and especially to rejoice in each other's society. But it was otherwise ordained. Sir Theophilus had gone to England on sick-certificate, with the expectation of soon returning to China: but his malady was too deep-seated for even his native air to remove, and in the month of August he died. This was the last ingredient of bitterness infused into Charles

Metcalfe's cup, and as letter after letter arrived, with the address, "*Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart.*," he thought with bitterness of heart, that the title was all too dearly bought, since it had come to him through the premature death of a brother, to whom he owed so much. His health failed under the multiplied distress. And this advantage the weak seem to have over the strong, that the illnesses of the latter, when they do come, are generally more severe and intractable. A great authority has said, that a great nation cannot engage in a little war; and we may say that a strong man seldom has little ailments. There is something very touching in such expressions as we find in some of Metcalfe's letters of this period, coming from a man to whom sickness is a strange feeling,—a man moreover cut off from the grand alleviation of sickness, the soothing care of a gentle wife. Here we might quote, with more truth than originality, a quotation that can bear repetition without danger of becoming hackneyed,

Oh woman! in our hours of ease, &c.

But the subject is a serious one. We are no Stoics, to deem that sickness and pain are in any circumstances no evils; but their evil is abundantly enhanced when they befall the bachelor in a remote station. One day Metcalfe was worse, next he was no better, and the third he was not getting on so well as he would have liked. The tidings of his illness reached Calcutta, and not only his personal friends were disquieted by the fear lest one whom they loved so well might be taken away from them; but those in the highest places in the state began to bethink themselves that Metcalfe was not a man who could well be spared. The suggestions of his personal friends, as to an attempt to do something for his relief, met with a ready response on the part of the highest authorities. Mr. Henry Wood, C. S., and Major Sneyd, made a proposal to Mr. Fendall, and Mr. Fendall to Lord Amherst, and Lord Amherst cheerfully consented to it. Mr. Swinton was desired to write to Sir Charles Metcalfe, that the Government yacht should be sent to Masulipatam with a medical man to attend on Sir Charles. Commodore Hayes was instructed to get the *Nereide* ready for sea without delay, and Col. Casement, the Military Secretary, was directed to apply to the Medical Board to select a competent Medical Officer to proceed in the yacht to Masulipatam, and thence to Hyderabad. And here we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of transferring to our pages one of those admirable little sketches, with which Mr. Kaye constantly enlivens his works—a sketch which no

one who has ever come in contact with Simon Nicolson, professionally or personally, will deem over-colored.

The selection, however, was not primarily made by the Board. At that time, and for many years afterwards, the highest Medical authority in India was Dr. [Mr.] Simon Nicolson. He was a gentleman of great professional experience, extensive scientific acquirements, a mind well stocked with general literature, and of such kindness of heart, and sincerity of manner, that sickness lost half its terrors when he stood by the bed-side. There was a healing power in his very presence—in the blended wisdom and gentleness of his speaking face,—and the first word of assurance that he uttered. People came from remote places to consult him; and when they could not make their way to the Presidency, they sought his advice, through the medium of friends, from a distance. His practice was only limited by the impossibility of performing more than a certain amount of work within a certain space of time. At all hours of the day, and at all hours of the night, his horses were in harness, and his coachman was on the box. There was a carriage always waiting at his door, ready to re-place another in the day-time, as the exhausting climate incapacitated man and beast from further service; or to whirl him away in obedience to some nocturnal summons. But for all this he never grew rich. The penniless subaltern had his unremitting care as freely as the wealthiest Member of Council.

How many there are who can testify to the faithfulness of this portraiture. The present reviewer will not soon forget the effect upon himself of “the first word of assurance that he uttered.” He had been told that there was no hope of his ever being able to live, much less to work, in India. He had therefore no prospect before him but of a short life of uselessness and dependence, and an early death, leaving an unprovided family, when Mr. Nicolson was called in to give the final verdict. His questions were few, but to the point. His “first (and last) word of assurance” is deeply written in our memory:—“You must not go home.” And we did not go home; and many a day of cheerful work have we gone through since then. And many is the eye that gazes with respect and fondness on “old Nicolson,” when his wasted but still stalwart figure is seen in his verandah; and many is the heart that blesses him, as the thought recurs of scenes like that, where the sentence of life or death was read on those grave thoughtful features, before it was uttered by his lips. We cannot now say more; but we could not have said less without doing violence to feelings that we share with multitudes of the grateful patients of Simon Nicolson.

“Old Nicolson,” as he was called even in those days, after the fashion of our hearty Anglo-Indian vocabulary, had no difficulty in selecting for this important mission, Randal Martin, who was destined ere long to achieve a name only second to Nicolson’s own, and who had the melancholy satisfaction, two and

twenty years after this, of doing all that human skill and kindness could do, to alleviate the final sufferings of him to whom he was now sent to minister. On the 7th of November, the yacht was despatched. The tidings of its arrival at Masulipatam reached Metcalfe at Boloram, whence he immediately set out for Hyderabad to meet Mr. Martin. He was able to render his patient immediate service; but still it was deemed advisable that Metcalfe should proceed to Calcutta, both for the sake of rest, and for the purpose of obtaining the personal attendance of "old Nicolson." He accordingly came up in the *Nereide*, landed in Calcutta on the 21st of December; by the end of January, he was on the high road to recovery, and before the end of February, Nicolson and Martin had the satisfaction to report him "dismissed cured."

Thus began the year 1824. Throughout its course, we find him sagging unweariedly;—work, work, morning, noon, and often far into the night, but cheered by the reflexion that his labour was not in vain, and enlivened by correspondence with a few congenial friends. At this time we find him first alluding to rumours as to his being destined to fill an expected vacancy in Council; but he regarded the prospect without exultation. It presented itself to him in the light of a breaking up of his habits, a violent intermeddling with his half-executed projects of reform, and a disruption of those ties which united him to many attached subordinates and friends. The removal from Hyderabad was soon to take place, but not to Calcutta. On the 16th of April, 1825, Lord Amherst wrote to him that it was considered good, that he should resume the office of Resident of Delhi. He felt it a great grievance to be removed from Hyderabad, but there was no place in India to which he would not have been removed with greater regret than to Delhi. His biographer's account of his feelings in the prospect of leaving Hyderabad, is quite pathetic.

Never had more unwelcome honors been conferred on a public servant than those which now descended upon Sir Charles Metcalfe. In spite of all the vexations and annoyances which beset his position, the Hyderabad Residency had become very dear to him. More than twenty years before, he had recorded a resolution not to form any more romantic attachments; but he had been forming them ever since. Indeed, it may be said of him, that he fell in friendship as other men fall in love. There was at once an ardor and a tenderness in his affection, little removed from the degree in which these qualities evince themselves in our attachments to the other sex. He had gathered round him at Hyderabad a beloved circle of friends, to be broken from time to time by the necessities of the public service, but always to re-unite again. And although some of these friends might accompany him to Delhi, it was certain that the old Hyderabad party could never again assemble in its pleasant integrity. It was with extreme de-
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sion of spirits, therefore, that he now made his preparations for the coming change.

To many readers this will seem mere sentimentalism, with which they will congratulate themselves that they cannot at all sympathize. The worse for them. At the end of August, Sir Charles reached Calcutta, and declining the kindly proffered hospitality of Lord Amherst, he took up his quarters with "an old friend, Major Lockett, of the College of Fort William."

We have said that there was no place in India, for which Metcalfe would less unwillingly have exchanged Hyderabad than Delhi. But this statement refers merely to the *place*. The *office* lost all its value in his eyes, from the consideration, that he was to supersede his old friend Sir David Ochterlony. This noble old hero had again failed to secure the approbation of Government, and his removal had been resolved upon. Metcalfe knew that this was determined, whether he should accept the office or no; but it was with poignant sorrow, that he proceeded to take possession of the place from which his old friend was to be ousted. The old man seems to have been pleased at the thought of not being superseded by an unworthy successor, and to have been more than pleased at the thought of settling down in a house that he had bought at Delhi, and spending the remnant of his days in the society of Metcalfe. But this expectation was not destined to be realized. On the 4th of July, he wrote an affectionate letter to his friend, and on the 15th he died. On the 26th of September, a meeting was held in Calcutta, for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Sir Charles Metcalfe presided, and he was not deterred by the consideration that his old friend had died under the cloud of Government disapprobation and virtual censure, from expressing the feelings of his full heart towards a brave soldier, a warm friend, and a noble man.

On the 21st of October, Metcalfe arrived at Delhi. The first matter of public moment that claimed his notice, was the state of our relations towards the Bhurtpore Rajah. The throne was now occupied by Doorjun Saul, who had usurped it on the death of his elder brother, though that brother had left a son, who had been acknowledged by our Government as the rightful heir. On hearing of the usurpation, Sir David Ochterlony had prepared instantly to march upon Bhurtpore with what force he had at his disposal. This measure was censured by the Government as precipitate and unwise. While Sir Charles Metcalfe was in Calcutta, he was asked to state freely his opinion as to the course of conduct to be adopted

towards the usurper, and although he had every reason to believe that his advice would not be acceptable to the Government, he had given it decidedly in favor of "vigorous" measures. Whether convinced by the progress of events, or by the reasonings of Metcalfe, the Government agreed to the course of policy recommended; and Metcalfe proceeded to Delhi, empowered to effect the restoration of the boy Bulwunt Singh, by persuasion if possible, otherwise by force. The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Combermere, was instructed to "hold in readiness a force adequate to the prompt reduction of the principal fortresses in the Bhurtpore country, and for carrying on military operations in that quarter, on the requisition of the Resident, Sir Charles Metcalfe." The requisition was soon made, as it was at once manifest that the end in view could not be effected by negotiation. On the 6th of November, Lord Combermere and Sir Charles Metcalfe met; the latter directed the advance of the army, and prepared to accompany it to the walls of Bhurtpore. On the 18th of January, 1826, the British flag was planted on the Bhurtpore citadel, and the *prestige* of the British arms, which had been tarnished by failure before the same citadel twenty years before, was re-established.

After his return to Delhi, he was fully occupied with judicial and revenue affairs, and his warm heart was grieved by the loss of two of his dearest friends. But new excitement was before him. On the 11th April, 1826, he had been nominated Provisional Member of Council, and on the retirement of Mr. Harrington in the autumn of 1827, he set out for Calcutta to take possession of the vacant seat. To say that he worthily occupied it were superfluous. He toiled like a galley-slave; day by day and night by night he was at his desk; quire after quire of paper was written on all manner of important subjects; and his hospitality, which he considered a duty, was princely. Various ways did he try for overtaking the full amount of work and of hospitality that he regarded as devolving upon him by right of his office; but he could not by any means satisfy himself on either point. He seems at last to have adopted, with respect to the former, the method that most men find to be the best, or rather the only practicable method, (however it may contravene the sage advices that are lavished upon us all in our youth, setting forth the manifold advantages of regularity, and having our time regularly portioned out to particular employments)—the method of taking work at the broad side, doing—and doing with his might—what his hands found to do. For the other part of his supposed duty he fell on the expedient of

issuing a standing invitation for a ball on the third Monday of every month. The moon seems to have shown a decided approbation of this arrangement, and to have waived in favor of it her proverbial character of changeableness; for Metcalfe informs us that the third Monday in each month is always a moon-light night!

There was not much favor to be got by his exertions in the Council at this period. He adopted the *role* of a financial reformer, and brought upon himself the usual consequences. "I am regarded (he says) as a relentless hewer and hacker of expenditure, and am sensible of black and sour looks in consequence. Still I am well and happy. I feel that I stand alone; but I also feel that I know the path of duty, and am endeavouring to pursue it. Our expenditure exceeds our income by more than a crore of Rupees. The Government which allows this to go on in time of peace deserves any punishment. The Government of which I am a part shall not allow it. The cause gives me irresistible power, and I will force others to do their duty."

On the 6th of April, 1828, Sir Charles Metcalfe thus wrote respecting Lord William Bentinck:

I look to the new Governor-General's coming with some curiosity, but without any sanguine expectations. If I find that he has a heart for the public welfare, I will follow him and support him with all my soul; if not, I will continue to perform my own duty, with or without success, as at present, and stand alone as I now do.

Lord William Bentinck *had* a heart for the public welfare, and ere long Sir Charles Metcalfe found it out, and gave in his allegiance to his new chief, not perhaps so enthusiastically as he had done eight and twenty years ago to the glorious little man, but not less heartily and sincerely. On the 4th of July, Lord William took the oaths as Governor-General, and on the 22nd of the same month Sir Charles wrote thus:—

I like the little that I have seen of our new Governor-General very much;—he is a straight-forward, honest, upright, benevolent, sensible man, who will, I trust, have the interest of the State at heart. At least he seems disposed to enquire and think for himself, and to avoid falling under any one's influence.

But with all personal respect for the Governor-General, Metcalfe and he did not at first get on well together. "He and I, (said he on the 2nd of December) do not approximate, which is rather surprising to me, for many of our sentiments are in common with both of us." Metcalfe suspected that his Lordship had been prejudiced against him by some of his old antagonists in the Palmer controversy. And this is not impos-

sible ; for while those who have suffered wrong can forgive and forget, those who have inflicted the wrong can seldom do either. It is therefore not impossible that some of those who had attempted to blacken Metcalfe's character before, may have insinuated vague suspicions into the mind of his Lordship before he left England. But certainly there must have been very gross misrepresentation employed, if the conduct of the late Resident of Hyderabad were exhibited in a light that could have led Lord William Bentinck to view him with coldness, and turn away from him with dislike. Perhaps after all there was nothing of the sort. The Governor-General was an Englishman, and when we have said that, we have said enough to account for any degree of coldness and reserve in his bearing towards a stranger. Metcalfe had been so long out of England, had been so young when he left it, and had been so long accustomed to the comparative *empressment* of Anglo-Indian manners, that he did not make allowance for the difference of climate. At all events the stiffness soon wore off, and for many years Lord William and Sir Charles maintained a cordial friendship, founded upon mutual esteem and frank confidence, friendship which only death was able to interrupt. It was only necessary that they should understand one another in order that they might "approximate." Their end as administrators of India was one, the good of the masters whom they served, through the good of the millions subjected to their control.

On the 11th of November, Mr. Butterworth Bayley retired from the service, and Lord William being then in the North West, Sir Charles Metcalfe became Deputy-Governor and President of the Council. In 1830, Sir John Malcolm retired from the Governorship of Bombay, and it was rumoured in Calcutta, that Metcalfe was to be his successor. Next year Mr. Lushington resigned the Governorship of Madras ; and an effort was made to secure the succession for Metcalfe. But the appointment was given to Sir Frederick Adam, ostensibly on the ground that Metcalfe's services could not be dispensed with in Bengal. At the close of 1831, it was agreed that his term of office, which would expire in August, 1832, should be extended for an additional period of two years. Thus for seven years he laboured on—a hard-working, deep-thinking, far-seeing, member of the Supreme Council of India. His views might not always be sound, but they were always honest. If they were sometimes behind the present age, we must remember that the last twenty years have been years of unexampled progress, and that his notions on public ques-

tions were as much ahead of those of his contemporaries, as they might be behind those of statesmen in our day. We have had good and faithful Members of Council since then,—as Robertson, and Ross, and Millet, and Lewis, and Lowe, but no one of them has exceeded Metcalfe in zeal, laboriousness and integrity; nor is it any disparagement to them to say that no one has equalled him in genius and far-seeing sagacity.

The new Charter of 1833, was now passed. It provided for the establishment of a new Presidency at Agra; but this part of it was soon after virtually repealed, and the result was only the establishment of the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North Western Provinces. On the 20th November, 1833, Sir Charles Metcalfe was unanimously appointed to this office, and the appointment was sanctioned by the Crown. A month afterwards he was nominated Provisional Governor-General of India, in the event of the death or resignation of Lord William Bentinck. The old Charter expired on the 30th of April, 1834; but Lord William Bentinck was then at Ootacamund. A practical difficulty, therefore, arose, as to the inauguration of the new Council. It was an amusing dilemma, which, if we understand it aright, may be thus stated. There could not be a Council formed until a Council was formed!—or thus,—If the Council were not a Council before it became a Council, it could not be a Council after it became a Council. Lord William however cut the Gordian knot, by a proceeding confessedly illegal, but which was legalized by an act of indemnity. After a good deal of vexation as to the Agra appointment, in consequence of the curtailment of the powers attached to the office, Metcalfe took the oaths on the 14th of November, the day of Lord William Bentinck's return to Calcutta, and assumed charge of the Government of Agra. The seat of Government was temporarily fixed at Allahabad. The approaching departure of Metcalfe from Calcutta, caused a melancholy sensation among all ranks and conditions of men. We are generally regarded as a somewhat apathetic community; but events like those of that November shew that we have hearts in our breasts, if they can only be reached. A dinner by the "Society" of the Bengal Club; a dinner by the "Community" in the Town Hall; a grand fancy ball by the gay; and public addresses by the Europeans, the East Indians and the Natives, were but the external demonstrations of feelings of as real esteem and affection as ever were entertained by all classes of citizens towards a public man. Nor were the Missionaries behind to express their grateful acknowledgment of the countenance and support, that he had so liberally afforded them in their efforts to

diffuse among the natives of India, the benefits of moral and religious instruction. No less gratifying than those tributes was a letter of congratulation which he received from the "glorious little man" under whose auspices he had commenced his official career, and to whose training he rejoiced to ascribe the success that had marked it. He set out for Allahabad in the middle of December, and reached it, we suppose, about the end of the month. But he had scarcely time to look around him when he received intelligence which required his immediate return to Calcutta. Lord William Bentinck, although he had returned from the Neilgherries in greatly improved health, "broke down" again as soon as he got the harness again on his back. Sir Charles hastened down to Calcutta, and on the 20th of March, 1834, he bade farewell to his friend, and took possession of the highest office,—really, though not formally, the Governor-Generalship of India is such—that can be held by a subject of the British Crown. We are afraid that we have very imperfectly succeeded in conveying to our readers the strong conviction that has been produced in our own mind by the perusal of the work before us, how richly this lofty dignity was deserved. Metcalfe was a great man, great by nature, greater by the steady direction of his natural powers to great objects, great especially in high principle and undeviating integrity. We believe there was not a man in India who did not rejoice at his elevation, and wish that it might be permanent :—and permanent it ought to have been. The Court of Directors, and that portion of the people of England who knew or cared aught about the matter—not a very large portion, it must be confessed,—were as one with the people of India in this sentiment. But the Ministers of the Crown would not consent. We have already adverted to this controversy in our notice of Mr. Tucker's Life, and shall not again enter upon it. We confess that we think a good deal may be said in favor of "the dictum of Mr. Canning," that in general it is better to appoint an English statesman than an Indian officer to the Governor-Generalship. But admitting the applicability of the rule in ordinary cases, we must be permitted to say that Metcalfe's was an exceptional case ; he was an exceptional man ; and the circumstances of India—at the commencement of the operation of a new Charter—were exceptional too. Like other sojourners in this eastern land, we left our party-politics behind us when we quitted the shores of old England ; but we confess that it would have given us some sort of satisfaction, had we been able to reflect that it was only a Whig Ministry that

thus opposed the righteous claims of Metcalfe, supported as these claims were by the voice of the Court of Directors, and by the unanimous wish of the people of India. But it was not so. The Tories, having come into power before the appointment was made, equally with their predecessors refused to listen to Metcalfe's claims, and appointed Lord Heytesbury to the office. It was even with difficulty that Lord Ellenborough was prevailed upon to agree to the provisional appointment of Sir Charles Metcalfe to act in the event of another vacancy.

While Metcalfe occupied the vice-regal chair only until the Court and the Board could agree as to the person who was to displace him, it might not have surprised men much if he had gone through the routine work as steadily and quietly as possible, and refrained from measures of permanent importance. But this was not Metcalfe's spirit. If he had been to hold the office but for a single day, he would have done with his might what his hand that day found to do. Equally removed was he from the base spirit of embracing the opportunity, which his temporary elevation gave him, of pushing through measures in which he was personally interested, and which he had been disappointed in his attempts to carry while he sat at the Council Board. Before he heard of the appointment of Lord Heytesbury, and while he waited for that nobleman's arrival, he acted in all respects as if he had a long lease of the office, omitting nothing, hurrying nothing. We have more than once alluded to the munificent liberality of Sir Charles Metcalfe; and it is scarcely necessary to say that it shone out more brightly than ever when he was drawing the large allowances of Governor-General. One or two instances are given of this:—The following may be taken as a specimen:—

An application was made to him on behalf of an educational institution, known as the "Parental Academic Institution," which, owing to its benevolent exertions, had involved itself in debt. Metcalfe at once enquired into the circumstances of the case; ascertained the sum required (£500) to rescue the Institution from the obligations which depressed it, and sent a cheque for the entire amount.

This is not a strictly correct account of the transaction. The application was made to Sir Charles, as Governor-General, for Government aid. He told the deputation that waited on him that he could not, in accordance with the existing regulations, propose the application of public money for the object for which it was solicited. The deputation retired crest-fallen; but what the Governor-General could not do, Sir Charles Metcalfe did, and the cheque came as stated. This was no unusual

habit with him. Several instances are given, in the work before us, of his granting from his own purse sums that were asked for from the purse of the State. In an earlier part of the same work the author imputes this habit to the impression that was made on his mind by the wiggling that he got about the Delhi Residency furniture. He seems then to have resolved that, as he had then been accused of indenting on the public treasury for the means of ministering to his own comfort, he would rather err in future on the other side, and that, in every case of doubt, he would rather expend his own resources than those of the Government.

The great act by which the Governor-Generalship of Sir Charles Metcalfe was distinguished, was that which established the FREEDOM OF THE PRESS in India. It is true that during the whole period of Lord William Bentinck's administration the press had been practically free. But the restrictions upon it were still on the statute book, and might have been put in force at any moment. The press was in the condition of "Uncle Tom" in the family of St. Clair, kindly treated, but a slave still, and liable to be handed over, on the death of its master, to the tender mercies of a Legree. It is therefore to Sir Charles Metcalfe that it owes its freedom; and as a humble member of the "fourth estate" in India, we heartily tender to his memory the tribute of our grateful acknowledgments. Happily it is not necessary now to refute the sophisms by which it was often attempted in former days to be shewn that the restriction of the press was only a restriction of evil; that it was always free to speak out what was good. The term *good* was of course used as a synonym for—*what was acceptable to the censors*. The freedom of the press is *right*, and it would be unworthy to argue the question on the ground of expediency; but now that it is not necessary to argue the question at all, we may be allowed to point with some satisfaction to the result. Our press may be deficient in literary merits. How could it be expected to compete in this respect with its mighty brother in London? But no restrictions could remedy this defect; and we venture to say that, in respect of all of which Government censure could take cognizance, the press of India will bear fair comparison with any press in the world. And the proof is, that during the twenty years that have elapsed since its liberation, it has never done any harm. It has been influential only for good, and for good it has been influential in numberless instances. We do not mean that it has always been right. It has frequently been wrong, in its treatment of individual persons and of

public measures. But when it has been wrong, it has been powerless, its influence being counteracted by the good sense of the community.

Our readers are of course aware that Lord Heytesbury never came to India. The Tory ministry were obliged to retire. The Whigs came into office in time to cancel his appointment—most unconstitutionally and unwisely as we think—and towards the end of the year (1835) it was announced that Lord Auckland was to take the place that had been destined for him. And now it became an agitating question to Metcalfe what he was to do. There was now no doubt that the Agra Government was to be shorn of its intended importance. It was not to be an independent Government, but a mere Lieutenant-Governorship, or Head-Commissionership. His friends at home were anxious that he should remain, and he himself had no desire to go. But the question was whether he would have a worthy field for his exertions, and whether it was worth the sacrifice of what he had looked forward to for thirty years as the aim of his career, a seat in Parliament. At this time he received the high honor of the Grand Cross of the Bath, an honor very seldom conferred on a Civilian. The solicitations of his friends in the Court, his appointment to the Provisional Governor-Generalship, and the favorable impression made upon him by the demeanour of Lord Auckland, at last prevailed, and he made up his mind to proceed to his North Western Principality. Accordingly, having been invested with the Grand Cross with great pomp, and having arranged all matters with Lord Auckland, he proceeded up the river in the beginning of April. The period of his occupancy of the Agra Governorship was marked by no striking event. Yet it was a period that called forth the powers of his mind, and the affections of his heart. The appearance of the "Pali Plague" in 1836, created alarm throughout India, and called Metcalfe's attention to the necessity of sanitary measures. This is a subject beset with difficulties everywhere; but these difficulties are abundantly enhanced in India. The habits of the people are averse to all inspection, and consequently to all improvement. The right of poisoning their neighbours with the effluvia of their own tanks and drains is a sacred privilege, which whoso toucheth, does them an unforgivable injury. To apply the great principles of the laws of health to the habits of the people is a mighty problem, worthy of the exertions of any man. A few months ago, we had the pleasure of listening to an admirable lecture on this subject, delivered by Dr. Norman Chevers, Civil Surgeon of

Howrah, before an audience mainly composed of natives. As we observe that this gentleman has just been removed to a situation of more extensive influence, and we hope of greater leisure, we trust that he will carry out the subject. We have great faith in the process of "boring," having learned by long experience that little good is effected in this world, but by incessant repetition of truths and principles. But the Pali Plague was of short continuance. It was followed by a grievous famine, the effect of a season of unusual drought. It is needless to say that Metcalfe did all that could be done to alleviate the evil. But little could be done. It remained for our days to establish that great work, the great Ganges Canal, which promises to make such a visitation almost an impossibility.

But the Indian career of Charles Metcalfe was drawing to a close. There was an expectation of the Governorship of Madras being vacant, and he might well have expected that it should be conferred on him. But he was told that this could not be, as his liberation of the Indian Press has been unpalatable to the home authorities. Whether this were the case or not, we do not know. But Metcalfe believed it. He thought that he had forfeited the confidence of his employers. He asked point-blank of the Court of Directors whether it were so or not. After long waiting he got a short and not very explicit answer; and he formally tendered his resignation of his appointment, and expressed his intention of retiring from the service of the East India Company. On the 18th of December, 1837, he left Agra; on the 31st he met Lord Auckland at Cawnpore, and on the first day of the new year he ceased to be Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Provinces. It were long to tell all the forms in which the admiration of the public clothed itself. Everywhere there was enthusiasm tempered with sadness. All classes strove to do honor to the retiring statesman. It must have been a strong trial to his constitution. But it was over at last. On the 15th of February, 1838, the greatest man that ever adorned the list of the Civil Servants of the East India Company left the shores of the land for which he had done so much, after an uninterrupted sojourn of more than thirty-eight years.

And here we leave him, not because his subsequent career is beyond our province. Metcalfe was Indian, and every part of his history is legitimate ground for a periodical restricted to subjects connected with India and the East. But we have already exceeded the ordinary limits of an article, and must deny ourselves the pleasure of saying more. Those who wish

to know how he passed his life "at home";—the circumstances of his appointment to the Governorship of Jamaica, and the manner in which he discharged his duties there in trying and critical circumstances;—how he was obliged by the failure of his health to return to his native land;—how he was subsequently appointed to the Government of Canada,—next to India the most important dependency of the British Crown;—how he was raised to the peerage, at a time when earthly honors had lost all attraction for him, save in so far as they served to call forth pleasurable feelings of gratitude towards those by whom they were conferred—we must refer to Mr. Kaye's most interesting and valuable work. We conclude by extracting the following paragraph without note or comment. We only premise that the scene of the following history was Malshanger near Basingstoke.

On the 4th of September, [1846,] Lord Metcalfe, for the first time, did not leave his sleeping apartment. The extreme debility of the sufferer forbade any exertion. There was little apparent change, except in a disinclination to take the nourishment offered to him. On the following morning, however, the change was very apparent. It was obvious that he was sinking fast. Unwilling to be removed to his bed, he sate for the greater part of the day in a chair, breathing with great difficulty. In the afternoon he sent for the members of his family, laid his hands upon their heads as they knelt beside him, and breathed the blessing which he could not utter. Soon afterwards he was conveyed to his bed. For the first time for years he seemed to be entirely free from pain. His mind was unclouded to the last. The serene expression of his countenance indicated that he was in perfect peace. The last sounds which reached him were the sweet strains of his sister's harp, rising in a hymn of praise to the great Father, into one of the many mansions of whose house he believed that he was about to enter. "How sweet those sounds are," he was heard to whisper, almost with his dying breath. He sank very gently to rest. About eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th of September, 1846, with a calm sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker.

- ART. VI.—1. *A Volunteer's Scramble through Scinde, the Punjab, Hindostan, and the Himalaya Mountains. By Hugo James, Bengal Army, and formerly with Major Herbert Edwardes, C. B., 2 vols. London. 1854.*
2. *Shooting in the Himalayas, a Journal of Sporting Adventures and Travel in Chinese Tartary, Ladac, Thibet, Cashmere, &c. By Colonel Frederick Markham, C. B., 32nd Regiment. With Illustrations. London. 1854.*

WE are not sure that we can give any very intelligible reason for uniting these two books as the subject of one article. The fact is, that we are actuated by several reasons, which separately have little weight, but which, taken together, are sufficient to justify our procedure to our own judgment;—as *First*, the one reached us while we were engaged in the perusal of the other;—*Secondly*, their authors must have come to India about the same time, Colonel (now Major-General) Markham having arrived, in command of H. M. 32nd Regiment, in 1846, and Mr. James having, as we have discovered by an elaborate process of calculation, there not being a date given in his whole book, arrived in the same year.—*Thirdly*, they are both written by soldiers.—*Fourthly*, their authors took part in the same exciting scenes in the last Seikh war, Mr. James being “with Major Edwardes,” and Colonel Markham’s Regiment forming part of General Whish’s army.—*Fifthly*, the character of the two books is nearly the same, both being transcripts from the journals of sportsmen-soldiers,—brave soldiers and keen sportsmen—both written in the style appropriate to that class of composition. *Sixthly*—and let it be *lastly*—neither of them singly would properly afford matter enough for an article, (although of course, it would be easy to make half a dozen articles—and good ones too—out of either of them, by means of a culinary process with which Reviewers are conversant.) As Mr. James had the precedence in his introduction to us, we shall introduce him first to our readers. For this purpose we will call in the aid of Major Herbert B. Edwardes as master of ceremonies.

Major Edwardes thus describes Mr. James’s arrival in his camp:

“Our party was increased early in July by the arrival of a young volunteer, named Hugo James. Quite a lad, he had come out to India in the expectation of a Cadetship, for which he was vainly waiting in Scinde when the Mooltan rebellion broke out. He immediately wrote, and volunteer-

‘ ed to join me. This was in June; the weather was perfectly
 ‘ awful, and I was living myself on the excitement of a great
 ‘ public duty. That a boy who had no concern in the matter,
 ‘ should ever put his head out of window at such a season,
 ‘ seemed an act of madness; and I never sent an answer.
 ‘ One day, however, the young gentleman rode into camp at
 ‘ Tibbee, with a face like a boiled lobster from exposure to the
 ‘ sun, and laughing heartily at what he considered the *fun*
 ‘ of the campaign. Nor could I ever cure him of this habit,
 ‘ though, as he came on purpose to learn the art of war; I
 ‘ afforded him every opportunity of doing so, and used to give
 ‘ him a few hundred men to take into any ugly place that
 ‘ wanted stopping up.”—(*Edwardes’s Year on the Punjab*
Frontier, vol. II. p. 504.)

Such was Mr. James’s *debut* in military life; and a good beginning it was for one of his temperament. For the great body of our officers, there is no doubt of the salutary influence of a more regular and gradual initiation into the duties of the profession. The training that is so distasteful to the Ensign, may be acknowledged by the General to have been all for the best. Habits of regularity and obedience are the best qualities of the soldier of every grade. The opportunities for the display of genius are rare in the life of a British soldier, while he has daily and hourly calls for those qualities which are best acquired under the culture of a regular apprenticeship to the profession. But still there are instances in which such an introduction to military life as that which befel Mr. James, may be very serviceable to the development of some of the highest and brightest qualities of the soldier. It is often a great matter to task the powers of a young man to the utmost; and, as in the case of Edwardes himself, we have no doubt that the events of that stirring campaign made James ten times the man that he was before he entered upon it. Little matter though Edwardes was never able to make his subordinate regard the matter as aught but glorious *fun*; he stopped up the ugly places none the worse for that. Although he seems to have been admitted a member of the Council of War, we may be assured that Edwardes, Lake and Cortlandt were not greatly swayed by his opinions or his counsels, while it is possible, that their deliberations might be enlivened, and their spirits kept up under circumstances of the most depressing character, by the indomitable good humour of the reckless boy. Altogether it appears to us, that Major Edwardes’s treatment of Mr. James, stimulating his energies by making him feel that he had a part of no small importance to perform, and frankly

acknowledging the services that he rendered, is highly creditable at once to the heart and the head of that fine soldier and generous-hearted man, himself no hoary veteran.

But we have attacked Mr. James's volumes at the broad-side, and must go back to the beginning. He came out, as stated by Major Edwardes, in the passage that we have quoted, to wait for a Cadetship. After a short time spent in Bombay, he proceeded to Scinde, to join his brother, whose name is not unknown to those who have given heed to the history of the transactions connected with the conquest and settlement of "Young Egypt." At Kurrachee, he was introduced to Sir Charles Napier, whose dashing off-hand manner, and his real frankness towards all those who could not cross his path, or touch upon that over-weening vanity which was the infirmity of his constitution, were fitted to make a most favourable impression on the mind of a rattling young fellow like James. The following is his account of the interview :

"On my landing at Kurrachee, the Judge Advocate introduced me to Sir Charles Napier, who was then Governor of Scinde. We found the hero of Meanee, perched upon a high stool, strongly resembling those used by clerks in a London banking establishment. The General gave me a warm welcome, and shaking hands in that frank and open manner, so habitual to old soldiers, exclaimed, 'Ah, I know your brother well, only had one fault to find with him, and that was when he married. Never you marry, and you'll make a soldier—a soldier ought never to marry; but never mind; dine with me at three to-day, I am busy now; good bye.' And with this hint that he wished to be left alone"—(rather more than a hint, we would say)—"He once more, even before our departure from the room, regained his desk, and appeared deeply engaged, inspecting official correspondence. At three, with clock-work punctuality, we sat down to dinner, and at intervals during the meal, Sir Charles displayed his conversational powers to perfection. His anecdotes and advice, blended (be it remembered) together, greatly conduced to the pleasantness of the party. We met again at the theatre, and as a proof of his wonderful tact in recognizing persons whom he had only once met before, he came up to me, and spoke about the evening's performance."

After staying a fortnight at Kurrachee, our author proceeded, in company with Captain M. ———, who was going to join his appointment as Resident at the Court of Ali Morad, to visit his brother, who held a staff appointment within thirty miles of Khyrpoor. Here, once for all, let us call our author's

attention, if our present article should by chance come under his notice, to the absurdity of his using initials in cases where there could be no possible impropriety in giving full names. What possible purpose can be served by imposing on his readers the task of consulting a Bombay Almanac or Army List, to ascertain who was the Captain M., who was Resident at Khyrpoor; the C. ———, an engineer officer who was the only European inhabitant of Garrah, or the Captain F. ———, who commanded the Scinde Camel Corps. But to return. Our author proceeded, in company with Captain M., and, as usual, enjoyed the *fun* of a march in India. All was new to him, but yet nothing surprised him. He was at home every where, and in the most novel circumstances he acted with all that energy, which is the characteristic of a thorough English boy. Awkward enough in manner, and without any portion of that *savoir faire*, which enables the juvenile Frenchman to enter unabashed into a large party of ladies and gentlemen whom he never saw before, the true English boy will beat all the boys in the world at riding an unridable horse, or dashing through an unfordable river. With such a disposition, it is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. James was an enthusiastic sportsman; and especially that his delight was in the hunting of the wild boar, more commonly called pig-sticking. The following is his account of the sport. :—

Pig-sticking is one of the noblest sports in India; even as these lines are being penned, fancy raises before me the excited throng of horsemen, nearly all mounted upon fiery little Arabian steeds, spear in hand, waiting impatiently outside the jungle for the wild boar's charge; three or four hundred men, assisted by numerous dogs of all descriptions, have already commenced beating up the quarters of the jungle, for our hunters, who aspire to nobler game, permit the deer, jackals and foxes, to rush unheeded by. Anon the cries and noise produced by men and dogs, become more audible. Nearer, still nearer, they approach. The pig-stickers who, with almost maddening excitement, are anxiously expecting the charge, strain every muscle of the eye, as they watch the slightest wavings of the tall grass, or hear the slightest crackling in the thicket. With what an indescribable sensation does each heart palpitate, until the enemy makes his appearance; one and all raise a loud shout, and for a time no one speaks, as the boar is fiercely, madly pursued by the hunters. Tremendous is the pace for the first half mile, when perhaps the boar suddenly turns round, his diminutive grey eye savagely twinkling at his opponents, uncertain who shall first taste his anger. Short is the time allowed him for cogitation; a moment longer, and behold, yonder daring horseman, together with his steed, are rolling on the field. Quick as thought, another rider takes advantage of the moment, and plants a spear very gently in the back of the boar. The ice once broken, spear after spear follows in rapid succession, but the foe has no intention of tamely yielding up his life; he likewise watches his opportunity, and singles out another of his tormentors, whose horse swerving through terror, offers too tempting a chance for the hog, who forth-

with rushes savagely at the steed, ripping it up, and bringing horse and rider to the ground. But still the odds are fearfully against him; vain are his efforts to gain a neighbouring strip of jungle; loss of blood debilitates [detracts?] from his speed, and again he is obliged to face his pursuers: with blood-shot eye and foaming mouth he makes a fresh attack, which is repulsed by some experienced hand; raising himself with difficulty and pain, again he flies at one of his foes, and again is vanquished. Slowly he sinks down, willing even yet to make a charge if it were possible, until finally he gloriously bites the dust, dying game to the last.

This is a fair specimen of our author's style of writing, when on his favorite subjects. It is not much amiss; only it shews pretty clearly the consciousness that he is engaged in that dreadful task, the making of a book. If he had been more at his ease, and had told his story more in the way in which he would have recited it verbally, when fresh from the sight of the scene described, he would have told it better. But it is not on the score of literary merits or demerits that the book is to be judged. It gives evidence of an active mind in a vigorous body, displays a very creditable amount of zeal in acquiring information, and a spirit of English energy with which it is refreshing to come into contact.

In manly field-sports, in the study of the native language, and in observing "men and manners," native and European, our author spent two years in Scinde. At the end of this period, he was naturally anxious that the contract which he was desirous of concluding with John Company, for the mutual benefit of the said John Company and Hugo James, should be "signed, sealed and delivered" without further delay; and as John did not seem disposed to make the first overtures, James resolved to show John how much he was losing by his delay; and accordingly offered his services as a volunteer to Major Edwardes, as we have seen. His account of his journey, through the territories of the Nawab of Bhawalpore, and of his reception by that potentate, is among the most amusing parts of the book. As usual, all was glorious fun. We have already seen Edwardes's account of the volunteer's arrival in camp. Let us now hear his own:—

On reaching a higher and more open ground, the camp of Rajah Shere Singh suddenly lay stretched before us. To a novice, such a scene was exciting in the extreme. Far and wide, diverse-colored tents covered the ground, and we paused for a few moments to gaze upon the busy camp. Passing along through the tented field, the arrival of another Feringhee was soon bruited abroad, and created no slight sensation. Our appearance, however, could not have been very prepossessing or formidable; and on perceiving the Seikhs curvetting about upon showy animals, the riders dressed out as if proceeding to an evening party, I could not resist contrasting the difference between their stately air, and that of our miserable jaded little party [himself and two guides], evidently not prepared for

a small one for tea. In fact I must have resembled a "small puppy convicted of petty larceny." We hurriedly scrambled through the streets of tents, and were heartily rejoiced on once more regaining the wild jungle. Edwardes's camp was about four miles from that of the Seikh Rajah; but owing to the knocked up ponies, we were some time reaching it. In about an hour and a half, I was safe and sound in the gallant Edwardes's tent.

How differently a French boy would have comported himself under these circumstances! He would have felt nothing but the dignity of his position as the sole representative of *la grande nation* in the midst of a race of strangers; he would have taken off his hat to the loungers in Shere Singh's camp with as much calm self-possession and grace as a chevalier of the old school to a lady of the Court; he would probably have demanded an audience of Shere Singh himself, and told him that, as a young soldier, he felt it an honour to pay reverence to military glory in his person. He would have regarded the dead-beat state of his "moult" as only an evidence of his zeal in the cause of his country, and would have been as proud of it as the veteran is of his scars. But very different were the feelings of the young Englishman. He would, with the greatest pleasure in life, have encountered the stoutest trooper in the camp with any weapons,—from those which nature gave him up to ninety-six pounders; but to be, or to think himself, the object of ridicule, to appear in public worse mounted than those by whom he was surrounded, this was just the one thing to which his courage was not equal. After it was over, it was of course capital fun, like every thing else; but it was no laughing matter at the time; and perhaps the lobster-like shade of his visage, when he presented himself to his new commander, was not wholly due to the broiling to which he had been subjected, but partly to the blushes called forth by his having been the observed of all observers, in passing through the camp of our ally. Be this as it may, he soon forgot all his sorrows and sufferings when he received the hearty welcome of the young hero, under whom he was ambitious to serve, and was received as a member of the Mess. His account of the mode of life pursued in the camp is interesting. He knew little of the inner life of those on whom so weighty a responsibility was laid. What he had to do with was the outside. Scrambling for mangoes, and polluting Dr. Cole's couch with their juice, knocking down partridges, hares and quail with fowling-pieces, varied occasionally with a shot from a nine-pounder at the enemy's advanced picquets, and recounting deeds of high enterprise around the dinner table, was all that appeared to him of what was going on in that little camp of devoted

men. Altogether his picture of the active life in Edwardes's camp is very pleasing; Edwardes's own book shews the other side of the picture; and both are suitable and appropriate to the characters and positions of their authors. It is not possible for an Englishman to read the two accounts, without a glow of satisfaction, without feeling that the country which sends out men without any special selection, and finds that those sent are men like these, has, with the blessing of God, nothing to fear from any foe that is likely to be brought against her.

With the blessing of God! Yes: let not that be ever lost sight of; it is all in all. It is pleasing to think that before Mooltan it was not lost sight of, but humbly and devoutly asked.

On Sundays we all assembled in Edwardes's tent to hear him read prayers, nor can I remember that ever, during our camp life, we neglected the observance of the Sabbath day. The familiar services, under such circumstances, make a great impression on the mind; and our tent, on these occasions, would have formed an admirable picture. Congregated in our native costumes, in our small place, we sought the aid of Him who hath promised that, where two or three are gathered together in His name, there will He be in the midst of them.

We cannot follow our author through the details of the campaign, in which he took an important, though of course, a subordinate part, and which he describes with that god-humoured liveliness which forms so striking a feature in his character. But we shall extract his account of the blowing up of the magazine, which was the "beginning of the end" of the capture of Mooltan:—

By night the shells assumed a magnificent appearance, resembling so many shooting stars, though, alas! far more formidable. One day a number of us were viewing the scene of destruction from a battery erected on the summit of a high hill. Whilst we anxiously observed the amount of damage committed by the shells, there arose suddenly from the centre of the fort, what at first appeared to us a huge mound of earth, which gradually increased in size, until it resembled a hill some 600 feet in height; then it almost imperceptibly changed, and assumed the appearance of an excessively dark thunder-cloud, which eventually spread far and wide, concealing both fort and town from our wonder-struck gaze; a few minutes elapsed, and it entirely enveloped the high position we were occupying, although 900 yards from the explosion. This terrific catastrophe originated in one of our shells fortunately hursting in a powder-magazine, containing several tons of combustible ammunition. For several minutes the atmosphere continued very close, not even a breath of wind stirring, but a death-like stillness prevailed, precisely similar to that which precedes a Scinde dust-storm. All the guns ceased firing—all eyes were directed upwards, gazing with awe at the scene thus suddenly presented to them. Men even addressed each other in a whisper, for this indeed

was no child's play. Moolraj was the first to remind us that we had not yet contrived to possess ourselves of his citadel, and he unequivocally convinced his opponents that he still had guns and powder, by firing several rounds from his largest piece in rapid succession. Once more the shot, shell, bullets, and steel went to work, and with renewed vigour.

Not bad word-painting this, because it is simple and to the point. But we have our volunteer's irrepressible love of fun breaking out forthwith. In the course of the paragraph immediately following that which we have just extracted, occurs the following sentence: "As usual in these cases, some laughable 'scenes and sayings emanating from the wittiest, amused the 'spectators.'" Our readers, we presume, can imagine the quality of the scenes and sayings thus introduced. In fact, the whole thing was a glorious "lark," quite equal to the squibs and crackers, the rockets and Roman candles, which give expression to the Protestantism of Juvenile Britain on a Fifth of November.

After the capture of Mooltan, our volunteer accompanied a force that was sent to Bunnoo, to support Lieutenant Taylor, who had captured the fort of Lukkee, and was endeavouring to reduce into order a lawless and refractory population. His health had been very bad for two months before leaving Mooltan, and after he had started, Dr. Cole urged him to return; but this did not suit his ideas of the fitness of things. There might be *fun* to be got in Bunnoo; it was all over at Mooltan. He had now a position of responsibility, being in command of two of General Cortlandt's regiments, in fact, an acting Brigadier. On the march there was a great lack of *fun*. The Seikhs, through whose country they passed, *would not* attack them. At Bukkur they halted, in hopes of getting a day's boar-hunting, but in a jungle said by the natives to be stocked with hog and deer, they found nothing but two poor sucking pigs, the maternal and paternal relatives being, we suppose, absent on a hunting expedition on their own account: and so they were fain to attack with sticks and stones, a flock of rock pigeons that had taken up their quarters in a dry well. After halting a few days at Esakhyle and repairing and strengthening its fort, they proceeded to Lukkee, where they joined Lieutenant Taylor. But it was sadly disappointing. Taylor's force was now too formidable to be attacked, and our volunteer could get nothing to do in the fighting line. The only enemy that waged war with him was the flies, which were a plague of the most unbearable character. There were, moreover, antelopes, jackals and foxes in abundance, and no lack of partridges, snipe

and other wild-fowl ; and with these they were obliged to be content. Moreover, there was the oriental sport of tilting at a tent peg, and the occidental one of jumping on horseback over small mud walls erected for the purpose. But this sport was too tame for our friend ; and he and Dr. Cole set out on "a scientific, as well as sporting tour," to Dera Ishmael Khan. These expeditions are not without their effect in a social or political aspect. Grievances are stated by the villagers, and investigated without formality by the sportsman, who can make representations in the proper quarter. The aspect and character of the country becomes impressed upon the minds of those who may have occasion to make good use of the knowledge thus acquired, either for military purposes, or for the more pleasing one of improving the soil, and calling forth the resources of the country ; and, in fact, various good ends may be effected by the sportsman, if he has only an observant eye, and his heart in the right place.

On arriving at Dera, our sportsmen took up their quarters in the house of their old Mess-mate, General Cortlandt, and pursued their enquiries in peace and comfort. We have stated that this expedition was intended to be partly of a scientific character ; but we have not been able to ascertain what department of science found favor with our tourists. Probably, the doctrine of projectiles was more studied than any other subject. Here, while pursuing a deer, our author's horse fell, and the rider broke his wrist. This laid him up for a fortnight, which was, no doubt, tantalizing in a country where six or seven deer, and one or two boars were frequently captured in a day, to say nothing of partridges and hares. It was after leaving Dera and crossing the Indus, that our author first made acquaintance with a tiger, but the visitor having dropped in unexpectedly, he was not prepared to give him that reception, which, doubtless, he would gladly have accorded to such a visitor. At Kaffir Kote our tourists received a batch of English letters, one of which was from Colonel Sykes, to the effect that he had presented our author with a Cadetship, a generosity which he pronounces to be rare indeed. But not so rare as he then imagined ; for the readers of Major Edwardes's narrative are aware that Sir Richard Jenkins intended to do the same thing, had he not been forestalled by his brother Director. This unexpected good fortune obliged our author to relinquish his sport for the time, and proceed to Lahore with the least possible delay. On his way, however, he managed to visit the scene of his first military adventures, Mooltan, where his brother was now established as Commissioner. From Mooltan he proceeded in a

steamer to Jhelum, thence, on an elephant, a camel, and, lastly, a charpoy, to Wuzeerabad. This journey must have been entirely to our author's taste, combining labor with *fun*.

An elephant was placed at my disposal, but I afterwards rode a camel part of the way. The animal was rather a quiet-looking beast, and I foolishly volunteered to drive him. In my own estimation, the prophet himself could not have enlisted into his service, a superior or more skilful driver. At the commencement we jogged along famously, but the long distance and execrably bad road tired both camel and rider to such a degree, that, on arriving at the next village, I resolved to procure the aid of a few villagers to carry me on a charpoy to Wuzeerabad. For the benefit of those who never travelled in India, it will be as well to mention that a charpoy is a light sort of four-posted bed, generally constructed of bamboo. Like many other novel introductions, this style of travelling was rather unpleasant, and eventually became more fatiguing than the motion of a camel. In fact, what with the heat and dust, the last few miles were really insupportable; but as we had already proceeded some distance, it would have been useless to send back for the camel, and it was now impossible to adopt any substitute for the amelioration of the present perplexing position. The strange appearance of a European carried on a charpoy, by common laborers of the soil, certainly rather astonished the natives, and as our queer procession threaded its way through the long bazaar of Goozerat, a feeling of shame crept over me, at finding myself exposed to the curious gaze of such a motley crew.

Hence our author proceeded to Lahore, where he remained four months, and of which he gives a good and readable account. The city was then just beginning to flourish under the benign influences of Sir Henry Lawrence's energetic administration. His regiment then proceeded to Barrackpore, and he followed by dâk as far as Allahabad, and thence by steamer to Calcutta. With the account of his experiences in our Metropolitan City, our volunteer,—a volunteer no longer, but a staid Officer of the Bengal army—commences his second volume; and with a view, we presume, of maintaining the respectability of his new position, reads a lecture to his young companions in arms, on the fertile subject of getting into debt, "and the 'misery of being involved in pecuniary affairs.'" Had we not resolved to avoid all criticism of the literary merits of the work before us, we would suggest to him that it is not usual among young Ensigns to lament "the misery" of such men as the Barings and the Rothschilds, who are more extensively "involved in pecuniary affairs" than any other men in the world. But the subject is a serious one, and the author's remarks are well worthy of being pondered by all to whom they are applicable: and this class does not comprehend Ensigns alone, but all ranks and conditions of men, except those who have already so far disregarded their spirit, that they cannot contract any more debts, because no one will trust them.

Giving up to his tender mercies the Calcutta tradesmen, whose ruinous system of credit he denounces in very strong—but not too strong—terms, we must plead the cause of the Calcutta servants, whom he denounces as the greatest scoundrels living, “surpassing all others in villany and deceit.” This censure we cannot endorse. It seems to us unwarrantably severe and indiscriminate. That there are rogues amongst them is true enough, but amongst what flock are there no black sheep? Even the best of them are exposed to temptations from the carelessness of their masters. “I knew, (says ‘the distinguished Mr. Charles Edward Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush’) what a vallit was as well as any genlmn in ‘servis; and this I can tell you, he’s genrally a hapier, idler, ‘ansomer, more genlmny man than his master. He has more ‘money to spend, for genlmn *will* leave their silver in their ‘weskit pockets.” That our bearers may occasionally supplement their small wages by such perquisites, and that our caterers do regularly charge a per-centage on their purchases, we do not deny; but we do think that a better race of servants is scarcely to be found any where than in Calcutta.

Altogether, we are sorry to find that our author was not favorably impressed with our city. Neither its external aspect, its servants, its amusements, nor its charitable and educational institutions, seem to have found favor in his eyes. In regard to some of these points, the only answer is *de gustibus, &c.*; in regard to others, we must take leave to express our suspicion that he did not take the trouble to obtain sufficient information, but took up the reports of others nearly as little informed as himself. This is the bane of all travellers and temporary sojourners in a place. They claim to be regarded as authorities, on the ground of having seen with their own eyes things which they may have had no eyes to see, or towards which they have not taken the trouble to turn their eyes.

From Barrackpore Mr. James was ordered on detached duty to Midnapore, which gives him an opportunity of descanting upon travelling, thugs and sporting. But we must say that he does not shine in the abstract, so much as in the concrete. When he describes his own journey, on horse-back, elephant-back, camel-back, steamer, palankeen or charpoy, he does it well; but when he gives a dissertation on travelling in general, he becomes dull. So with sporting;—whether he describes a meeting with the tiger in the jungle, or with the rock-pigeons in the dry well, he enters into the spirit of the thing. He feels the fun, and he expresses it. But when he tries to analyse the feeling, and to expound wherein the fun consists, and why

one kind of sport affords more gratification than another, he is treading on ground on which he cannot stand. If we might for a moment adopt the slang of the psychologists, we would say that he succeeds in the *objective*, but breaks down in the *subjective*. But what is a worse fault still, he sometimes mixes up in one description the general with the particular, in such a way, that it is impossible to separate them. Numerous examples of this occur in the description of the march of a regiment near the beginning of the second volume; and it is all the more to be regretted, because, but for this disfigurement, the sketch would be a very good one.

The following is a graphic description of a whirl-wind or circular dust-storm :—

Whirl-winds are of frequent occurrence in India, though seldom of a very destructive description; they are just sufficient to create a little annoyance and damage, so as to permit the spectator's indulging in a quiet laugh at his friend's expense. For instance, without any previous intimation whatever, a tent will be carried a short trip into the air.* * * *

These whirl-winds are termed "Shtytans," or devils, by the natives, and are supposed to be the disturbed spirit of some mortal, who has been refused admittance into heaven. On their approach, a native invariably endeavours to escape from the revolving dust, muttering in the interval some short prayers, which, according to his taste, are either offered up for the devil, or on his own account. If a whirl-wind sweeps across the threshold, the unlucky omen causes a great panic amongst the residents of the house, thus signalled out as an object of some coming unknown fate. The fakeers, as usual, work upon the credulity of superstitious people, and by means of legerdemain, &c., derive large pecuniary fees, pretending to possess great influence over the shtytans. So ignorant are the Bengalis, that they place implicit reliance upon the infamous assertions of these fakeers, who, for bucksheesh, cover their confiding followers with mud, order them to fast, besides a variety of other penances, winding up with the promise to ward off all the evil effects that are believed to follow in the wake of a devil's visit.

One is rather puzzled with regard to the larger species of dame Nature's cork-screws. I have frequently watched their primary diminutive formation and progress, and eventual disappearance, having, during the height of their strength rushed through the column. But a wonderful phenomenon which I could not account for, was frequently visible. This was, that although the wind blew tolerably fresh from the south, still the whirl-wind took an exactly opposite direction, from which it would suddenly diverge into some other course. In fact, it appeared as if a quantity of quicksilver had been inserted within a dusty pillar, which was kept in motion by three or four enormous giants kicking it to and fro from each either, until finally, a harder kick than usual burst the affair.

This last simile we confess that we do not understand, nor do we see what in the whirl-wind is intended to be represented by the quicksilver in the dust-pillar. But we know that the phenomenon described is a great pillar of dust, moving round and onwards, in apparently fitful and unaccountable directions. Our author's knowledge of natural history is neither very

extensive nor very accurate;—how could it be? Take an example :—

Alligators are very numerous in the smaller rivers branching off from Gunga's sacred stream, and notwithstanding the horrible character bestowed upon them, naturalists are disposed to believe that they are generally perfectly harmless reptiles. However, most natives form a different opinion as to their voracious appetites, asserting positively that ocular proof has convinced them, that not only men and children have been seized by alligators, but likewise sheep and small cows, which, for coolness, had resorted to the water.

Both the accounts are true. We thought it had been universally known in Gangetic India, that there are two distinct species of alligators, the one living entirely on fish, the other "making all fish that comes within its net." Seen from a distance, the one might be mistaken for the other, but they are considerably different, especially in the form of the head and jaws, those of the one being broad at the point, and those of the other converging to an apex, like the figure of the *Pons asinorum* proposition.

There is a good deal of artistic power in our author's sketch of the scenes that attract the passenger's notice as he travels along the Ganges, though it is somewhat spoiled by the fault that we have adverted to already, the mixing up of the general with the particular, now describing *a* voyage, that is, *any* voyage, and anon, in the same paragraph, detailing the particulars of *the* voyage, that is of *some particular* voyage, which he himself made. Despite this blemish, the description is good, but it is too long for extract.

Upon the whole, however, we confess that Mr. James's narrative is rather dull, while the scene is laid in Lower Bengal; and therefore we were glad to find him announcing, at the middle of the second volume, that he was about to proceed to Darjeeling. We doubted not that the mountain air, and the scenes and associations of the "Bright-spot," would put fresh life into him, and give him back some of the spirits which he exhibited in the old volunteer days, when he found fun in every thing. The vexations and annoyances of his journey from Sheergotty to that place, would have been in those days subject for endless mirth and jollity; but not to mention his accession of years since then, it must be remembered that he was sick now. From Sheergotty, on the Ganges, near Purneah, he started in a common bullock-cart, as a palankeen was not to be procured. The first night of his journey was a sad one; cold and stormy, and rainy and pitchy dark, with no light but the constant glare of the lightning, the wonder is not that

he was capsized once, but that he was not oftener. The climax of his sorrows however was yet to come. We must give it in his own words :—

Towards daylight the cold was excessively disagreeable, and I felt it the more on account of my saturated linen, and having remained in one cramped up position for upwards of eight hours. The prospect of having to continue in the same miserable plight for nearly six hours longer, greatly damped my spirits, and I was about to resign myself to despair, when my eyes chanced to fall upon a dark looking object, huddled up amongst my wet blankets and sheets, the suspicious looking object bearing a very strong resemblance to a bottle of beer. My conjectures fortunately proved correct : the wise kitmutghur had deemed it advisable that his master should carry a certain quantity of strong liquor, and thus, unknown to me, had placed a bottle of beer in the hackery. However, a cork-screw, that useful appendage to a traveller's equipment, was not forthcoming ; so, producing my regimental sword, I commenced hacking away at the neck of the bottle. According to the very ancient and true adage, misfortunes never arrive singly ; and its truth was exemplified on the present occasion, for the very first blow being hastily and unskilfully executed, the glass smashed into a hundred pieces, so that not even one single drop ever reached my lips.

With daylight and sunshine, however, his spirits revived, and when in the course of the day, he arrived at a friend's house in Purneah, and was welcomed with such merriment as his plight was sure to call forth, he forgot his trials and sorrows, and his laugh was the loudest of all. Probably all our readers know how dangerous it is to cross the terai after the rains have set in. To avoid this, our traveller made as short a stay as possible at Purneah, and set off, (in a palankeen this time) determined to reach Darjeeling ere the beginning of the rains, if it were possible ; and by great exertions he succeeded. The journey was indeed a trying one to an invalid ; but he soon forgot all his sufferings as his lungs drank in the bracing air of the Himalayas, and his eyes and ears, and all his senses were enraptured with their appropriate objects in the delightful station of Darjeeling. We anticipated that our author would be more in his element here than in the plains of Bengal, where he was driven, by the absence of adventures, to expatiate on themes which it is no discredit to him not to understand. And we are not disappointed. The following was equal to the "Stopping up of an ugly gap" before Mooltan.

Riding up a steep pathway in company with a friend, we contrived somehow or other to lose the road, which, as night was approaching, made us feel rather anxious. Unfortunately, an abrupt precipice was on one side of the now very narrow foot-track, whilst the ground offered no resistance whatever ; to turn was out of the question, for we had no room to perform that operation ; and at last my pony slipping, steed and rider rolled head over heels down the dark abyss. After reaching a depth of ten feet, a large stone

momentarily impeded our progress ; and here, no doubt, would have terminated further descent, had it not been for the obstinate, frightened little animal, which commenced struggling violently, striving his utmost to shake me off. My foot was entangled in the stirrup, but with a vigorous effort the pony succeeded in rolling over the stone, no doubt kindly intending to drag me with him. However, his intentions were frustrated by the girths breaking, and thus placing me at liberty and in safety at the same time. We heard the tatoo bumping down the "cud" at an awful rate, and shortly after the sound died away. Although I never expected to see the pony alive again, still I was anxious to save the saddle ; consequently, three or four men went in search of the fallen property. Strange to say, the animal was discovered, after proceeding to a depth of perhaps about 200 feet. His ribs were considerable sufferers, two of them being broken ; but the tumble wonderfully improved his disposition, and diminished his wicked propensities ; for previous to the accident, he frequently bolted with me, but now he became less skittish.

A good hint this to those who are saddled with bolters. To any one among our readers who may be thus situated, we would suggest that the simple process of throwing the "Screw" down a rocky precipice, 200 feet high, will very probably either cure—or kill.

Altogether our author's account of Darjeeling, its scenery, society, and mode of life of its sojourners, is very pleasing. We have but one fault to find with it, and that is that it does not increase our contentment with our present localization. We regret to find Mr. James concluding his "Rambles" with the following sentence: "I could not stay to enjoy this rare treat, for illness compelled me to seek other climes for the restoration of my health ;" and on referring to the Army list, we find opposite to the name of Lieut. Hugo James, this entry "Furlo", S. C., 6th April, '53." This is not wonderful. Such a life as he led in the Punjab would have been trying for a more consolidated constitution than his.

Turn we now to Col. Markham's book ; and as we called in the aid of Major Edwardes to introduce Mr. James to the reader, let us request him now to do the same good service towards Col. Markham. Speaking of the arrangements for the battle of Soorujkund, Major Edwardes says ;—"The command of the attacking British column, therefore, devolved upon Brigadier Markham, of Her Majesty's 32nd ; than whom there was no better soldier in that army ;" and after the battle, he says ;—"Another peculiarity of the attack was this ; that it was conducted entirely by young men ; of the four leaders, (Lieut.-Col. Franks, who commanded one brigade of infantry ; Lieut.-Col. Brooke, who commanded another ; Major Wheeler, who commanded the cavalry and

‘artillery; and Brigadier Markham, who commanded the whole), not one of them being forty years of age, to the best of my belief; all certainly in the very prime of their bodily and mental strength.”

Col. Markham’s regiment, as we learn from the army list, landed in Calcutta, in September, 1846. After staying more than two months at Chinsurah, it was ordered to Meerut, and as soon as it was fairly settled there, the Colonel applied for six month’s leave of absence, and set out for a sporting excursion in the Himalayas. In his first excursion he passed over the Sewalic range, and thence away through the Deyra Dhoon, right onwards to the source of the Ganges. In this trip he and his companions endured a vast amount of fatigue, were constantly delighted with the grandest scenery probably in the world, killed a great deal of game, missed, as the Colonel ingenuously confesses, a great deal more, and altogether had reason to regard their tour as a most successful one. In the course of this and his subsequent excursions, he received invaluable aid from Mr. Wilson, one of a class of men of whom there are not many in India, a class whom Mr. Fenimore Cooper would have delighted to sketch. Indeed, he has sketched them, for they are nearly allied to the trappers, whom he has contrived to delineate in so striking colors. Col. Markham thus introduces Mr. Wilson to his readers :—

My successful sport in the Himalayas, I attribute mainly to my good fortune in having made acquaintance with my friend Mr. Wilson, who accompanied me in all my expeditions, and to whose knowledge of the country and the people, I was indebted for seeing much, which I should probably otherwise have left unseen. A Yorkshire man from Wakefield, fortune in his early life led him to India, his health sent him to Landour, from whence he took a journey to the hills. Returned to England, he was unable to forget the life he had led in the Himalayas, which had for him an irresistible charm. Not over-burdened with money, he worked his passage out to Calcutta, and walked straight up to Meerut, a distance of nearly 900 miles, in thirty days. From thence to the hills was an easy trip, where he has been a resident for the last seven years. A thorough sportsman, about the middle height, light, active and hardy; never tired, never out of humour; a capital walker, and never to be deterred from any thing once undertaken. He was to me a most invaluable companion, and became a very dear friend. His thorough knowledge of the Puharrie character, and intimate acquaintance with the men of the upper villages of Ganjootrie and Jumnootrie, enabled us to procure a better class of men to accompany us, than falls commonly to the lot of the hunters in these mountains.

It appears that Mr. Wilson had established himself among the Himalayas as a professional hunter, gaining an honest livelihood, and at the same time gratifying his taste for adventure,

by procuring and preserving skins of birds and quadrupeds, and other objects of natural history ; and, especially, by shooting and trapping the musk-deer, and supplying the market with its fragrant spoils. A man like this is almost sure to have more originality of character than the ordinary run of men. For no common-place man would be likely to make choice of a mode of life so far out of the beaten track ; or if any one did choose it out of mere romance, or an affectation of Byronian misanthropy, a single winter of it would either kill him, or shew him that he had mistaken his vocation. Then the character which would impel a man to undertake and to persevere in such a life, would be developed and matured by the life itself. From the accounts given of Mr. Wilson by our author, we should suppose him to be a fine specimen of a class of men, in favor of whom, as a class, we entertain a certain kind of predilection, which, probably, might be regarded by some as a prejudice, but of which, be it what it may, we have no special desire to be rid. Some of the most interesting parts of the book before us are derived from Mr. Wilson. At an early part of the volume is introduced an account of one of his adventures with a tigress, which we should like very much to transfer to our pages, but it occupies thirteen of Colonel Markham's pages, and would fill about three of ours. We must therefore ask the reader to peruse it in the original. We must content ourselves with shorter extracts, and shall present our author's account of his visit to the source of the Ganges:—

Leaving our tent and servants here, and taking with us Wilson's men and the coolies, we started at 5 A. M., for the source of the Ganges, eighteen miles distant. There is no road, and Wilson is, I believe, one of the few Europeans who had at that time ever been there. The Brahmin priests tried to dissuade our men from going up. The difficulties of the route were many and great, the walking far the worst we have had. After a few miles we came to a spot where it was necessary to cross the Ganges, and to do this, a bridge must be built. Our men worked badly at the first place we tried, and after three or four hard hours' work, we were obliged to give it up. Wilson and myself going lower down the river, found a better spot, and by evening had a good bridge built, and ready for the morning. The day was too far gone to continue our march, so building a shanty, we supped and slept there.

All crossed our bridge next morning in safety, except our Thibet dog, who tumbled in, and was nearly drowned. Our direction was up stream, along the precipitous banks, where the river with difficulty forced its way between mountains covered with snow, magnificently wild ; trees began to be scarce, no more cedars, nought but a few firs and birch, with the never-failing rhododendrons. Halting, when we had gone as far as possible without losing the wood, another shanty was built, and thatched with boughs and birch bark. * * * *

May 26th.—A fine cold morning, and we started early to accomplish the five miles to the source of the mighty river. The opposite bank being the best for burral [wild sheep,] we were in great hopes that we might find sufficient snow left to enable us to cross the river; but the snow that at times bridges over the river was gone. The walking was bad, for in all the small tributary streams were stones and rocks incrustated with ice, which made them very difficult to cross. On the opposite side we saw immense flocks of burral, but there was no getting at them.

At last the great glacier of the Ganges was reached, and never can I forget my first impressions, when I beheld it before me, in all its savage grandeur. The glacier, thickly studded with enormous loose rocks, and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends upwards many miles, towards an immense mountain, covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier, through which the sacred stream rushes forth with the light of day, is named the Cow's Mouth, and is held in the deepest reverence by all Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth over its icy womb, a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth, and very rapid. A burral was killed by a lucky shot across the river just at the mouth; it fell backwards into the torrent, and was no more seen. Extensive as my travels since this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so strikingly magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges.

Our author concludes this account of his first expedition with an interesting contribution towards the natural history of the musk-deer, which is well worthy the attention, both of zoologists, and of those who are striving to "develope the resources of the country." It is much too long for extract, and would not bear condensation. It does not seem to be at all ascertained to what purpose in the animal economy this singular secretion is designed to be subservient. It is not probable that it subserves any vital function, since most other animals manage to get on well enough without it. Neither does it seem to be used for purposes of offence or defence, like the apparently somewhat analogous secretion of the skunk, the musk-rat and the cuttle-fish. In fact, so far as we know, its uses are not as yet ascertained, and probably will not be until the animal can be domesticated, and its habits closely scrutinized.

Our author's second tour commenced in April, 1848, his regiment having ere then removed to Umballa. Its *locale* is the same as before, and the account of it is enriched with fuller descriptions of men and manners in the hills. The Puharries are great favorites with our author. They have the virtues and the vices usual amongst Highlanders in an uncivilized state. They are honest, at least conventionally so; that is, they will not appropriate any thing entrusted to them; but

they have no objection to an occasional foray in the territories of their neighbours. Nor do those in authority have any scruple to fleece to the uttermost those under their control. As little do the priests hesitate to indent upon the skin, when the civil powers have appropriated the fleece. So far as appears, there are no lawyers amongst them, else it is hard to say what would be their share of the spoil. Like every one else who has visited "these parts," our author repeatedly alludes to the dislike of all classes of the people to the application of water, either to their persons or dress. They are dirty to excess. There are few details of sport given in the account of this trip, which was cut short by the receipt of orders to join his regiment, which was already on its march towards the Punjab. Having joined it at Ferozepore, Col. Markham was appointed to the command of the brigade with which we have seen him doing so good service at Soorajkund and before Mooltan.

The war being ended, and the Punjab annexed, the 32nd regiment was ordered to Jullunder, and thither its Colonel accompanied it. But, *opere peracto ludemus*,—(we learned this piece of Latinity in a truly "classical" work,—*Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments*, where it does duty as an exemplification of the construction called the ablative absolute)—and after the good work he had gone through in the Punjab campaign, Col. Markham was well entitled to a holiday. So having procured six months' leave of absence, and seen his regiment comfortably settled in their quarters, he set out on a third excursion. This time the ground traversed was much more extensive than before; and several new animals are brought upon the stage. There are various details of encounters with snowy bears, which are about as ugly fellows as we should wish to encounter. But the animal most to the sportsman's taste is evidently the ibex. And if the characteristic of first-rate sport be to call out into active exercise all the faculties of the body and the mind, there can certainly be none better fitted for this purpose than ibex-stalking. This time our sportsmen penetrated into Thibet, but were not allowed to remain there, the villagers being afraid that the toleration of their presence might give offence at Pekin! We shall take the liberty to transfer to our pages our author's account of the village of Tangee, and the reception that he met with there :—

In four days we reached Tangee, with only three days' provisions left for our men, having traversed a most dreary pass, a succession of barren rocks, with here and there, at wide intervals, a stunted tree and an occasional patch of scanty vegetation.

At the village our further progress was stopped by the Tartars, that is to say, they offered a passive resistance. Had we persevered in our wish to advance, what they might have done I know not; but had it come to blows, I imagine we could have cleared the whole country from Tangee to Polinsundra, with our Jumnootrie men, had we been so inclined. But that would not have done for me. We waited until the chiefs from various villages assembled, in the vain hope that the discussion might end in our favor; they had a long palaver, which terminated in their declaring that they dared not allow us to proceed. In the morning they had promised to supply us with provisions, but when it came to the point, they either had none, or would not part with them, although we offered them a most tempting price. The truth was, they were afraid of their masters, the Chinese authorities, who govern the province, and issue the strictest edicts against the admission of strangers into the country.

These Tartars were a good-humoured, jolly-looking race, with broad flat faces, florid complexions, and jet-black hair. Their dress consisted of long coats of home-spun wool; with long cloth boots, made to pull over the knee, and soled with leather, an excellent guard against the winter's snow; red sashes around the waist, in which they carry a knife, but no arms. The head men, or chiefs of the villages, wore broad brimmed hats, made of either straw or feathers. The common people sometimes cut their hair close, but oftener wear it long with a pig-tail, and go uncovered. They are extremely fond of tea, and smoke incessantly, using iron pipes, with stems about a foot long, and small bowls.

Many of the villages are placed on isolated eminences, and being built house over house, with their temple on the highest point in the midst, have from a distance much the appearance of forts. Near all the villages, piles of stones are to be seen, about six feet wide by four feet high, and covered with rude carvings. I could not learn more than that they were connected with the forms of their religion.

The chiefs are rich in flocks and herds, and all rode capital ponies. Their own people treated them with great respect, and both chiefs and people seemed inclined to have been friendly toward us if they had dared.

One of our author's interesting sketches of the natural history of the animals that came under his notice, is that of the wild dog of the Himalayas;—"Undoubtedly (he says) the true wild dog." Not *undoubtedly*; for with all deference *we* take the liberty to doubt it. Indeed, we question whether there exist any where a wild breed of any of the races of animals that are properly and normally domestic, including the horse, the cow, the ass, the sheep, the camel, the elephant, and the dog. We enter not upon the question as to the identity of the wild boar with the pig of the farm-yard, for the pig can scarcely be termed a domestic animal;—neither can the buffalo. But of the animals that are properly domestic, we see no good reason to believe that any exist, or have ever existed, in a truly, that is, an aboriginally, wild state; and we see upon the whole more reason to suppose that the existing wild species are the descendants of tame individuals that have become wild, than that the

races were aboriginally wild, and that a portion of them have been domesticated. Be this as it may;—be the Himalayan wild dogs the descendants of an ancestry that has been free since the creation, or the offspring of some pair of runaway slaves in some far remote century, Col. Markham's account of them is well worthy the attention of the naturalist. It is mainly communicated by his friend Mr. Wilson, who has spared no pains to acquire knowledge respecting the character and habits of the animals. The most curious particular that he states respecting them is this :—By their encamping ground, if we may so call what he terms their breeding place, he found the remains of many animals, which had been brought home for the purpose of providing food for the juvenile members of the community, who were not able to go abroad and forage for themselves. But how brought? Some of the animals were those that did not frequent the district in which the remains were found, and they were too large to have been either carried or dragged thither after they were dead. The conclusion therefore is, that they had been hunted up to the spot and there killed; and we can easily imagine how this could be effected by a large pack of dogs. But, indeed, no one who has seen a first-rate "colley" manœuvring a flock of sheep, will have much difficulty in believing anything respecting the instinct and sagacity of the dog.

Amongst the points of resemblance between Mr. James and Col. Markham, which we stated at the outset as a reason for uniting their books as the joint subject of an article, we did not notice one that is not less remarkable than those that we actually adduced. Reader! prepare thyself for a startling announcement. Col. Markham also has travelled on a charpoy! It was thus. Sir Charles Napier had issued a stringent order on the subject of leave of absence, in consequence of which, when, in 1850, Col. Markham applied for his usual holiday, the Brigadier would not forward his application. He told him, however, that the Colonel might go to the Commander-in-Chief himself, and state his own case. Accordingly, when Sir Charles came to Kote Kangra, he set out to pay his respects, and try if he could find any soft place in the heart of the old hero.

I had rather an amusing dāk up, for the bearers had been laid by mistake on the wrong road, and, after the first stage, I had to fish for myself. This ended in abandoning my palanquin, and travelling onwards in a most undignified style, tramping along the sandy road, followed by a couple of vagabond-looking coolies, one carrying my petarah, and the other a blanket.

Thus attended, I entered Jewala Mookee, where, in spite of the unusual style of my travelling, the kotewal provided me with bearers, and lashing together two bamboos and a bedstead, I soon rigged out an extemporary palki. * * * I slept as soundly all night in my improvised conveyance, as in an orthodox palanquin, and awoke at six A. M., as I was being carried into Kote Kangra."

The matter of the leave having been satisfactorily arranged, the Colonel set out on his fourth expedition, on the 25th of April, 1850. This was an extensive tour, the locality traversed being the upper part of the valley of the Chenab, up nearly to the place where it attains the most northerly point in its course, and turns abruptly from a north-west to a south-west direction. The game was mainly the ibex, a large number of which yielded up their spoils to the rifles of the Colonel and his friends. At this point of his narrative, our author introduces a selection from the narrations of Mr. Wilson, containing an account of many adventures "and hair-breadth escapes," related in that calm unexcitable tone which is precisely that which Cooper represents as characteristic of the professional hunter. We regret that there is no single incident so briefly related that we could give it a place in our pages.

The last of our author's tours was accomplished in the following year, 1851. It was intended to be much more extended than any of the preceding, and to stretch beyond the Himalayas, to the countries on the other side. But the death of Sir Dudley Hill broke up the arrangement, and Col. Markham was not able to start so early in the season as he had expected. The following was not a bad beginning of the campaign :

Halting for a day's shooting-match one march from the river, I killed a noble boar, after a long tracking. Accompanied by eight or nine men, we reached the verge of the forest, early in the morning, in search of gerow : all were on the look-out, and moving steadily onwards, when a beater made signs that he had found. Joining him as speedily as possible, he pointed out to me, in place of the expected gerow, a wild hog of large size, feeding just over the hill, and about a hundred yards from me. I fired, and hitting him in the shoulder, he made off, with us at his heels. As he bled freely from his wounds we had no difficulty in following his track down the mountain side, for a long way : at last he turned up again towards the crest of the hill through thick jungle, we still persevering in the chase, now forcing our way through the tangled underwood, now creeping and scrambling amongst the brush-wood, but never losing the track of the wounded boar.

It has since occurred to me, that we treated him rather coolly, for the ground was so difficult, that in many places, if we had come up to him, he would have had us completely at his mercy. The pursuit had now continued

some hours, so I determined to halt for breakfast, in hopes that when we ceased to press him he would lie down.

Our meal over, we were at him again. We had not gone far, however, and were following him up as fast as we could, and very carelessly, the traces being very plain; when in a moment, out of a patch of jungle, rushed our friend, making a splendid charge at the men who were leading. Away they bolted down the hill-side, and I was alone, with the boar coming straight at me. I do not like running away, but in this instance, it would have been prudent. I had foolishly let one of the men carry my rifle, but luckily for me, just in the nick of time, he thrust it into my hand as he bolted. The boar's appearance was so instantaneous, and his charge so rapid, that there was no time even to raise the rifle to my shoulder; I fired from the hip, almost in his face, and missed, (nearly killing one of the runaway coolies); the shot, however, caused him to swerve in his charge, and saved me from an awkward gash, or, perhaps, a more serious injury. The ball from my second barrel passed through his back, and even then, whilst struggling on the ground, the gallant brute turned, and did his best to get at me. I finished the boar with a shot from my spare rifle, and the routed beaters soon re-assembled. They carried him home, delighted with the prize, for they greedily devour wild pig, although they will not look at tame pork.

Though this trip was not so extensive as it was originally intended to have been, yet it embraced a great extent of country. The route was nearly northward to the banks of the Indus, in $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. latitude, and $78\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ E. longitude; then N. W. along the course of the Indus to $34^{\circ} 20'$ latitude; and 77° longitude, from whence a descent was made upon the capital of Cashmere, where the party, through the kind intervention of Sir Henry Lawrence with the Maharajah, met with a kind reception. The sport was good, and the enjoyment of it only diminished by the severe handling that one of the party got from a bear.

With this trip ends Col. Markham's interesting volume. In March of the following year he embarked for England. His subsequent history is well known in India. He was appointed Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's forces, which position he occupied until his recent promotion to the rank of Major-General. His official conduct has been a good deal canvassed; but it is no part of our present design to say a word for or against it. We only add, that his volume is well, because naturally and unaffectedly, written. It is moreover excellently "got up," and it receives additional value from a well executed map, and from some beautiful tinted lithographs and wood-cuts. Of the former some are from the sketches of Sir Edward Campbell, who was Col. Markham's companion in one of his excursions. We presume that those which have no signature are by the author himself.

It does seem to us that such excursions as these are well fitted to keep the soldier in training during the intervals of warfare. The physical exercise itself of no small value. The indifference to ease and luxury, and the willingness to take things as they come, are invaluable habits to the soldier. The steady facing of danger is a habit that can be better learned in no other school. One practice which Col. Markham seems to have invariably observed, we cannot too strongly recommend to the imitation of all other sportsmen. He seems to have let nothing tempt him to violate the Sabbath rest. Not only is this right, but it is also profitable. "The Sabbath is made for man," and its rest is absolutely necessary to keep him in his highest state of condition, physical and mental. Without it both the sportsman and his attendants, will be "knocked up" in half the time that they would otherwise hold out.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BETHUNE SOCIETY'S PAPERS.

1. *Reading of Macbeth.* By G. Lewis, Esq.
2. *On the Sanitary Improvement of Calcutta.* By Dr. Chucker-butty. Calcutta.

IN idea and aim, if not in execution and practical utility, the Society, of which the above are the first published papers, is worthy of all praise and support. In a former number of the *Review* we devoted an article to the consideration of it, in its history, its objects, its founder, and its probable results. When we say that the sanguine anticipations then formed, and the hearty greeting with which we welcomed it, have not been realized, we but assert what might almost be regarded as the natural law of Indian Societies. Who has not seen it in even a few years' experience; who has not a thousand times made and heard the remark about a new institution! "Oh! it will meet with the usual fate—successful for a short time, and then, away unto the land of oblivion or incapacity. Give it a year!" This is not the place to inquire why, but the fact is too true; and when we say that it has held good in the case of the Bethune Society to only a limited extent, we accord it and its supporters a praise that is by no means to be undervalued. We believe it to have been the means of exciting a greater desire for intellectual pursuits among hitherto apathetic natives, of carrying on that education which an itching for speedily earning rupees causes to be so stinted at the public school or college, and of giving ideas of literary excellence, mental power, and even national duties, beyond what had hitherto existed. But this has been confined to the few, and the nature of the influences flowing from it has been at once limited and partial. Unable as it has been, and will be for many years, to assume the position even relatively of the Literary Society in England, where elaborate papers are read to men with minds of a high *calibre*. It has forgotten that its object must first be to *train*, to discipline, to lead out the dormant faculties of passive Hindoos, and not to appeal to them as having minds already developed and educated. Instead of relying upon a few of the more educated of their own class, and many of their European friends, to supply them with intellectual food, they ought to look on the Society as a combination of branch Associations, each of which should consist of from twenty to thirty members, and both standing in the same relation to each other as a university to its affiliated colleges. In these small associations every one would feel the necessity of doing something, of reading an essay, conducting a debate, or criticising others.

Each would thus feel himself bound to the Society by some stronger tie than that of mere membership, which, in the generality of cases, consists in the payment of a certain subscription ; and a stimulus and spur would be imparted to all, even the most insignificant, which would speedily make *Young Bengal* no longer a term synonymous with bazaar dissipation, superficially civilised folly, and shallow scepticism, but would cause it to be applied to a body of eager young souls, who would feel that they must be the regenerators of India, that from them must spring forth that sincere earnestness, and by them must be practically applied that glorious truth, which shall make all men "free indeed." As it is, we find many young Societies clustering around this, which to the European eye seem no doubt filled with immense folly and senseless vanity, which seem excellent marks for the arrow of ridicule, but which may still, in future days, throw off the absurdities of their early youth, and become real "schools of the prophets" in India. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing that the Bethune Society has done, is not so much to resolve on having printed selections from its papers at this early stage of its history, as to give so prominent a place to the first paper which we have mentioned above, *A Reading of Macbeth*, by G. Lewis, Esq., Principal of the Dacca College. We truly compassionate Mr. Lewis on the ridiculous position in which he is placed before the readers of these selections, and are sure that he will join with us in loudly exclaiming against those who gave perpetuity to what he could not have intended for any destiny but to be read and forgotten. We had thought that the German Shakespeare-Mania had so shewn us the absurdity of our own, that that sort of thing had died out in England. But we find exemplified in India the law so logically induced by the philosophical street ballad-singer, that the steps of progress in the case of a new song, which contains in it the elements of popularity, can be distinctly traced *a priori* from its conception in the lyrical unconsciousness of the writer, though all the aristocratic patronage of elegant drawing-rooms and beautiful voices, the artistic excellence and popular applause of the fashionable theatre, the coarse delight of the degraded *casino*, and, finally, the glorious popularity of the great streets of a large city, or the peaceful fields of rustic hamlets. So with ideas and fashions, and tastes of all kinds, they descend from the higher to the lower. Hence the pedantic annotations, and unintelligent criticisms on Shakespeare, which have caused the sarcasm of the wit, and the lamentation of all good men, who think that beauty consists greatly in simplicity, have passed away, and the *Collyer-folio* is, we hope, the last of a series of glosses, which in absurdity and uselessness rival those of the critics of Byzantium and Alexandria, of Padua and Amsterdam. The spirit has fled from Britain to India, and we have reason to hope, that even now it is leaving India, to take refuge with the Karens of Burmah, or the Dyaks of the Straits. The paper before us is written by one who is at the head of an important educational institution, and is an indication that an error

which we have often lamented as characteristic of the system of education pursued in the Government Colleges, has not yet been wholly rectified. The useless, even for disciplining the faculties of the mind, the showy, the bombastic, the ridiculous, these have been too much its characteristics hitherto, as though the Hindoos, in common with all oriental nations, were not sufficiently addicted to these, without having them scientifically taught in a systematic course of education.

A change is now beginning to be evident, and in place of these, we shall have the sternly practical and utilitarian. An extreme this, but a much better one than its opposite, in this land of speculative dreaminess. When shall we reach the golden mean, where theory shall be valued only as it leads to practice, and practice only in so far as it is based on theory.

The other paper having been previously published, or at least printed, by its author, we previously noticed as doing the writer great credit. So far as advice goes, it is practical enough.

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1. *Prem Sagor. New edition. By E. B. Eastwick.*
 2. *Prem Sagor: or the Ocean of Love. Translated by E. B. Eastwick.*
 3. *Anvar-i-Suhili: being the Persian version of the Fables of Bid-pai.*
 4. *Hitopadesa; the Sanskrit Text.*
 5. *The same, literally translated into English. By Francis Johnson.*
 6. *Bagh-o-Bahar, literally translated. By E. B. Eastwick.*
 7. *Sakuntala, with Notes, &c. By Monier Williams.*
 8. *Gulistan of Sadi, translated by E. B. Eastwick.*
 9. *The Indian Penal Code, &c., &c., &c.*

THIS goodly list of oriental and other works should, in part at least, have been noticed by us before. They have all been printed and published by Mr. Stephen Austin, of Hertford, whose name, familiar to so many members of the Civil Service, may be unknown to the majority of our readers. Mr. Austin, besides being one of the booksellers to the East India College, and the publisher of the above works, is the proprietor of the *Herts Reformer*, a paper conducted for several years on liberal but not ultra principles, the columns of which have been enriched, at various times, by contributions from the pen of the late Dr. Arnold, from Sir Culling Eardley, and, if we mistake not, from Sir H. Ward, late High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. Mr. Austin, engaged in avocations thus numerous, has the reputation of having conducted himself in all with an honesty and integrity, which have raised him in his highly respectable profession, and have secured to him the regard of all with whom

he has been in any way connected. But it is as a publisher of works connected with the East, that we have the pleasure of introducing him to the notice of the Indian world. To facilitate the study of Orientals, and to present to the public several of the best works in the Persian and Sanscrit literature, in a suitable dress, he has spared neither exertions nor expense ; and we feel confident, that the clearness of the type and accuracy and elegance of the letter press, may bear a comparison with some of the best publications that have issued from Oxford or London. Indeed, he has been selected as a publisher, not only by some of the learned professors of the East India College, but by gentlemen wholly unconnected with it, and we shall be glad if this brief notice may have the effect of procuring him a larger sale for his works in India, the country for which they are specially designed. We may hope to give some of the publications a more extended notice than we are at present able to do, our object being to draw attention more to the character and position of the publisher, than to the books themselves.

Indian Leisure. By Capt. Robert McGregor, of the Bengal Retired List. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

GRADUALLY, year by year, the ranks of our Anglo-Indian writers swell, and new works are thrown with eager anxiety on the wide sea of literature and authorship. We have often wished that a full list of them all could be made out, and continually supplemented as occasion required. A dictionary of Anglo-Indian writers, or a history of Anglo-Indian literature, would form a subject of immense interest and instruction, not merely to the *griffin* or the *litterateur*, who makes India and Indians his interested or idle study, but to the student who wishes to turn over a new page in the history of the human mind, and the English language and thought, in a country where circumstances, associations and ties are so very different from those of every other land. Such a work might enliven what is of more scholarly interest still,—the history of the English language among the Hindoos, and might help to answer the question, how far it has influenced them, their national character and modes of thought, how far it has been moulded, influenced, some might say murdered, by them ? This latter question must be entered on sooner or later. We have a constantly encreasing body at once of sojourners and natives able to write well in the English language ; and it were well that the experience of the past were recorded and analyzed, that it might serve as a guide and a beacon for their future career.

And here comes another to add his name to the list of those who have not merely felt and studied, and passed a lettered indolence in India, who have not merely expressed the result of such feelings

and studies, in language and poetry, but have thought these results so important, and that language and poetry so beautiful, that it should be given to the world, and that too, to the world of the west, through the medium of such publishers as Smith, Elder and Co. It may be right for the Indian *litterateur* to write for his brethren in exile, it may be becoming in him thus to attract them from the vices to which an idler in India is so much addicted, and direct their abused energies to the attractive paths of study and imaginative poesy; it may be proper for him thus to prove that somebody else than the Missionaries in India, can really attempt to do good to others than self; but we question if, for his own reputation, the enlightenment of the book-deluged folks of the west, or for the peace of mind of the critics who guard the publishing market there, it is allowable for him to say, I shall extend the fresh bloom and blessings of my circulation to the hearts and heads of the readers of Britain. Had the work before us claimed only an Indian sale and an Indian reputation, it would doubtless have got both; but, unfortunately, we fear, both must now be denied it. It is one thing to judge of the merits of a work abstractly, or with reference to high standards of literary excellence, another to view it in the light of such circumstances as exist in India, and of such productions as have issued from an Indian publishing house. We have here the old story of Icarus reproduced, in the case of one from whom the world would least expect it—a Captain of the Bengal Retired List. As it is, let us see the extent of his work and the character of its execution.

The former has a very wide range—Italy, France, England, India. The result is, that the volume is what would be termed by a puffing publisher, respectable. It contains five hundred and eighty pages—not a mere *brochure*, but the matured fruits of “Indian Leisure.” Petrarch and his Laura are introduced to us in galloping haste, lest, as is remarked in the Preface, he should be “forestalled from any other quarter.” To say that he has succeeded in rendering these either accurately or elegantly, or with that tint of fresh emotion that lights them up, would be to say that he has done what many* greater than he have attempted, and failed in. Perhaps the most untranslatable work in the world is Petrarch; and even Lady Dacre could only get a few of her sonnets acknowledged by the Italians themselves to be tolerable. This is followed by a translation or adaptation of Alfieri’s Agamemnon. All that we can say is, if Alfieri is not more readable and attractive in his own tongue than in Capt. McGregor’s, he is not worth translating. So far as his Italian studies go, our author, from his notes, seems better fitted to understand and explain historical allusions and trace resemblances and analogies, than with the swift appreciation of a master-soul to catch the ever-felt, but almost inexpressible beauties of the Prince of Italian poets, and body them forth in a language so different from the all-musical and emotional Italian. Fully to

express the poetic power of Petrarch, would require another genius like his own.

We had not expected from a translator of Petrarch such bad taste as to attempt a version of the *Henriade of Voltaire*. Most execrable of epics and unpoetical of poems, having neither the historical simplicity and interest of his Charles XII., the mock heroism of his tragedies (for we shall never be convinced that he did not write them in jest) nor the exquisite wit of his conversation and *bon-mots*! We have not even attempted to read this translation, remembering with fear the time, when, prepared to drink in a full draught of glorious poetry, we unluckily read some hundred lines of the original, and, for at least one year, forswore all that bore the name of poetry or verse. The *Henriade* is the sublimest joke in the language of the most witty of nations, and Voltaire must have chuckled when he perpetrated such a production, and found that the odour of a name, great to *la belle France* from other works, had given this a sweet-smelling savour. We have no doubt that our author's translation is much better than the original. It would have been well for him of Ferney, if his reputation had, like Cicero's, gone down as a poet, the proof being for ever lost.

The Anthology that follows is not quite, but still it is more original. We hold to this, that no great poet can submit to become the medium for giving forth the thoughts and longings of another, without losing his greatness. In all true poetry the subjective must predominate, and in proportion as it exists to a proper degree and in a proper intensity, is there the *vis poetica*. A poet and a translator cannot be combined, without the usual result—mediocrity. An acid and an alkali produce a neutral salt. Capt. McGregor may be an excellent translator, he is a poor poet. He is out and out objective, and yet he is not artistic. We can, as in the case of Alexander Pope, pardon the former where the latter exists. He abounds in conceits and mere inversion of clauses, like Sternhold and Hopkins, and that is not poetry. Witness the following :—

THE BRIDE.

“ O blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.”

So sang the poet sweetly, soothly too,
And honour gave to whom was honour due,
Not from the Muse that meek worth conquer'd fame
For Truth and Poetry were there the same.

Yet in that verse tho' lavish'd every phrase
Which love, respect for excellence conveys ;
Shall there no voice in younger time be found,
Lovely and good, thy kindred praise to sound ?
From the soul's fulness if the tongue could speak
To paint my feelings why is language weak ?
Why ponder, pause I thus ? In thy chaste ear
I may not whisper what thou might'st not hear :
Yet sweet one ! what we think thee, what thou art
Though my words nothing tell thee, read my heart.

In these days of hot-blooded young poets, of Balder and Yendys, and Smith and Massey, this may seem to have the ring of true metal :—

A CAMP SONG.

To horse, to horse, merry comrades all !
Hear ye not the bugle call ?
The sun shines o'er the mountains high,
Then mount, mount, mount ! the foe is nigh.

See far and fast their bands advancing,
Sabre and spur and pennon glancing,
Those banners wave in the morning fair,
A bloodier tint shall soon be there.

Down with the foeman,
In battle spare no man,
Save him who struggled boldly ;
Slay, slay the coward
Who fled when death lower'd,
Or but fought for his country coldly.

Now on, on, on, where the swords are clashing,
Where war-steeds are fastest and fiercest dashing ;
Rush where the foeman's ranks are thickest,
Glory or death come there the quickest.
Victory, victory, the day's our own,
Fortune hath on freedom shone ;
Ours is the fame which cannot die,
Ours the names which shall shine on high :
Peace be to them, the gallant and brave
Who silently sleep in Honour's grave,
And laurels to us who the fight outlive,
With the smiles that Beauty knows well to give.

To how many a longing and bitter emotion does the following give vent and expression. It may be the subject that makes it seem so, it may be the suffusion of sorrow that is outspread in the words, sympathized in by those of us who have felt, and ah ! how bitterly, the thoughts that they express ; but this does seem very much nearer poetry than all the rest :—

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

For whom these roses grew, she is no more,
No more for me awhile ! Vast ocean's roar
Severs us now : till two long years are past,
Our lots, which yet grew twin-like, must be cast
'Mid different scenes and under distant skies !
Childless and spouseless now, for me her eyes
Large, loving, lustrous—save in Memory's dream
As stars thro' mist—no more in rapture beam.
Her looks and winning words now others bless,
Others her form in fondest welcome press.
Yet bear thou up, my heart ! nor grudge that she,
Long dear as thine, dear for herself, should be :
She tending them, they her, each, all shall more !
Son, brother, husband, love thee than before :
Their present joy, and new-found wealth in her
Shall closer love and holier union stir,

Young mother she, fondling those reverent hairs
 Shall lighten age and sing aside its cares ;
 While, circling that grave aunt, in frolic glee,
 Our children climb her side or clasp her knee ;
 And as—in pictur'd woof so mix and meet
 Light threads and dark—old memories, bitter-sweet,
 Then rise of thee, the rose-lipp'd angel, Hope
 Stands smiling near, the ready door to ope
 Of a bright future, calm and cloudless, when
 Old, young, all dear to thee, united then
 Round one glad hearth to one good God shall raise
 From happy hearts the prayer of grateful praise.

After all, our Anglo-Indian poets will find that their true strength lies in the emotional—in the elegiac or the lyric. They fail, and have failed in the descriptive, and there are other eyes that have never really seen Indian scenes or gazed on an Indian sun, that have yet more truly bodied forth in fancy the reality, than all who have ever trod its shores. If, in leaving home for a foreign clime, the emigrant who goes to search out a new fortune under new skies, can sing the words of Gilfillan with such an exquisite depth of pathos,

“The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs
 And, to the Indian maid
 The bulbul sweetly sings,
 But I dinna see the broom
 Wi' its tassels on the lea
 Nor hear the linties sing,
 O' my ain countrie,”

surely the emotions peculiar to an Indian life, the parting of husband and wife, of parents and children, the bloom that so early fades from the cheek of the latter, the disease that so swiftly carries off the former, the land that makes widows and orphans, that breaks hearts and makes madmen, the land of trial and sorrow and woe, the land of tall black monuments and vainly proud sepulchral processions, surely these might quicken even a dead poetic soul into unwonted life, and tune with angels' melody a harp that had lain long unstrung, even though played by an unskilful hand. Were then the author of *Indian Leisure* to cast Voltaire to the winds, and give up Petrarch in despair, were he to say,—I have lived many years in India, I know it well, its scenes, its circumstances, and the emotions peculiar to them, and I shall henceforth strive to express them, he would at once recognise a definite and fruitful mission, and his success might be as great as his hopes were modest, and his heart sincere.

Report of the Calcutta Normal School for Christian Female Teachers. 1855.

WE do not generally notice the Reports of Educational Institutions ; but the cause of Female Education in India is so important, as

to warrant a departure from an ordinary rule. And, besides, Normal Schools, too long neglected, have a peculiar claim. Individual teachers have been, doubtless, trained in many institutions; but this is the first in India, so far as we know, that has devoted its undivided attention to the work of training female teachers. Normal Schools should be multiplied, with a view to the education of native females. Ladies from Britain cannot soon, if ever, acquire the languages of the country perfectly; and, whether they come out as unmarried agents of Societies, or spontaneously, as the wives of Missionaries or others, take a part in the work, there are so many changes in health, and other circumstances, that except in rare cases, long sustained exertion, with the advantages of enlarged experience, have been lost to female education. With this manifold disadvantage in supplies of teachers from Europe, it is urgently necessary that a band of well-trained instructors should be prepared here, who are inured to the climate, acquainted with the language, and familiar with the habits of the people. The retention of them, however, for any long period, is scarcely to be expected, which renders the training of a larger number necessary; and, if these frequent transitions cause perplexity, the comfort is, that acquirements will not be lost if model families be multiplied in the land.

"This Institution," we learn from the Report, "owes its existence to the indefatigable exertions of Mrs. J. J. Mackenzie, the originator of the scheme, and the zealous promoter of its establishment;" and it is now under the patronage of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Lady Gomm. Three years ago it was opened by the Misses Suter, who have given ample proof of being admirably qualified for their Mission. For a short time pupils were admitted, whether intending to become teachers or not; but soon it was restored to its proper object. Though reduced in numbers, the results will be ultimately larger by adherence to a specific purpose. It is gratifying to find that, after so brief a period, two have left the school for their vocation—one in Calcutta, and the other at Burdwan.

Whilst this institution is dependent to a large extent on the generous aid of the public, the pupils are not admitted gratuitously. This is a feature worthy of all commendation. A healthy system of economics ought to be, as speedily as possible, introduced into all schools. The setting of these aside, to give free scope to a generous impulse, or to save the sensibilities of some over-refined sentiment, is a short-sighted policy, and would cripple the cause we desire to promote.

Where there is so much to praise, we regret to find anything to censure. In one paragraph the accomplished ladies who conduct the Normal School are alluded to, but they are not once named in the Report,—a fact which might be creditably explained, if it were their own production; but it evidently emanates entirely from the Committee. Surely then a place of honour will be assigned them beside the office-bearers of the institution? Here is a list of twenty ladies and

gentlemen, headed by the venerable Lord Bishop, all printed in beautiful capitals, but again there is no place for the *MISSSES SUTER* ! A stranger would be at a loss to discover to whom the work is intrusted, but for a line in small type in the accounts ! Let honour be given to whom honour is due, and right heartily do we render it to the promoters of this institution ; but giving a portion from their leisure and their affluence is scarcely to be compared to the daily toil for years, of the real workers in the enterprise. A Normal School, besides, is the last place in the world where the work of instruction, in the persons of its teachers and the eyes of its pupils, should have its dignity diminished. This may have been far from the intention of the excellent Committee, and a future Report may make amends for the omission. It would be well, if in India there were a diffusion of right views on this subject, corresponding to the change of sentiment which has been making rapid progress in Britain, towards elevating the profession of teachers to its rightful place. and if any have a peculiar claim to respect, they are those who are voluntary exiles in an ungenial clime, labouring in a sphere in which no fortune can possibly be realized, and whose efforts are hallowed by Missionary aims.

1. *A Manual of Practical Therapeutics, considered chiefly with reference to the articles of Materia Medica.* By Edward John Waring, M. R. C. S., H. E. I. C. S., London.
2. *An enquiry into the Statistics and Pathology of some points connected with Abscess in the Liver, as met with in the East Indies.* By Ed. John Waring.

THE two works which are now before us are by an officer of the Madras Medical Establishment ; and though, from the nature of the subjects of which they treat, a notice of them should rather find a place in the pages of our cotemporary, the "*Indian Annals of Medical Science*,"—yet as emanating from the Indian press, they claim a share of our attention also. A word in passing on the Indian annals, each succeeding number of which supports the high character and position which its first appearance promised. We congratulate the Medical service of Bengal on having at length established a Journal which bids fair to rival those of Europe by the excellence and originality of its contents. The editors are deserving of the warmest thanks of the profession, for the style and manner in which they have brought out the work, no less than for opening its pages for the contributions of any who may have cases or notes they deem worthy of record.

The two works heading this notice, the one on Therapeutics, the other on Abscess of the Liver, are by Mr. Waring, now Presidency

Surgeon at Travancore. They afford a lesson, the former especially, which Medical Officers entering the Company's service would do well to follow. We have often heard it alleged, and believe the feeling to be pretty generally prevalent among Surgeons of Native Regiments and of small mofussil stations, that the cases admitted to the hospitals under their charge are so constantly of the same unvarying type, and the treatment so much a matter of routine, that they leave them more and more to the care of the native doctor, rarely if ever meeting with any case of interest to excite their professional zeal, while, however desirous they may be of investigating any disputed point of Medical Science, works of reference are not to be had. Admitting that there is some truth in these opinions, we are confident that few fields offer better opportunities for the really zealous and industrious Medical Officer than the mofussil stations of Bengal. There are now but few in which Dispensaries are not established, and to these, if the Medical Attendant shows an interest in their cases, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, from all the surrounding districts, will gladly flock for advice, which, if encouraged, they speedily learn to appreciate.

We have been led into making these remarks from learning, in the introduction to the *Manual of Therapeutics*, that "it was compiled and arranged at Mergui, a small isolated station in the Tenasserim provinces (part of ancient Burmah.) It is the southernmost part [post?] occupied by the East India Company's troops in the above province, being situated about 240 miles from Maulmein, above 1,000 miles from Calcutta, and a still greater distance from Madras." ●

In times of peace, the only means of communication with the above places was by a monthly steamer, and after the outbreak of the Burmese War (1851), by a small sailing vessel, whose visits, like those of angels, were few and far between. Thus, as may readily be supposed, great difficulties existed in obtaining books for reference. Calcutta is the nearest place at which these can be procured, and a space of at least three months must necessarily elapse between the periods of writing to that city for books, and receiving them, or, in the stead, a polite note from the booksellers, to the effect that the work or works in question are not procurable in Calcutta, but that, on receiving instructions to that effect, they will procure them from England by the next overland mail, thereby entailing a delay of several months and a considerable extra expense. However anxious a writer, under such circumstances, may be to accumulate facts or to verify notes which have been taken years previously, without any view to subsequent publication, the obstacles thrown in his way are so numerous, that it is impossible to overcome them entirely, or to complete a work to his satisfaction. In addition to these difficulties, it may be added that the writer was "in orders" to proceed to an appointment at least 1,500 miles from Mergui whilst the work was proceeding to a termination, and that, in consequence, he was much hurried in effecting its completion, as travelling in India is but little suited for carrying on any literary occupation.

In the face of all these difficulties, Mr. Waring has compiled a *Manual of Therapeutics*, of the merits of which we can scarcely speak too highly. The design of the work, as we are informed by the writer, is to supply what he regards as a deficiency of information in the department of Therapeutics in works on *Materia Medica*.

Full and comprehensive as are the descriptions of the botanical and chemical characteristics of the various substances employed in Medicine, he is of opinion that their medicinal application to the treatment of diseased and morbid conditions of the body has not met with that consideration which its importance demands, and he has endeavoured to remedy this deficiency by—

Collecting and bringing within a small compass the opinions and experience of the most eminent writers of modern times, as to the real value of the articles of the *Materia Medica* in the treatment of disease. Such a work has, in the opinion of the compiler, been long needed, especially by the younger members of the profession, and by students. There is one class of medical men, who may be denominated the floating practitioners, surgeons in the army, the navy, the East India Company's Service, those engaged in emigrant or merchant ships, and also those resident in isolated spots in our distant colonies, to whom it is confidently expected a work like the present will prove acceptable and useful.

The first part of the work consists of the articles of the *Materia Medica*, arranged alphabetically, each with a concise description of its botanical or chemical characters, followed by a general account of its medicinal properties and action, and a more particular one of the special diseases in which it has been employed, with formulary and full references to the authorities by whom it has been recommended. To give our readers a better idea of our author's style, we extract from the first page the account of Gum Arabic.

ACACIA. *Acaciæ Gummi.* Gum Acacia. Gum Arabic. The gum of *Acacia Vera*, *A. Arabica*, and other allied species. *Nat. Ord.* Leguminosæ. *Linn. Syst.* Polygamia Monœcia. *Source*, Various—Senegal, Arabia, Cape of Good Hope, Bombay, and New Holland.

Med. Prop. and Action. Demulcent. In moderate quantities it does not produce any sensible effect on the system; indeed it is stated to be used as food by the natives of Senegal; six ounces being considered sufficient for the daily support of an adult. It forms an excellent adjunct to other demulcents in pulmonary and genito-urinary affections. The Mucilage (Powdered Gum $\frac{3}{4}$ x, Boiling Distilled Water Oj.) is the best form for internal use. Prof. Graham* considers that the Gum may be employed as an article of diet for diabetic patients, without risk of increasing the quantity of saccharine matter discharged in their urine. This is not what would *a priori* have been expected, but it is nevertheless a valuable fact to be made aware of.

Incompatibles. The strong Mineral Acids; Alcohol; Ether; Acetate of Lead; Tinct. Ferri Sesquichlor. and other Tinctures.

Therapeutic Uses. In Coughs much relief is often experienced from allowing a piece of gum to dissolve slowly in the mouth. It is particularly useful in allaying the irritation of the throat which excites Cough in *Phthisis*. Dr. A. T. Thompson† advises the following formula;—*R* Mucilag. *Acaciæ* $\frac{3}{4}$ j, *Ol. Amygd.*: *Syr. Papav. Alb.* aa $\frac{3}{4}$ ss., *Aquæ* $\frac{3}{4}$ iv., *Acid. Citrici ad gratiam acidulat.* *M.* Dose $\frac{3}{4}$ j— $\frac{3}{4}$ ij. when required.

In Ardor Urinæ, Calculous affections, and in Diarrhœa the mucilage, combined with narcotics or demulcents, proves of great service.

In Hæmorrhage, the local application of finely-powdered gum is often effectual in arresting the flow of blood. A case of severe *Epistaxis*, successfully treated by finely-powdered gum, blown into the nostril, is reported in Hufeland's Journal.‡

* Quoted by Ballard and Garrod, *Mat. Med.* p. 2—6.

† Dispensatory, p. 877.

‡ Med. Repository, vol. xxvii.

In Burns and Scalds, Mr. Rhind, * of Edinburgh, advises applying a thick solution of Gum Arabic over the burnt surface. He states that it relieves the pain almost immediately, and that, under its use, the healing process appears to be hastened. He adds that repeated trials for several years, and strict observation, confirm him as to the value of the treatment. It doubtless acts by excluding the air, on the same principle as Collodion or Cotton.

To Sore Nipples, Mr. Erasmus Wilson † speaks of the mucilage of acacia as a useful application. He directs it to be pencilled on the tender part immediately after suckling, and the nipple to be protected with a leaden shield. He also speaks favourably of the application of a powder composed of equal parts of Gum Acacia and Borax.

This part of the work has been compiled with great care, and though we notice many omissions, and some few errors, they are infinitely less than might have been looked for when the disadvantages under which the author laboured, are taken into consideration. Our surprise is rather where material could have been found at Mergui to enable him to enter so fully as he has done, into the medicinal properties and uses of what he describes, and the diseases in which they have been recommended. As, for instance, Nitrate of Silver to which no fewer than fourteen pages are given, and Opium, the account of which fills twenty-four. The second part of the work is devoted to a consideration of medicinal agents according to effect, as Cathartics, Expectorants, &c. Under each head are given the diseases to which they are specially applicable, with the symptoms indicating or contra-indicating their use, and the cautions to be observed in their administration.

The third part is a Table of Drugs, exhibiting "the adulterations the most commonly in use, their mode of detection, and the principal signs of purity," followed by a table exhibiting the symptoms, treatment and mode of detecting the various poisons, mineral, vegetable and animal, abridged from Dr. Dunglison's Dictionary of Medical Science. The work concludes with a table of synonyms of some of the most useful Medicines procurable in the East Indies, in Hindostanee, Persian, Arabic, Tamil, Burmese and Malay, rendering it specially useful to the Indian practitioner.

The work is concluded by a series of indices upon the plan adopted by R. Griffith of Philadelphia, in the "Universal Formulary," being an Index of remedies for all the principal diseases to which flesh is heir, arranged under their several names, each having the proper reference to its page. Thus under Amaurosis we have—

Amaurosis. Aconitum Napellus, Tartar Emetic, Arnica, Camphor, Guaiacum, Calomel, Iodide of Potassium, Rhin. Toxicodendron, Ol. Terebinthinæ, Blood-letting. Electricity, Issues.—*Local Applications*: Tinct. Aconiti, Liquor Ammoniac (vapour), Camphor (fumigation), Strychnia, Nux Vomica, Veratrina, Veratrum Album, Blisters.

These indices facilitate reference, but are apt to confuse the

* Edin. Med. and Surg. Journ., No. cliii. p. 428.

† On Diseases of the Skin, 3rd Ed., 1851, p. 178.

young practitioner, who with so many remedies for each disease, might be puzzled with which to commence upon his patient.

Our space does not permit us to dwell longer upon a work which, we have no doubt, will be found to answer fully the expectations of the author, and supply the practitioner with a most useful work of reference. We can but briefly notice the pamphlet on Abscess of the Liver. The author has shown great diligence in collecting together, from various sources, the history of 300 cases of Liver Abscess. Of each he has given a concise account of the symptoms, treatment, and when fatal, of the post mortem appearances. He has given numerous tables, showing the per centage of various symptoms, the relative frequency of diseases in different parts of the organ, and the comparative utility of various modes of treatment, concluding with a well founded caution against the indiscriminate use of Mercury in infectious diseases.

"It is," he states "a remedy of very doubtful utility; its free exhibition is undoubtedly no preventative of hepatic abscess. Out of 300 cases admitted under various headings, Mercury was exhibited in one form or another in 135 cases; of this number it caused distinct salivation in 18, and in 17 others it produced a sore or ulcerated state of the gums, but without free or proper ptialism; in 19 others it appears to have been given with an unsparing hand, but without producing its specific effects on the system."

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THE
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- ART. I.—1. *Wilson's Vishnu Puran.*
2. *Powtaliha Probadha.*
3. *Coleman's Mythology of the Hindus.*
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THOUGH its Maker pronounced the world good at its birth, Sin advanced rapidly upon it; and one of the earliest forms of its deparavation was idolatry, or the worship of personifications and images. The practice appears to have commenced as early as the fifth century after the creation, and while the first parents were yet alive. In the days of Enos, the son of Seth, the sons of Adam, say the Rabbis, erred with great error: the counsels of the wise became brutish, and Enos himself was of them that erred; and their error consisted in lauding and glorifying the stars and spheres, the greater and lesser lights, which God had made to shine. To these they began to build temples and offer up their sacrifices; and, in process of time, they made images after their likeness, that they might serve them. And the everlasting and fearful name of Jehovah was forgotten.

Man forgot his Maker, to do reverence to things that were made, feigning unto himself the existence of lofty and invisible spirits as the rulers of heaven and earth. The softly setting sun and the silver moon were converted into divinities; in the rush of the storm and the course of the lightning, were read races of angels and of gods. The fanciful descried in the roaring flood a deity, and the foolish paid the first fair honors of the harvest to imps of their own creation. Beliefs like these, handed down from one generation to another, and gaining strength with each descent, soon widely supplanted the belief in the one true God.

But, though true religion was thus compelled to make room for mythology, yet the first great principle of religious worship, the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, was too obvious a truth to be altogether and entirely relinquished; and amongst the most barbarous nations, as well as amongst the most refined, the belief in an All-powerful Deity, superior

to every object of worship, and not to be represented by pictures and images, was always intuitively entertained. The philosophers of Greece and Rome denied not the existence of a mightier divinity than Zeus or Jove; the Saxons, the Scandinavians, and the Goths, acknowledged in Alfader whom no one dared to name, a god superior even to Adin; the barbarous inhabitants of Mexico believed Teotl to be self-existent and the mightiest of spirits, who was not to be worshipped; and, in China and Egypt, the knowledge of a Being infinite and omnipotent, existed even in the palmiest days of idolatry. The idea of a one true God, could not, under any circumstances, be altogether cast off, even in the most savage and illiterate countries; and Heathenism, in all ages, has consisted rather in the forgetfulness of that Creator, than in the wilful abandonment of the mighty conception.

In perfect accordance with the general rule, the Hindu religion too, primarily consists in the acknowledgment of one supreme and only God, described as being infinite and eternal, the light of lights, and the soul of the universe. This is admitted most distinctly. But, at the same time, it is as distinctly laid down that it is a belief only for the learned and the wise, the God thus believed in being declared to be incomprehensible and unknown. Philosophers may discern him in their vagaries and dreams, but for blunter intellects there are no means of approaching near to him. To him therefore are assigned neither temples nor altars, and, it is pretended, that, he is too holy to be either praised or addressed in prayer, and, being beyond the limits of human conception, can neither be an object of love, hope, nor fear to the multitude.

For the mass of mankind, the legislators of India have thought it wise to frame a religion more on a level with ordinary understandings, and they have done so by assigning sensible forms and attributes to that Deity, who, according to the fundamental doctrines of their own belief, has neither form nor quality. Working upon this foundation, they have woven out a system of mythology, which has, perhaps, nowhere been surpassed either in extent, richness, or obscenity. To make amends for the mystic character of the one unknown God, 330 millions of deities have been conjured up into existence, and invested with shape, individuality, and character; and, to crown all, endowed with the worst passions and infirmities of human nature. Such ever are the aberrations of the human mind. From one extreme it ever flies to another,—now advocating an unconscious Brahma, anon upholding a lascivious Mahadeva. The Christian Scriptures tell us that God made man after his own image.

Man, in making gods, appears to have proceeded on the same principle, for he has everywhere allowed to such creatures all the imperfections of his own nature, all the lusts, appetites, and passions which sway him, and many more, perhaps to mark his greater esteem. Such are the beings now worshipped throughout India. To give a history of this host of deities, is not the object of this article. That history, in all its details, forms the subject of the eighteen Purans, (which vie with each other in extravagance,) and the eighteen Upa Purans, (which are equally rhapsodical and monstrous,) and could not be compressed within the limits of as many pages; and it is so wide, so endlessly diversified, so confused, and so contradictory, that an effort to reduce it to a regular arrangement, would entail more trouble and vexation than the subject is worth. We shall rather endeavour to examine how far, if at all, this monstrous system of personifications has answered the proper objects of religion; and we only hope our readers will not grudge the details which this examination may render it necessary to inflict on them.

Brahm, according to the Hindu religion, is the one God; and besides him there is none other. He is composed of qualities, and lives abstractedly in himself. But, to create worlds, he gave birth to *Maya*, and that *Maya* created the universe and all living things therein. The energy manifested in the creation thenceforth became immortal, and is personified under the name of Narayana, which the devotees claim for Vishnu, to exalt him above his rivals. To others, *Maya*, or *Sacti*, is a female power, personified under the name of *Bhavani*. Be that as it may, this energy, according to the Puranic doctrine, hath different attributes, which Brahm himself hath none; and the learned among the Hindus wish it to be understood, that to these attributes of the divine spirit they pay their adoration. Images were erected to describe these to the eye, and “gods many” therefore, are only the representations of the attributes of the one God, or rather the intelligible symbols of a being too mighty for man to approach, and too mystic for man to comprehend. And hence to them are consecrated temples, to them are addressed the language of praise and prayer, to them are offered sacrifices and immolations, and every tribute of respect due, but unrenderable, to the one supreme.

In theory this doctrine is incorrect; but we shall not stop to elucidate that here. The manner in which it is practically carried out, is more extraordinary than the theory itself. We are told, as often as there is an opportunity to repeat the

saying, that the different gods are all one—there is no difference between them, but in name,—they are the diversified forms of the same being. And it is even contended that the worship paid to them severally is essentially the same, and is nothing more or less than the worship of the one God. As rivers through a hundred channels seek the sea, so likewise, faith seeks God through all the different names that are worshiped. But this assertion tallies not with the facts. It is a mere excuse. The sublime conceptions respecting Brahm, the general consistency of his character, the awful terms and expressions used in speaking of him, have no affinity at all with the ideas entertained of his many personifications. These are become distinct personages, several modes and forms of worship have been invented for their several adorations, divers sorts of sacrifice are enjoined to please, propitiate, and appease them, their worshippers have separated into sects, and battles have been waged between these fanatic sectarians for pre-eminence. The gods are different from each other in complexion, and character, swayed by different lusts and passions, and erring and sinning like the worst of men; and disgusting inconsistencies and profanities of their worship are nothing in them, that can, for a moment, be mistaken, or confounded with, the pure adoration of God. No one would venture to identify even for a moment, the one God of the Brahms, with the Brahmi of the Hindu Shasters, with Brahma, Mahadeva, and the rest who have their different wives, different children, their different pursuits and their different pleasures, appears to us to be unaccountable. The legends respecting them are never consistent one with another, and the whole together in the Purans, forms a vast and heterogeneous mass, which gives us no definite idea of the one God. If we endeavour to trace Him in the Purans, we see His character belied, doings attributed to Him entirely at variance with the independence of His condition and the correctness of his morals, and even the appearance of truth is lost sight of, in the multiplicity of falsehoods with which these are intertwined. We will now proceed to exemplify these observations by a reference to facts.

Of the creation, the Purans give us more than half a dozen accounts. The *Shaxda Puran* asserts, that, while Vishnu was sleeping on ananta, on the face of the waters, a lotus sprung from his navel, from which issued Brahma, the pitamaha of gods and men. I am the first born, said Brahma; but Vishnu denied his primo-geniture, and then they had a furious battle, which was no sooner terminated, than they formed a third

amongst them, no other than Siva himself, who claimed to be born prior to both. The *Bhagavat Puran* upholds the same story, only taking no notice of Siva's pre-eminence, Vishnu being the hero it upholds. A third notion, common to all the Purans, which advocate the pre-eminence of the female principle, maintains that God the Supreme, first formed Bhavani, a goddess, who brought forth three sons, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and then converted herself into three to make love to them. A fourth, evidently a Saiva version, admitting the birth of the tri-murti, from Bhavani, pretends that the lady herself, in her own proper person, and without any conversion, made incestuous advances to her children, for rejecting which, with horror, Brahma and Vishnu were consumed with the fire that emanated from her frontal eye. Siva, dreading a like fate, had recourse to stratagem to evade it, and, agreeing to consort with her, demanded in the first place that she would give up to him her potent orb. With this request the infatuated goddess complied, and at once adorned him with it, when, conscious of his power, instead of repaying her love, Siva destroyed her by a glance of the flaming eye, and, after reviving Brahma and Vishnu, set to create out of Davi's ashes, Seraswati, Lakshmi, and Parvati, their respective wives. The *Markandeya Puran* mentions, that Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, were produced from Maha Seraswati, Maha Lukshmi, and Maha Kali, respectively. In fact, there is no end to these contradictory versions. All the fables, however, agree in this, that, the universe made Brahm, the one God, committed its arrangement, guidance, and government to the three subordinate deities, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, allotting to each severally one of the three great operations of nature ; to wit, production, preservation, and destruction. Says Major Moor on the subject, in mythology, Brahma is the creator, Vishnu the preserver, Siva the destroyer ; in metaphysics, the first is matter, the second spirit, the third time ; and in natural philosophy, earth, water, and fire, respectively.

Brahma, the creator, now set himself to create men and animals, and reduce the universe to order ; and of this circumstance again, we have many conflicting accounts. According to the one most generally accepted, the difficulties which beset Brahma were so great, that he actually wept floods of tears regretting his impotence. Siva pitying him, thereupon undertook the task. But he produced only a great many demons and Lob-goblins, seeing which, Brahma was sadly confounded, and resumed his labors. At last, after many disappointments, he

created, or rather became himself, a man and woman in mutual embrace. He then caused the two to fall off, and thus they became man and wife, and approaching each other, propagated the human species. But the woman was ashamed of the part it fell on her to play, and changed herself into a cow to elude her lover, who instantly became a bull, and thus were kine begotten. The cow then changed herself into a mare, and the bull became a stallion, and thus were horses produced: and, in like manner, were creatures of every other sort created. This would be a good story for children, if it were not indelicate. But is it worthy of the serious attention of men? And yet it has not only a place in the Purans, but is backed also by the Veds!

The first human beings created were ten Bramadicas, or the children of Brahma, named Marichi, Atri, Angiras, Putastya, Pulahu, Critu, Dackha, Vashishta, Bhrigu, and Narad. The seven Rishis also are said to have sprung directly from Brahma, viz., Casyapa, Atri, Vashishta, Viswamitra, Gautama, Jamadagni, and Bharadwaja. And, as two names, those of Atri, and Vashishta, occur both among the Bramadicas and the Rishis, it has been inferred that the Bramadicas and the Rishis were the same men differently named. They were *Bramadicas*, or lords of the creation, by birth; and *Rishis*, or penitents, by choice, when advancing age warned them to withdraw from the turmoils of life. Of these Bramadicas, Casyapa married Aditi, and became the father of the immortals, that is, of the minor gods; who are hence called the grand children of Brahma. From the others descended the seven Munis, named Swayaurbhuba, Śwarochisha, Uttama, Tamasa, Raivata, Chacshusha, and Satyavrata; and these were the immediate progenitors of mankind. The eldest son of Satyavrata was named Jyapeti, and our orientalists, ever anxious to catch at a straw, have hence concluded that Satyavrata and Noah were one, because the names Jyapeti and Japhet have some letters in common.

As the creator, Brahma is represented with four heads, to look after all sides of the world. He had a fifth, but this, according to the *Kasihund* of the *Shanda Puran*, was lopped off by Siva, in a contest for supremacy. The Abé Dubois says, that the contest originated on account of Brahma having ravished Parvati, the wife of Siva. But we do not know on what authority this assertion rests. Brahma has also four hands, in one of which he holds a book, emblematic of the Veds, in another a string of beads, and in two, other articles used in worship. All these, it is affected, are pregnant with wise significations; and his color is darkened, or golden, to mean that he is replete with amateness. Of this

latter quality, indeed, he has left too many proofs behind him, but how few, if any, of a God-like character. In the *Vishnu Puran* it is stated, that he attempted the chastity of his daughter Sundhya, and the *Matsya Puran*, (which names her Satarupa,) says, that he lived with her, as man and wife, for a hundred years. At the marriage of Siva and Parvati also, he is recorded to have betrayed the lustfulness of his character in a manner very unbecoming the grand-father of gods and men. The sight merely of Parvati's feet excited him so as to occasion the birth of a son, somewhat after the manner in which Vulcan begot Eriethonius. He was also an adept in the art of stealing, and deceived a very sagacious cowherd, even Krishna himself, by leading off some of his calves. It seems, however, that his high qualifications were insufficient to secure him a lasting pre-eminence. How could it be otherwise, when among his competitors, there were greater villains than himself. The Purans tell us that he was cursed for his evil deeds, and his worship abolished. But how happens it then that Vishnu and Siva were not served after the same manner? The likelier hypothesis seems to be that his worship was violently suppressed by the adorers of Vishnu and Siya. The *Shanda Puran* tells us that the three gods once contended for precedence, when Vishnu acknowledged the supremacy of Siva, but Brahma would not, and therefore had one of his five heads cut off, and with it lost his worship also. Be that as it may, as there is now no vestige of his former precedence, except in the mention made of him in books, and as he plays a very subordinate part in the estimation of mankind, not being at all worshiped, except in the worship of other deities, we shall leave him undisturbed in his insignificance, heartily wishing for the coming of that era, when his associate gods shall, like him, be disregarded and forgotten.

• Vishnu is a much more popular object of adoration than Brahma. In his own person he is represented with four arms, holding in one hand a bow, in another an arrow, the *chakra* in a third, and the sacred shell in the fourth! For the bow and the arrow are frequently substituted a club and a lotus. Sometimes he is described standing on a lotus, between his two wives, Lakshmi and Satyavama; for of the gods Vishnu was a polygamist. Lakshmi, however, appears to have been by much the greater favorite, and he is most frequently described as sitting with her alone. All his love for Lakshmi, however, does not appear to have kept him away from lewdness, and the tricks he is recorded to have played, were certainly not few in number. Like

the Jupiter of the Greeks, when deceiving Alcmena, he is mentioned in the *Padma Puran* to have assumed the form of Jalandhar, to conquer the stubborn chastity of Brinda his wife. In like manner he assumed the form of a tree to ruin another woman, the daughter of one of the *asooras*, when he found his ordinary artifices fail to seduce her. To unman and bewilder the *asooras*, when they contested with the gods for the possession of the *amrita*, he appeared before them in the form of a woman loosely attired, and thus obtained possession of the beverage. And he deceived Siva by assuming the form of Mohinee. A very indelicate story is connected with this incident, somewhat akin to the strange rencounter of Minerva and Vulcan in the Greek fables.

Nor is Siva of a more respectable character. He is represented as of a white or silver color, mounted on a white bull, his eyes inflamed with smoking intoxicating drugs. But those tell-tale eyes reveal nothing more than what his doings fully warrant. After his marriage he rode to Kamroop with his wife all the way naked. Once, when going a begging, he stopped at the house of a prostitute, and begged and received what was not legitimate to a beggar's calling. To Mohinee he declared that he would give up all the fruits of his austerities for one boon, which it was in her power to bestow, and, from the extreme lasciviousness of his conduct on the occasion, has originated the worship of the *lingam*. To Anjani, one of his votaries, he played a dirty trick, which even the most depraved human being would be ashamed to acknowledge; and he danced naked before Atia Rishee, to disturb his devotions. The manner in which he was reconciled to Parvati, after one of their many little matrimonial differences, gives us still further insight into his character. They had quarrelled with each other while playing at the game of Chaturanga, and parted in wrath, repairing severally to their favorite retreats. All the gods supplicated a reconciliation, and Parvati was soon mollified. But Siva still remained obdurate, and to regain his love, the wife was obliged to assume the form of a stranger maid, a deceit which fully succeeded. In conjunction with Brahma and Vishnu, he is also recorded to have plotted against the chastity of Anasuya, Atri's wife. In the disguise of beggars they came to ask alms, which, when brought to them, they would not accept, unless she should undress herself and serve them a dinner. Anasuya consulted her husband, and, with his permission, she prepared the dinner for the mendicants, and, as she undressed herself before serving it out to them, she sprinkled a little water on them, and they

became like little children, and, says the fable, were very much ashamed. It is doubtful, however, if Anasuya's magic succeeded in securing her object ; for we read, not indeed in connection with the above incidents, but in distinct accounts, that she bore three sons, Sama, Datta, and Durveses, to the tri-murti.

Such are the gods of India ! the primary deities ! the immediate representations of "one without a second !" The worship of powers like these could not but be bestial, and it is so. A very curious way of representing Siva and his wife together, is by an image, named *Ardha-nari*, one half male and the other half female. But the most popular method, at least the most prevalent one, is by the *argha*, or the *lingam* placed upon the *yoni*. Siva is hence called *Arghanath*, and this, we believe, is the form in which he is at present most generally revered. It is a sad and sorrowful thing indeed, that the intercourse of the sexes is thus made an object of veneration ! an emblem of God ! and, not all the explanations offered in vindication of this obscene worship have succeeded in clothing it with decorum. Whether we consider it as emblematic of the symbols of nature, or whether we view it as typical of the ark—Parvati transformed into a ship, with Siva for its mast—the image continues to be gross and indelicate, and, as a divine representation, unedifying to the learned, and of an injurious tendency to the multitude. What the mystic worship of Osiris was in Egypt, of Phallus amongst the Greeks, of Priapus amongst the Romans, that is the worship of the *yoni* and the *lingam* in India. In Egypt, Greece, and Rome those gross rites and ceremonies have ceased. The traveller meets them not on the site where they are said to have been practised. The reader finds them narrated only in ancient chronicles, and, opening upon them unawares, hastens to assure himself that he is poring upon the history of a learned superstition. But those rites are still to be seen throughout India, daily practised by infatuated throngs of men and women, fortunately, no thanks to the inventors of the obscene symbol, in most cases, in happy ignorance. By the uninitiated, the mystic type of Siva is little understood, and practical indecency is thus largely avoided, particularly as the religious service, which is abominable enough, is clothed in a learned dialect. How completely God forsakes them, who forsake him, will, however, be best understood by the fact, that the temples dedicated to this disgusting abomination, very considerably out-number the temples dedicated to all the other gods together in the land. In some places, as in Benares, it is exclusively worshipped.

and the undiminishing crowd of adorers, who throng the temple of Visweswara, though the worship of the *lingam* is not so solemnly or superbly celebrated as the worship of other images, is in itself a proof of the high veneration paid to this impure emblem.

Siva is represented as of a white color, and is often to be seen with Parvati on his knee. Around his neck he wears a necklace of skulls, fit decoration for the great destroyer. He is dressed in a tiger's skin, his head-dress is of serpents, and he wields the *trisula* and battle-axe in his hands. Sometimes he is exhibited with five faces and four arms. But the most remarkable thing in his appearance is, that he has a third eye ; and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Patterson conjectures the three eyes to devote the three divisions of time, the past, the present, and the future. He might have conjectured any thing else as safely, for the Hindu mythology is so wild and monstrous, that it will equally justify any other inference. The three eyes might, just as well, be understood to devote heaven, earth and hell, or any three things you choose. This mode of interpretation admitted might, step by step, carry us to the conclusion, that the Purans, as a code of religion, are more valuable than the Bible itself. But Mr. Patterson's ingenuity must not prevent us from giving our readers the Puranic legend about the three eyes. In some places it is mentioned, as we have observed already, that the third eye of Siva was a gift of Bhavani to her favorite, or rather a fee paid in advance for certain services she expected from him ; but the story which we now allude to, is both more romantic and more decent. Parvati, in frolic, once covered her husband's eyes (he had only two then), with her hands. It was only for an instant that she did so ; but an instant with the gods is an age with men. Impenetrable darkness immediately covered the universe, the sun and the moon lost their effulgence, the heavens and the earth were in consternation and terror, when out started a third eye in the middle of his forehead, to the relief of creation. This exercise of power, it would appear, caused no little excitement in the deity, for we read that the perspiration descended from his brows so copiously, as to stream into a river—no other than the sacred Ganges. There are, however, other accounts of the origin of that river, though none a whit less absurd. What moral purposes tales like these can serve, we cannot appreciate.

Each of the three primary deities, as well as several of inferior rank, are represented in the Purans as having wives, who appear on all occasions to be endowed with the full power and attributes of their respective husbands, and are therefore

named their *Sactis* or energies, and are the executors of their will. The idea is borrowed from the Veds, where the *Maya* of Brahma is represented as a distinct being, originating from him, and exercising all his powers in carrying out his wish of creating worlds. This *Maya* the Purans affect to recognise as a female principle, or as Brahma's wife ; and then they go on to give a wife to every subordinate god. Seraswati is the wife of Brahma. The *Brahma Vairavarta Puran* makes her the bride of Vishnu, and names Savitri as the consort of the creator ; but such contradictions are so frequent in Hindu mythology, that we cannot stop to notice them. As the wife of Brahma, Seraswati is represented as the goddess of wisdom and learning, and the inventress of language, in fact, as the Minerva of the Hindus. Like Minerva also, she has always been extensively worshiped ; at all events, has ever enjoyed a larger share of homage than her lord. Ward says, that many Hindu students, in celebrating her festivals, dance naked before her, and are guilty of every indecency. The fact is, with the followers of the *Sactis*, the emblem of worship, in all cases, is the *yonis*, though its conjunction with the *lingam*, which is an exclusive symbol of Siva, has made the *yonis* now, in general acceptance, a special emblem of Parvati alone. Besides this circumstance, however, there does not appear to be any peculiar indelicacy in the worship of Seraswati. The truth recorded by Ward, however, is indisputable. Many prostitutes celebrate the festival to induce young men to visit them, and, in such places, much of low merriment is connected with it. This, however, is not confined to any one particular poojah. All the cheaper festivals are celebrated by them, and for the same purpose : and, verily, it is as it should be. Hinduism is now in its last stage, and its last gasp should be breathed in houses of ill fame, that future generations recalling it to memory, may do so with horror.

Lakshmi is the *Sacti* of Vishnu, and the goddess of beauty, grace, riches, and felicity. She was obtained at the churning of the ocean, and found so beautiful, that all the gods became enamoured of her. Siva was entirely beside himself from passion, and, according to Joyadeva, drank in despair the poison which dyed his throat blue. But she preferred Vishnu, and he obtained her. She is represented as excessively lovely, shining like a continued blaze of lightning, and diffusing from her body a fragrance, like that of the lotus, eight hundred miles around her. She is likewise generally understood to be very chaste, though Capt. Wilford, quoting the *Padma Puran*, gives an account of an interview with

Ram Chunder, which makes us somewhat uneasy on that score. Rama, the son of Dasaratha, desiring to see Vishnu, asked Siva to conduct him to his paradise. Siva complied, and Rama saw a light that filled him with amazement, for the place was resplendent as if lighted by a hundred millions of suns, and there he beheld the *Rishis*, and the *Munis*, and their wives performing *praducshina*, and the *yogis*, lost in meditation. Vishnu asked Siva who the visitor was. "A portion of your essence," answered the destroyer, "and he wishes very much to see your consort." To this Vishnu consented, and Rama, being introduced to Lakshmi, worshipped her. But the words of Sri Devi began to alarm him. Instead of speaking as to a votary, she addressed him rather as a lover, and praised his beauty. He therefore thought it best to scamper off, but Rama had deeply wounded the goddess, and she ran after him. Rama, who was a faithful husband, now trembled for his character; and Vishnu and Mahadeva were astonished. A precipitate flight, however, enabled Rama to preserve his rectitude. The *Brahma Vaivartta Puran* also tells us that Lakshmi, conceived by Agni, (with the full consent and approbation of her husband!) three beautiful sons, the sacred fires, named Dakshinagni, Garhapatya, and Ahavaniya. The worshippers of Lakshmi are numerous, and her worship of frequent occurrence; and the ceremonies performed to her, though very childish, are *not* indecent.

But of all the *Sactis*, the consort of Mahadeva appears to be the most important. She is often called *Maha Maya*, or the great illusion, a name expressive of the original desire of the one God to create worlds, and is thus frequently confounded with the *Itcha Sacti* of *Brahma*, that primitive being, the Puranic mother of universal nature and the gods. Whether it be on account of this pre-eminence of her position, or for any other reason, we know not, but her worship is particularly indecorous; and some of her followers carry indecency to an inexpressible extent. Fortunately it is not necessary to enter into any details on this subject, as it was fully treated in the last No. of the *Review*.

Our readers, however, must not conclude that the worship of Parvati admits of no other feature but what is indecent. The public festivals held in honor of Durga, Kali, or Anna Purna, are not more gross than the festivals celebrated in honor of Seraswati and Lakshmi, though, in the first two cases, they are much more terrific and hideous, being cruel and bloody. As Durga, she is worshipped as the champion and protectress of the gods; and as Kali, she personifies

eternity, and is represented as a gigantic and ferocious woman, trampling over her husband, the destroyer. Anna Purna has a milder occupation. She is the dispenser of food, and a common household deity in every Mahratta family. The adoration of Kali and Durga is chiefly confined to Bengal and the Eastern districts. In Upper India the greatest festival in honor of Parvati is the Dasahara.

Of the origin of Parvati the accounts are many ;—so many, in fact, that it is impossible to reconcile all the legends with each other. In some places she is mentioned as the daughter of Dacsha, and named Sacti ; in others as the daughter of Himavan, the lord of the mountains, and therefore named Parvati, or the mountain maid. These two are reconcileable, according to Hindu notions, by supposing two different births. But another miraculous origin is also given to her, which we fear will fit with neither. Mahishashur, a demon, having expelled Indra and his minions from paradise, these in a body complained before the gods. The deities thereupon became very angry, so much so, that flames began to exhale from their mouths. These resolved themselves into a goddess of exquisite beauty, with ten arms, to whom was entrusted the task of subduing the demon, Siva helping her in the form of a lion. Of course Mahishashur was conquered and slain. The learned explain this conceit as a poetical allegory, the *Asoora* standing for a personification of sin, and the goddess for an emblem of active virtue.

As the character of Siva was not always of an exemplary standard, so neither was that of his wife, who, of all the *Sactis*, appears to have been the least correct in her conduct. She could be a good consort when she chose it, and when, as Sati, she defended her lord against parental slander and malignity, and destroyed herself, she played a very affectionate part. A history of her life might find a place in Lempriere's Dictionary, but would not suit the character of our pages.

We have dwelt at some length on the chief gods, and their *Sactis*, to show that these are not proper objects of worship. With their many heads and their many arms, with their clubs and shells, and garlands of human skulls, with their youth, beauty, and deformities, they are but caricatures that represent nothing divine, and remind their worshippers of nothing that is holy. The characters ascribed to them are, in most cases, corrupt, and have an injurious tendency ; and their doings are more abominable than those of ordinary men.

Next to the gods noticed above, rank, according to the Puranic scale of precedence, their *avatars*, or incarnations, who

walked the earth, it is pretended, for the relief of humanity when in sufferance, and the exaltation of piety and virtue when depressed. We must examine these also, for their memory is held in great veneration, they have had images consecrated to them to perpetuate their worship, and these images are, in many cases, held in greater respect than the original gods, whom, or rather whose metamorphoses, they pretend to represent. The Vaishnavas celebrate the worship of Rama and Krishna oftener, and with greater pomp, than that of Vishnu ; and the Puranic system would be but partially laid open if we neglected to expose them.

The incarnations of Brahma were few in number, and not of much consequence. Daksha, the most important character of them all, would have been unknown, but for the circumstance of having Siya for his son-in-law, and for the conflict he waged with him, which, we are told, made heaven, earth, and hell to tremble. And the rest are too insignificant to be remembered.

The avatars of Vishnu cut by far the most prominent figure in the fables of the Purans. By the curse of Bhrigu, Vishnu was doomed to seven mortal births. It would appear, however, that he became incarnate more than seven times, a circumstance which suggests the inference, that he took a fancy to the punishment which the sage had inflicted on him, and voluntarily augmented the number of his advents upon the earth. The first avatar was a fish, and there seems good reason to think, with Sir W. Jones and others, that the legend originated in a tradition of the universal deluge. The fish came to save the Rishis, and their wives, and the Pleiades, from destruction, when the rest of mankind were swept away by the flood, and also to recover the Veds, which were lost on the occasion. The next avatar was a tortoise, which helped the gods and the *asooras* to churn the ocean, that the draught of immortality might be found. The third was a boar. A demon having seized the earth and carried her to the sea, out came the mighty boar to rescue her from a watery grave. This also is understood by the learned, to have reference to the deluge. The fourth incarnation was a non-descript compound of a lion and a man, who came to destroy Hiranya Kasipa, a tyrant and an infidel. To show how sharp the native intellect is in legal acumen, and what the native ideas of truth and justice are, we will recapitulate this story at some length. Heranya Kasipa, after 10,000 years of austerity, demanded and obtained from Brahma the following boon, that he was to be exempt from death from the hands of gods and men, and that no noxious animal should hurt him ; and

that this charter was to be valid by day and night, and within doors as without. When afterwards, it became necessary to punish him, Vishnu was obliged to assume the shape of a man-lion, which is neither that of god, nor man, nor beast ; and he appeared at evening, which is neither night nor day ; and, before killing his victim, he dragged him to a pillar on the threshold, which was neither within doors nor without ! The fifth avatâr was a dwarf, his god-ship having assumed this diminutive form to cheat a gentle and virtuous monarch, named Maha Bali, by some identified with Yama, whose only fault consisted in having won universal supremacy over heaven, earth and hell, by his austerities. Bali did not, however, misuse his power like the Hiranya Kasipa mentioned before. But the gods were afraid lest he should, and, as “ horrible imaginings ” are more alarming than actual fears, Vishnu assumed the form of a dwarf Brahmin to curtail his power. “ Well, what wouldst thou have ? ” asked the devout king of the wicked little Brahmin who stood before him demanding alms. “ Lands in your dominions,” was the reply—“ so much as I can step over in three strides.” The king smiled, and pledged himself to grant the petty boon, when the god, assuming his proper shape, at two strides deprived him of heaven and earth. A twinge of conscience prevented him from taking a third step, and to Maha Bali was left the sovereignty of hell.

The subsequent avatars of Vishnu were all in the proper human form ; we have no more dwarfs, boars and fishes :—and of these two were very prominent, to wit, Rama and Krishna. The name of the first has been immortalized by the poet Valmick, who has left us one of the finest Epics in the world. The story of this poem was given at length in a late number of the *Review*, and need not be repeated now.

Like Rama, Krishna also came to destroy sinners (the idea of an avatâr coming to *save* sinners never occurs in the Hindu Mythology,) and, in this incarnation, Vishnu is said to have appeared in the fulness of his might and splendour, in the plenitude of his power and glory. The other avatars had only a portion of his divine nature ; but Krishna was Purnu Brahm, or the deity in full. He came to punish all sinners, but chiefly Cansa, king of Mathura, his uncle by the mother’s side, who appears to have been a great tyrant, and is also mentioned as having been a hardened sinner. With such an object to achieve, it were but fair to expect that Krishna should at least have been a good specimen of a virtuous character himself. He that wages war against sinners ought himself to be pure.

But we are told that this great reformer had 16,000 concubines, "by drinking the ambrosia from whose lips," says *Gobinda*, "and embracing their heaving bosoms, Murari was filled with joy." The number is so extravagant that we are compelled to accept the indulgent explanation, that these were the 16,000 *ragas* or musical modes of the Hindus, of all which Krishna was very fond. We do not know if there be any similar ingenious way of explaining away his eight or nine wives, and the numerous freaks he is recorded to have perpetrated with his mistresses. Sir W. Jones tells us that "he was pure and chaste in reality, but exhibited every appearance of libertinism." His libertinism is, indeed, too manifest, but not so the proofs of his real purity. On one occasion he stole the clothes of the *Gopangonas*, whilst they were bathing in the Jumna, and amused himself by jesting on their nudity. The writer of this article has heard a learned Vaishnava defend Krishna, by urging, that, when this trick was played, he was but a boy! A few such children would almost justify infanticide! He was also given to lying; and he prevailed on Yudisthira, a good, straight-forward, and honest man, to utter an untruth, though he abhorred falsehood from the bottom of his heart. Nor was robbery much against his taste. He robbed the washerman of Cansa of his master's clothes, and then killed him, because he had the presumption to complain. And, last of all, he was the only fire-brand who fomented the great and bloody battle of Kuru-khetra, by his fiendish and heartless philosophy. All these moral defections, however, have failed to make the character unpopular. Who shall explain to us the philosophy of human attachments, when we mention that he is, at this moment, the most-favorite object of adoration all the country over. His worship is celebrated everywhere with pomp—perhaps with the greatest splendour at Juggernaut, in Orissa. The image there adored is said to have been cut out of a tree, conveyed to Indradumna, king of Orissa, by Narad, at the order of Brahma, the tree being nothing less than a hair of Vishnu, which, falling to the earth, took root and became wood. Within this image are deposited some bones—pretended to be the identical ones of the lover of the Gopies, who met a violent death from the hands of Ungud, a hunter; and it is worshipped as *Juggernaut*, or lord of the universe. Of the festivities of Juggernaut, we shall say nothing. The more cruel features of those rites and ceremonies have now passed away, and victims are no longer crushed under the wheels of the idol's car. But the filthiness of the temple, the sights, the scenes, the pictures, have nearly made it

actually, what Henry Martyn in his fervor described it to be, the neighbourhood of hell !

Siva does not appear to have had any important incarnations. But his children, Ganesa and Kartika, require to be prominently mentioned. The first appears to have been only nominally his son. He was the son of Parvati, who created him by collecting together the excrement which floated in her washing tub ! He is adored as the god of policy and prudence, and is represented with the head of an elephant, perhaps, as Sir W. Jones will have it, because the elephant is the most sagacious of animals.* He is always represented as his mother's champion, and often as fighting for her against Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. In one of these contests Siva lopped off his head. While Parvati was one day at the bath, Siva wanted to approach her. But the lady had taken the precaution to place Ganesa at the door, and, as he would not allow the governor to enter, Siva, impatient of control, as he is ever represented to be, instantly struck off his head. According to other accounts, the head of Ganesa was dissevered while he was yet a child, by the baneful and destructive sight of Sani, whom Parvati, as a fond mother, had invited to see her pretty child. Both accounts agree in representing Parvati as inconsolable for her beautiful and brave. She even threatened to annihilate the gods by her austerities, to avert which danger, the immortals determined, by fair means or foul, to restore Ganesa's head. But the right one was no where to be found, an elephant's head was therefore substituted in its stead. So also the head of Dacsha was replaced by that of a goat. In the case of Ganesa, however, the gods made ample amends for his deformity, enjoining that his worship should precede even their own. Ganesa has numerous adorers. A Hindu never undertakes any business without first invoking his assistance—whether it be to write a book, or build a house, or go on a journey, or venture money on speculation, the god of prudence being the great obviator of difficulties. The Gana-pates regard him as the first of all the heavenly powers.

Kartika is the Mars of Hindu mythics, the leader of the heavenly armies, and a bear. He is the son of Mahadeva alone, as Ganesa is of Parvati. Juno envied Jupiter the bringing forth of Pallas without her assistance, and so somehow managed to get Mars without him. Ovid tells us that she

* Mr. Ward, however, protests against this, and observes, that the elephant is considered a stupid animal in India, it being a biting reproach to a native to be called as stupid as an elephant.

made use of some flower shewn her by Flora. Siva, however, does not appear to have been influenced by any jealous feeling in the procreation of Kartika. The birth of the war-god is thus explained. A demon named Tarika, by the force of long penance and austerities, compelled the gods to give him the boon of unrivalled strength, and an incapacity of death save at the hands of Siva's own son. Now Siva was then unmarried, and it was not expected that he would marry ; so that Tarika regarded the boon he had won to be as good as a gift of immortality. He therefore became very proud, and used his strength very wantonly, preventing the sun from giving heat, compelling the moon always to remain full, and forcing the winds to blow as he wished them. The gods in great distress now earnestly thought of giving Siva a bride. But how was the ascetic to be won from his austerities? Camdeo,* then Kundurpo, undertook the task, and watching for an opportunity, soon had one. Just at that moment, when Parvati, by her continued and untiring worship of the lingam, had attracted the notice of the great destroyer, the god of love let fly an arrow which pierced him through the heart. With a glance of his eye Siva reduced the audacious urchin into ashes. But it was too late. The unerring aim was already working out its effects. He felt strange emotions which he had never felt before, and the persevering Parvati at last got a husband. But still no issue came ; when, by the instrumentality of Agni, and a process of operation not easily explained, Kartika was forced out into existence from the body of the god, and, while yet imperfectly formed, thrown into the Ganges. Down went the germs of the warrior god to the bottom of the sacred river, and, after having been duly nourished, up floated a boy of transcendent charms. There were six princesses at that moment bathing in the stream, and each wanted the child to herself, and offered him her breast, when the little god, assuming six heads, was suckled by them all. Of course Tarika was slain when this child grew up, and Kartika became the god of war. Capt. Wilford affects that Attila, the Hun, owed his success in war to the good fortune of having found one of Kartika's cast-off swords, and very sagaciously supports his assertion by referring us to the fact of a sword having been placed at the side of the

* This god appears to be the most poetical conception of the Purans. He is represented as a beautiful youth, riding on a *lory* with emerald wings, and wandering up and down all over the world. His arms are a bow of sugarcane with a string of bees, and arrows pointed with flowers. The cuckoo, the humming bee, and gentle breezes are his favorite companions. His name was Kundurpo before he was reduced to ashes by Siva. At a subsequent birth he became Cama or Camdeo.

barbarian in his tomb.* Kartika is largely worshipped by barren women for children, but we do not quite understand why. Some accounts, however, give him a wife, named Canmarie ; and others add a mistress, named Deva-Seva.

By way of an episode, we would here mention, that the six princesses who suckled the infant god, were six of the Pleiades straying on the earth. The idea of the Pleiades having been seven is not confined to the nations of the west. According to the Hindu Mythology also, seven was the original number, and is so yet, one being obscurer than the rest. These seven stray goddesses, says the fable, were married to the seven Maha Rishis, the seven bright stars in the Great Bear. Now Agni, the god of fire, enchanted by their beauty, was anxious to enjoy them—deeming perhaps that religious ascetics had no business with wives. But his consort Swaha was stubborn of her privileges. She determined to defeat the treachery of her husband, and, by changing her form and shape, and assuming that of each of the Pleiades in turn, she fully succeeded in doing so. Here, so far as Agni was concerned, the matter ended. But the affair began to be talked of in the heavens ; the Rishis heard of it, and six out of the seven, not crediting the device of Swaha, dismissed their wives, who took birth on the earth. Arundhati, the wife of Vashishta, alone was unsuspected by her lord, and retained her place. Eventually, however, the suspected sisters got on the better. Kartika, when he restored his nurses to heaven, restored them to more than their former importance. Arundhati makes one of the smaller stars in the Pleiades ; her suspected sisters considerably outshine her.

That our readers may not fail in forming an accurate idea of the stupendous system of the Purans, we must also here allude to Indra and his subordinate demi-gods, though it is impossible for us to enter into the details of their history. Indra is called the king of heaven and lord of the elements ; and is represented as a white man, sitting upon airavat, an elephant, and holding the thunder-bolt in his hand. He is also frequently depicted as covered with eyes. This Mr. Wilkins interprets to be a personification of the heavens, but the Purans give it a grosser interpretation. In some of the Purans it is mentioned that the reign of Indra continues only for a hundred years of the gods, after which he is liable to be deposed, and another person, the most meritorious amongst gods, giants, and men, raised in

* An audacious fellow once told us that he had returned from a pilgrimage to Kamroop upon a tree, which set in motion by spells and incantations, brought him safe through the air ; and, on our smiling at his impudence, he gravely offered to show us the identical tree on which he had performed his aerial journey.

his place. We do not know if any one is now preparing himself for the succession. If elevation to the post requires merit, the enjoyment of the pre-eminence seems to dispense with it altogether, for amongst sinners, this same Indra appears to have been one of the greatest. He once robbed the orchard of a poor peasant. He also stole the horse of king Sogara, when that sovereign was about to perform with it the hundredth *asvamedh*, which would have entitled him to Indra's post. The theft, perhaps, is meant to teach us mortals that, in serving one's own interest, one need not stand on ceremony. In his thieving way, however, he once did a good thing, though not from charitable intentions, but from the same personal motive of serving his own interest. A certain king of Oude, named Ambarishee, resolving on a *naramedh*, or human sacrifice, he stole away the victim. Those rivals whom he cannot frustrate by theft, he does by sending down a brace or two of his messalivas, the incomparable *apsaras* of heaven, who are sure to spoil the correctness of the most sober hermits. He keeps a zenana in the heavens on purpose, and it appears to be one more commodious and better replenished than any on earth, for we are assured that he has six hundred millions of these howris, all of resplendent and celestial forms, and churned out of the sea. What an incentive for piety and virtue ! Besides these numerous comforters, he has also a consort named Sachi, Aindri, or Indrani, to rest with when satiated with dissipation. All these are supposed by the learned to involve knotty mysticisms of astronomy ; but the Hindus never take them in any but their plain and ostensible meaning, nor can we.

Surjya, Sona, and the planets are all subordinate to Indra.— But in the Veds the sun cuts a more prominent figure, the celebrated *gayatri* in Rig Ved being addressed to him. "Om ! Earth ! Sky ! Heavens ! We meditate on the adorable light of that divine ruler, the sun : may it direct our intellects." Here he is evidently regarded as the personification of Brahma ; and another prayer, which the Brahmins address to the sun, also tells us that "at night and in the west he is Vishnu ; he is Brahma in the east and in the morning ; and from noon to evening he is Siva." The Purans however, do not respect him either as the type of the one God or of the trimurti ; nor is he represented to be of much holier character than the other deities. He has two wives, according to the *Bhavisya Puran*, Rajni and Nieshubha, the latter of terrestrial birth. Unable to bear the effulgence of her husband, and being wiser than Semele, Nieshubha compels her lover

to put aside his glories in the evening, when coming to her arms. This also serves a second purpose, that of supplying her father Viswacurma, the Indian Vulcan, with light and fire to work with all night, as Surjya does not resume his rays again till morning, till when his old father-in-law is left undisturbed to make any use of them he can. But even two wives are not sufficient to preserve a Hindu deity in the ways of continence. The *Maha Bharat* says, that Surjya ravished Koontee and gave birth to Karna, and we have already noticed his connection with Parvati, which caused the birth of Aswini-kumara.

The moon "shining with ten thousand beams of light," is generally described as a male deity in the Purans, but occasionally as a female one also. The description, in both cases, is that of a beautiful deity, very young, mounted on a dashing car, drawn by antelopes. According to some accounts, Chandra's sex was changed because he had the impudence to surprise his wife Rohini in the arms of Siva, an unseasonable intrusion, which the great destroyer could not forgive. We are not going to advocate the conduct of Rohini in this affair, but common fairness requires us to state that she was only paying her husband in his own coin. Chandra or Soma figures, like the other gods generally, pretty much as a libertine in the Purans. One of the greatest achievements recorded of him is, that he impregnated Tara, the wife of Vrihaspati, the *guru* or preceptor of the gods, (and necessarily his own preceptor also) for which good turn he was hurled into the sea. Another version,—and there is not a single legend in the Puranic Mythology, which has not many versions,—accounts for the moon having been found drowned in the sea, from the circumstance of the pious Atri having caught a cold while performing *tapasya* in the frigid regions of the north. The rheum which flowed copiously from his eyes on that occasion, dropping into the sea, the purer parts became the *amrita*, and the coarser concreting formed the moon. The Puranics also call the moon Carpara, that is, formed of campher.

Nor must we leave Agni, Pavana, Varuna, and Yama altogether unnamed. Though they do not appear to have any temples now consecrated to their service, in the palmier days of idolatry, they had great honors paid them, and many adorers; and they are all prominently mentioned in the Veds. But a long series of sectarian conflicts have now demolished their temples, and done away with their worship. All adoration, however, is not now necessarily withheld from them. O no! for they are gods still! Hinduism dares not lose for

ever even one out of her 330 millions. But they are not worshipped now with any degree of magnificence, and they have no separate temples dedicated to them, and, one of them at least, no image. Of Agni's character we have already spoken when speaking of the Pleiades. The few anecdotes recorded about Pavana are equally discreditable and obscene. He committed adultery with Anjani, the wife of Keshoree, a monkey, and gave birth to Hanuman; and he also offered his addresses to the hundred daughters of Krisannaba, who, because they declined his favors, were afflicted with crookedness. Nor does Varuna, the genius of waters, appear in a better light. When Urbasi, a courtesan of Indra's heaven, was repairing to Surjyo, whom she has captivated by her charms, he intercepted her on the way and defiled her.

Yama is called the holy king, for he judges the dead. He is also the king of Hell, that is, he joins the functions of Pluto and Minos in himself. As Dharmaraj, he has a benevolent and mild aspect, seen by those alone who abound in virtue. But to the wicked his appearance is grim and terrific. His dominion likewise extends over two different sorts of country—over Swarga or the place of happiness, and over Naraka or hell. He dwells himself in Yampuri, a city in hell, or, as others will have it, in Maha Lanca, a Golden Island (not identical with Lanca, Sinhala, or Ceylon,) whither every soul, after emancipation from life, is compelled to repair, to receive judgment, those only excepted, who, in life, were either so eminent for piety, or so notorious for crimes as to require no trial. For the Styx, &c., of the Greeks, the Hindus have their Vyternee, which must be crossed by the dead. But instead of a ferryman like Charon, they are expected to pass over by laying hold of the tail of a black cow; and offering a black cow to a Brahmin always facilitates the passage. There is also a dog like Cerberus, named Trisiria, or the three-headed, in king Yama's staff, and another called Syama or the black. His Chief Secretary is Chitragupta, and his messengers are Carmala, who brings the righteous before him, and Cashwala, represented as very hard of heart, who drags into his presence the wicked ones of the earth. He has also many other assistants to help him in the distribution of justice. And he has his Proserpine, named Pataldevi, to whom we think he is faithful, ever since his attempt to seduce Yamuna, his twin sister, proved unsuccessful.

Shall we now bid adieu to the gods? How can we? Are there not many more to name? The gods and their *Sactis*; their children and their *avatars*; the sun, moon and stars; air, earth, and fire; one would imagine were varieties

enough. But they are not enough in the estimation of the Purans. Hinduism forsaking God, like a woman forsaking her husband, has shewn no moderation in the crime. If some of the gods formerly very popular have now declined in repute, if Brahma, Indra, Kuvera, Yama, Varuna, and Somā, are, like cast-off lovers, now slighted and neglected, they have only been compelled to make way for others, who have since found favor ; if the worship of the moon and stars have declined, that has been more than counterbalanced by the worship of holy places and rivers : and the invisible world is so thickly peopled, that it were bewildering to attempt tracing the lives and history of the fancied creatures that are so made to people them, though they are all chronicled in the Purans by name, birth and parentage. Besides all this is enjoined, as if to complete the national degradation, the worship of stocks and stones, as the *shalgaram* and the *dhenkee* ; of implements of trade, as the hatchet and chisel, the hammer and bellows, the shuttle, the razor, the plough, and the awl ;* of animals, such as the cow, the monkey, the jackal, and the dog ; of birds, as the peacock, the goose, and the owl ; of trees, as the *toolsee*, the *butt*, the *bokool*, the *neem*, and the *ushwatu* ; of rivers, as the Ganges, the Jumna, the Saraswati, the Bruhmapootra, the Krishna, the Cavari and others ; and—of what not ? To speak of all these exceeds our province. We shall only say a few words respecting the Ganges.

Though all water is sacred, as the primitive element on which moved Narayana, the spirit of God, the rivers named above are particularly so in contradistinction to others ; and of these the holiest is the Ganges. The origin of Gunga is yet a disputed point in Hindu mythology, and the Saivas and Vaishnavas wage many a conflict of words and blows about it to the present day. That she has descended from heaven is admitted by both parties, the only disputed point being whether it was the heaven of Bycunth or Cailasa, from which she came. According to the Vaishnavas, Gunga was produced from the sweat of Vishnu's foot. But the Saivas contend that she descended from the plaited locks of Siva. To this the Vaishnavas very unceremoniously rejoin, that Siva received the sweat of Vishnu's foot on his head, to prevent it from crushing the earth by its fall ! This wild legend interpreted aright may, perhaps, only mean that the sources of the Ganges are unknown. Siva's head stands for some mountain from which it visibly derives its birth. But there may be a higher source still from which

* These are worshipped as emblematic of Veswakarma, the god of artificers.

it descends to that mountain, and this perhaps is alluded to as Vishnu's foot.

Why she descended at all from the heavens is thus explained. When Indra stole king Sagara's horse to prevent an *aswamedh*, the latter sent his hundred sons to search for it. They, not finding it on earth, went down to the shades below, and there discovered the animal standing by Kapila the sage. Mistaking Kapila for the thief, they began to belabour him, and the beating was so severe, that the Muni's meditations were actually disturbed. Flames now began to issue from the eyes of the saint, and in a moment the sons of Sagara were reduced to ashes. Bhagirath, one of the descendants of Sagara, however, so moved the gods by his austerities, that he succeeded to bring down Gunga, (in heaven named Mandacini,) to the earth ; and the advent of the sacred river restored his relatives to being. According to another account, Gautama, having accidentally killed a cow with a blade of grass, was so distressed, that Mahadeva, in compassion, discharged the Ganges from his head to cleanse him.

So great a boon as the gift of the Ganges was not, however, allowed to pass without many protests on the part of the minor deities. Brahma was petitioned on the subject by the gods of heaven, who, conscious of their own sins, were afraid of losing such a valuable cleanser. But they were assured, that, though Gunga descended to the earth, she would still abide in heaven as much as ever, and that they might therefore still sin on to their hearts' content. The king of Hades also filed his complaint, urging that his empire was virtually at an end, if all men were to be thus permitted to cleanse themselves of sin. But the superior gods conciliated him by saying, that the stream, though named Ganga, or flowing through Gang, the earth, was not actually to pass through all the regions of the world, and that except where the sacred river ran, or the wind passing over it blew, sinners would be sinners still !

We have now said as much as our space would permit to convey to our readers a clear notion of the voluminous matter recorded in the Purans, and trust it will now have become evident to them, that the religion inculcated therein is most extravagantly polytheistical. The Puranics deny the charge, and pretend that the gods they uphold are conjointly but typical of one God. But this supposition, as we have observed before, is absurd, for those gods are recorded to have fought with, and cursed, and kicked each other, and their deeds do not show that, in any respect, they participated in the divine nature.

If even a fourth part of the crimes allied with their names were actually perpetrated by them, and if for that they were now to take their trial even before an unprejudiced *Hindu* jury, at any of her Majesty's Courts in Calcutta, Madras or Bombay, we are sure that they would either be transported beyond the high seas, or be committed to the house of correction. Some were adulterers, some liars, some thieves; the most innocent ones being drunkards and knaves: and it is hard to identify these with God, with the One too awful to be contemplated, too incomprehensible to be described, as the Veds represent him. The existence of an invisible spirit, superior to all the personifications and images, whose deeds and names they celebrate, is, it is true, admitted in the Purans. (The conviction of the existence of such a being seems to be the common foundation of all systems of religion.) But they inculcate not his worship, and the sort of worship they do inculcate, would not harmonize with the character of the Great Creator. The festivals of Siva, Parvati, and Juggernath, are not akin to the worship of God. They have nothing in common with that. And if in speaking of Brahma, the Purans, in imitation of the Veds, sometimes exhibit a rational and correct notion of the deity, that notion is simply confined to words, and is not observed in practice. In some places they even go so far as to censure idolatry. "The fool who, from ignorance, forsakes the one 'only God, and adores an image of clay, stone, metal, or wood, 'acts like one who pours clarified butter on ashes, instead of 'pouring it on fire.'"^{*} And yet the greatest monotheists of India have founded, advocated, or confirmed the worship of different deities, most generally represented in their days, as at the present moment, by images of clay, wood, metal and stone. Sancaracharjya was a Saiva, and Madhavacharjya and Bullavacharjya were Vaishnavas.

The origin of the Puranic creed in India has been variously accounted for. Some assert that it has been derived from Egypt, others trace it down from Persia, others consider it indigenous. The idea of its having been derived from Egypt is altogether erroneous, the likelier probability being that Egypt derived her religion from the east. The mythic writings of India are quite as ancient as any existing records in the world. Nor does sufficient affinity exist between the ancient Persian and Hindu religions, to warrant the conclusion of one having been weaved out of the other. Except a general resemblance common to all the primitive

* Pouring *ghee* on fire is a religious oblation.

religions, there are no peculiar marks of sameness. What appears to us to be nearer the truth is, that the Hindu idolatry has not been borrowed from any foreign source, and that the departure from the worship of the one true God, or rather, the loss of the primitive religion, occasioned, as in Persia, Chaldea, and other countries, either from social troubles, or the increase of vice, or both conjoined, caused also that moral void from which idolatry was but a necessary step. As weeds grow up of themselves in a neglected parterre, even so credulity and superstition will force their way amongst a people destitute of religion. Perhaps the crafty section of the community facilitated their progress, seeing how much that would conduce to their own advantage. A cloud thrown over the minds of the vulgar, intercepting from them the rays of the divinity, makes them the best, because the least murmuring objects of oppression, and men have never been wanting to rise by such means to power. The system of belief reared upon this basis in this country is entirely of an indigenous growth. The Hindu imagination is too fertile in extravagancies, absurdities, and indecencies, to have borrowed any part of its grotesque mythology from any of its neighbours. And, descending through ages, that mythology has grown darker at every step, and more divergent, accumulating, like old walls, mosses and lichens from time, till it has reached its perfection and become most extravagantly wild, incongruous and incredible. As for the discoveries of philosophy and the records of history having contributed much to its development, we are not very ready believers on that point. Some fragments of historical and metaphysical truth, which survived the loss of a purer creed, may possibly have been blended with the wild legends and romances with which it abounds. But, if this has been the case, the intolerable deal of sack has been too much for the half-penny worth of bread, which it is now quite impossible to recognise in the compound. The inventions of poetry, we are quite prepared to admit, have largely added to its growth; for there is much monster poetry both in the Veds and the Purans.

From the rhapsodic materials they so largely contain, a genius like Homer might easily have worked out a lordly epic. But no Homer was ever born in India to mould them into such a great poem. Vyasa and Valmiki tried their hands as well as they could, and have left us two very good poems indeed; but they did not succeed in making their poems supersede the myths. Instead of having been worked into the great and beautiful, the myths of India remain to show how much the want of a Homer is to be regretted.

Who the persons were who have been deified, we shall not venture to dogmatise upon. Surrounded as they now are by the densest shadows of forgotten ages, it is impossible at the present moment to determine the identity of the gods and giants, the goddesses and heroines of whom we read. They might have been distinguished heroes of antiquity, or ascetics, or patriarchs, or kings, and their wives ; or specimens from all these classes, who, either by their noble endowments, or their beauty, had taken strong hold on the popular affections in those ancient times, but, coming down from age to age, were rifled of their intrinsic merit, to be embellished with qualifications more congenial to the general taste. Nor is it unlikely that many of them had no existence at all, but, with all their sins and shame, are mere ideal creations. In our own days new members have been canonized, and added to the catalogue already too long, who are mere conjurations of a vague fancy, as for instance, Ola Beebee and Dukhin Roy. These additional *devatas* are objects of veneration only to the lowest and most ignorant. But should idolatry preserve its reign for a hundred years more, (a consummation not at all to be wished for,) the probability is great that they would rise in rank and esteem.

Of the nature of the mythology inculcated, we have said much in detail. It has a very splendid appearance. But all the splendour is in the external varnish. There is nothing solid within. Absurd fables, ridiculous ceremonies, stupid casuistry, are the components of the whole fabric, and, over and above all this, the contradictions are so numerous, that even the staunchest believers accuse each other of infidelity, by taking up different versions of one point. Adopting the Vedaic account, the Purans, in some places, declare God to be destitute of qualities and unchangeable in his nature, while, in many more places, he is represented as full of qualities of every character, and perpetually changing. Some texts vindicate his holiness, and maintain that he can never sin ; others again give us details of the many shameful transactions he has done, maintaining, however, at the same time, that sin is not sin when he does it, for the lord of the universe uses but his own, and adultery, incest and theft are not criminal when he does them. Nay, it is pretended that Krishna's concubines, by committing adultery with him, obtained emancipation. In some places good wholesome precepts are laid down as lessons taught by such and such deities, but the doings of those very deities, as narrated in other places, do not harmonize with their own instructions, and what is enforced by precepts is thus nullified in practice. Krishna is directed to be

worshipped as the preserver of gods and men, but the same Vishnu, in his own person, as well as in the person of his *avatars*, is constantly to be found involved in actions revolting in the character of a preserver, and sinful in the extreme. And Siva, in his many instructions to his wife Parvati, has recorded precepts, amongst which even such ones as that adultery, deceit and outrage are but frolics in the eye of the divinity, are not the most strange.

The opposite statements of the Purans also, as to the clashing claims of the different deities, are inexplicable. The one God, whose representatives they all avowedly are, has been completely lost sight of, and instead of him, we have a plurality of independent gods, each fiercely contending for supremacy. In some places Siva is "the supreme God." "From even looking at Vishnu the wrath of Siva is kindled, and as his wrath sends men to hell, let not the name of Vishnu ever be mentioned." In others again, there is none greater than Vishnu. "He that forsakes Vishnu and worships any other god, is like the fool who sits thirsty on the banks of the Gunga": and there are many such passages. Nay, the Purans even go so far as to make a god uphold his rival's cause against his own. In the *Uttara Khanda* of the *Padma Puran*, Siva says to Parvati:—"Who adore other gods than Vishnu, and hold any his equal, are not to be looked at, touched, or spoken to"—a bold stroke on the part of an unscrupulous author to secure a desired end. While one Puran exalts the attribute of a certain god, and depicts him as the deity, another represents him as serving and worshipping other gods, who, in their turn, are again described as supreme. The fact is, the Purans, having been contemporaneous with the original sectarian quarrels for supremacy, are party-spirited on principle, and severally advocate the especial worship of Siva, Vishnu, and the Sactis. The *Matsya*, *Lainga*, *Saiva* and *Skanda* are decidedly Saivite in their character. The *Vishnu*, *Naradya*, *Bhagavat*, *Padma*, and *Garura*, uphold the faith of Vishnu. While the *Bramanda*, *Vaivartta*, *Markandeya*, and *Bhavishya* advocate, in general, the worship of the female power. With so much power to back it, why should we wonder that the rivalry of sects is not extinct.

We read that Bhrigu once undertook to settle the disputed question, and determine which of the triad was the supreme. With the view of ascertaining this fact, he went first to the heaven of Brahma, whom he irritated by disrespect, and was by him abused. Upon this he retired from thence in disgust, saying to himself, this is not the mightiest. He then ascended the heaven of Siva, whom he surprised in dalliance with his

wife, his most constant occupation when alone. This is not he I seek, said the philosopher, and retired. He finally went to the court of Vishnu, and found him asleep. Nor is this he, said the chagrined philosopher, and gave him a kick. The god awaking, however, flattered him so much, that he was conciliated by his goodness, and conceded to him the palm of supremacy. But the verdict of Bhrigu, thus purchased, is very justly not regarded as final. Sancaracharjya was a Saiva, and, we believe, the founder of the sect, or sub-division, named *Dundis*; Madhabacharjya and Bullabhacharjya established the sect of Vaishnavas, while Anandagiri upheld the worship of Hiranyagarbha, or Brahma. There are other sects besides, who uphold the worship of other deities; for instance, the Ganapatyas, who adore Ganesa, the Sactas, who worship the *Yoni*, and the Suras, who worship Surjya; so that the question, in all its features, is still open for discussion. The reader, however, need not fear, lest we should be taking up the gage. To us the question is very unimportant. We know that the greatest of them, (whoever be he) was not omnipotent, and that is all we care to enquire after. Brahma, Vishnu and Mahadeva were, on several occasions, defeated in battle, overcome by the *daityas*. Vishnu was taken prisoner by Jalandhar; Siva, wounded in battle, became senseless from loss of blood, and when Suti destroyed herself, he bewailed her loss, howling like a madman, being unable to alleviate his misfortune. Daraka and her Amazonian host struck such terror among the gods, that Siva was compelled to ask Parvati to assume the form of Kali to destroy her. The same Parvati died in consequence of a curse. Surjya, struck on the cheeks, lost his teeth, and has continued toothless ever since. The Hindus offer him pounded rice, that the god may find no difficulty in masticating his fare. Indra, we read, was frequently expelled from his celestial abode by his enemies, and wandered up and down the earth begging alms. When Vitra attacked the gods and threatened to kill all of them, he escaped by assuming the form of a peacock, and, on that occasion, Yama took the likeness of a crow, Kuvera that of a lizard, Agni that of a pigeon, Varuna that of a partridge, Vayu that of a dove, and so on, to effect their flight. Meghnada, the son of Ravana, is also said to have kept Indra tied to the feet of his horse for a time; and Yama was Tarika's *ghasiara* or grass-cutter. Brahma himself was Ravana's herald or porter, Vishnu his pandaree, and Mahadeva his barber; Ganesa was his cowherd, Yama his washerman, Vayu his sweeper, Indra his chief gardener, and Agni his cook. The *asooras* are almost always represented as very strong, but senseless; and the

gods comparatively very weak, triumphing in every case, rather by cunning and craft than by the exercise of their vigor. We read that when the gods churned the ocean, they were obliged to avail themselves of the assistance of the *asooras*, and, when the *amrita* was found, were afraid of sharing it with them, though they had as good a right to the beverage as themselves, and had been promised a portion under the most solemn engagements. Having aspired to the possession of Lakshmi, they (the demons) were so enraged at Vishnu's taking her to himself, that they snatched the vase of *amrita* from the gods for their own exclusive use, nor could the devatas recover it, till they had recourse to deception, Vishnu assuming the form of a woman, which threw the *daityas* into such raptures, that they willingly gave up the disputed vase to her. She then directed the gods and the *daityas* to sit down in two distinct rows, offering to serve them the nectar herself. It was agreed that the gods should be served first, and they were served alone. Anticipating some such fraud, Rahuketu had placed himself in disguise among the gods, between the sun and the moon, and had received his share. But even this solitary exception so alarmed Vishnu, that he cut the demon in two. But it was too late even for Vishnu to deprive him of life. The *amrita* had made the *daitya* immortal, and the two parts of his body became severally endowed with life. As the sun and moon had exposed the fraud, Rahu, the head, still bears them the old grudge; and eclipses are only attempts of the vanquished *daitya* to devour his malicious enemies. Ketu also delights in mischief, and often appears as a comet, that object of alarm to all nations of the earth. From many passages in the Purans, it also appears that, amongst men, there were some who were on terms of equality with the gods, and often greater than many of them. The Rishis, or penitents, are spoken of in many places as punishing them with severe maledictions on account of their infamous doings, and the gods are represented as unable to help themselves out of these inflictions. The wife of Atri converted Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva into children; Bhrigu doomed Vishnu to seven mortal births; by Atri's curse Siva lost his *lingam*, and in this mutilated state bewailed his misfortunes all over the world; and Indra also was deprived of his virility by the curse of Gautama. All these are proofs, not of power, but of weakness, and are sufficient to convince the most superficial observer, that the absolute and uncontrolled supremacy of the Deity was possessed by none of the Hindu gods, nor collectively by all.

Nor do the fables respecting their lives and exploits bear

reference to moral duties, nor are they of a decent character. Were it possible for the multitude to appreciate the philosophical, historical, and astronomical truths which they are supposed to embody, their incorrect nature might have been tolerated. But that is impossible. What has tasked to the utmost the powers of our greatest orientalists to explain—the mysterious truths which, with the aid of all their occidental learning, they have not yet succeeded fully to unravel, cannot, of course, be philosophically understood by the vulgar, and if not so understood, what other influence can narrations, descriptive only of the crimes and passions of the deities, their lusts, frauds, and violence, exercise on the minds of their worshippers, but such as sap the very foundations of rectitude, and turn away their attention from the broad and unvarying principles of justice and morality. The fact is, the Purans collectively have no object at all. They are a mass of heroic legends and amatory stories, written and collected by different authors, of conflicting opinions, and perhaps, in derision, made to bear upon a subject on which no two human beings have yet fully and absolutely agreed. That these authors themselves did not regard them as matters of faith, we have indeed many reasons to believe. That they nevertheless promulgated them, as if they did only confirm the remark of Brihaspati, who plainly tells us that they are the contrivances of the wicked for securing a livelihood, enforced on those who had neither intellect nor spirit to repel them. All the Shastras, says he, had three authors only—one of whom was a buffoon, another a rogue, and the third a fiend. We do not intend to be understood as entirely denying the existence of moral precepts in the Purans. O! no, there are occasionally to be found excellent lessons of morality in them. But these lessons are detached, and not on a system; and, of course, a few healthy off-shoots here and there cannot counteract the poisonous influence of the whole tree. They are necessarily literally powerless. On the other hand, the immoral tendency of the Shastras is more decided. There are rites for the destruction of enemies, ceremonies to help a robber in carrying on his depredations with success, observances whereby an adulterer may secure the favors of his neighbour's wife, and other precious injunctions of like character. Piety and faith, hope, mutual love, may have a few illustrations in such a large mass of fables, but they are, like angel visits, few and far between—a few useful plants in an unweeded orchard, overgrown with a forest of brambles, thistles, and wild weeds.

The poojahs enjoined by the Purans are all, more or less,

obscene and indelicate, and completely explode the apology, that the worship of idols is but an indirect way of worshipping God. Virtue and piety in all other systems constitute the chief ingredients of the worship of God—a pure mind and a holy life have been recognized very generally, as the only oblations with which to approach the Supreme. But these cut no figure in the idol-worship enjoined in the Purans. The worship of the *lingam*, and the ritual of the *Bamacharees*, are unfortunately specimens of what the Purans generally inculcate, and what other forms are enjoined, if not avowedly as indelicate, are, alas ! equally debasing and corrupt in their tendency. A wrong course ever defeats its own purpose. Idolatry, whatever might be its origin, and however philosophic its mysteries, always degenerates into sensuality in its progress and growth, seeking rather to gratify the passions of man and to debauch his mind, than to supply his moral and intellectual deficiencies ; and this it has done most effectually in this country, because, for every error in doctrine, and for every abomination in practice, there is full and ample authority in the texts of the Shastras. When the gods are depicted as having been wicked, and guilty of outrages against decorum and modesty, it were hard to expect from their worshippers decency in worship. The drunkard must be worshipped with Bacchanalian orgies, the lewd must be propitiated with lascivious revels. Krishna carried on a criminal intercourse with 16,000 milk-maids when alive, and what can be more natural for his worshippers to believe than that, after death, he should still prefer to be glorified in his debaucheries. Hence profane songs, obscene ceremonies, and indecent and unnatural practices have become widely connected with the religion, every succeeding age having increased the degradation, by adding obscene rites and usages to a ritual originally sufficiently offensive and corrupt. Almost all the popular temples have their *debnuttees* or *debdasees*, the concubines or women of the *dévotes*, and these extend their favors to all classes of men, from priests to pilgrims. Ostensibly they are entertained for dancing and singing before the gods, and, even if these had been their only avocations, the dance is executed with such lascivious attitudes and motions, and the songs chanted are so lewd, that that were abomination enough. But to dance and sing is not their only work. They keep open shops of infamy on the very thresholds of the temples, and, in such shrines as that of Juggernath, where large concourses of men and women assemble together, and are indiscriminately huddled up, the example they set is in most cases caught by the pilgrims, and many virtuous women are

thereby corrupted, while the vicious willingly join in celebrating irregularities thus openly countenanced. Even in poojahs with a doors and at home, many impurities and abominations are practised. Indecent dances are performed at night before the idol, prostitutes are hired to outrage decency, and songs are sung which are fit only for brothels. Fathers with their children, men with their wives, mothers, and daughters, witness these late carousals; and thus are enkindled filthy desires, which neither the texts of the Shastras, nor the usages of society discourage or put down. In the institutes of Menā, a man is allowed to commit adultery when the female consents; nay, if she wish it, he must, or he will be in danger of getting the leprosy; and so likewise, he may steal for the sake of performing religious ceremonies, commit perjury to save the life of a Brahmin, and tell a lie to appease an angry wife or please a mistress. By some sects prostitution is regarded as a virtue, and called *Babbichardherma*; and, according to the Bamacharees, it is a religious qualification, as a Sacti can only be personated by either a dancing-girl, a female devotee, a washerwoman, a barber's wife, a flower-girl, a milk-maid, or a *harlot*. How can a people be better than their Shastras? That which a man reads and thinks upon must influence his character; and the unhallowed doctrines and rites of Puranism have but too much tendency to inflame the passions and engender crimes. Add to this, that moral elevation in a devotee is none of the requirements of the Shastras. Some of the grosser vices are indeed forbidden, but, provided certain mummeries are observed, he may be the veriest devil the while. Certainly, he must abstain from certain food, avoid certain imaginary pollutions, as touching unclean tribes, and things, and bathe in the Ganges, if residing near it. But does Hinduism absolutely require more? Morality and virtue have no place in Hindu ethics, having made room for the easier substitutes of rites and ceremonies. The law-givers particularly enjoin the postures in which the devotee must sit while performing his devotions, the direction he should look to, and other particulars equally important; but they do not watch over or direct his private morals.

Then, again, some of the religious observances are very cruel. Superstition is as heartless on one side, as gloomy on another. It dreads an implacable avenger in God, instead of regarding him as an affectionate father; and, from the terror of his vengeance, originate penances, mortifications, and expiatory sacrifices. Of voluntary self-sacrifices and of infanticide we shall here say nothing, nor of the Sutti, for these, under a benefi-

cent administration, have ceased. It only wanted a well regulated Government to check them, and the days, when they were regarded as meritorious, have gone by. But festivals like the *charaka*, celebrated in honor of Siva, are disgraceful and abominable, and have nothing to excuse their horror. In the upper Provinces the *charaka* is unknown. It seems peculiar only to Bengal. But the barbarity of piercing the body in different places, with hooks, spits, tongs, and knives, is common throughout India. Austerities of unexampled severity, and yet serving no moral end, are likewise practised by deluded fanatics, who consider such mortifications to be the most acceptable offerings to God. When the father of a family, says Menu, sees the child of his child, let him repair to the lonely woods, and there endeavour to subdue his organs of sense and of action. He seems to consider it impossible for a man to mortify his earthly affections and sinful inclinations at home. Home must be renounced, the family circle deserted. And for what? What is to be the reward of such sacrifice? What pre-eminence is to be gained by such renunciation of domestic comforts? Power! By austerities the *asooras* aspired to be gods, contested with the gods for supremacy, often overcame their might, and oftener still forced them to grant boons which it was not in their power to refuse. And what did these austerities consist in?—not in refraining from murder—not in eschewing adultery—not in abstaining from theft—no! Personal privations and torture constitute the strictness which Puranism regards as meritorious, and the worst men have, through their means, obtained that power which was necessary to work out their wicked designs. A lengthened suppression of respiration, inhaling and exhaling of breath in a particular manner, the distorting the body, or placing some particular limb in some particular attitude, till it becomes unfit for use, fixing the glance of the eyes after a certain direction—in these consist the virtue of the *yogi*. The demon Tarika performed penances for 1,100 years, and kept the gods trembling in fear, for they knew his devotions must be rewarded. What did he do? What great and singular deeds of merit? He stood on one foot with his eyes gazing on the sun; he stood on one great toe; he lived on water, then on air; he lived immersed in water, then underneath the earth, then in fire; he stood on his head with his feet upwards, then on one hand, then hung by his hands from a tree, then clung to it with his feet, his head depending downwards,—each of these feats he performed for a hundred years; and this is merit! The Shastras themselves show that they are

incompetent to make the devotee a wiser and a better man ; for did not this same Tarika, as well as Ravana and other yogis, after all their unheard of austerities, subsequently prove to be so depraved, as to require to be destroyed ? There are ascetics scattered all over the country, who go naked, or permit their nails to grow, or pervert the uses of their limbs, or fast, and all to affect that virtue which they have not. They live in woods, and other retired places, and pretend to have renounced the world for meditating on God. But in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, unable to bear up with the disappointments of life, they have thus fled from the haunts of man, forsaking kith, kin, and friends. As for renouncing the world, they do nothing of the kind. Of the most renowned ascetics, the stories extant are very offensive, showing how strongly they were tethered to the vices of the earth, and, even in the present times, when the Government is so strongly armed, it cannot be said that that neighbourhood is safe from danger, where the *Sunyasees* or *Byragees* reside in a body.

The sacrifice of animals also renders Hindu rituals pre-eminently horrid. There was a time when men were sacrificed before the gods. Even in our own days the human sacrifice among the Khoonds is well known. It is declared in the *Bhavishya Puran*, that the head of a slaughtered man gives Bhavani a thousand times more satisfaction than the head of a buffalo. As there is no getting a human head now, cattle are the only victims slain, and, on some occasions, in such numbers, as to stamp on the festivals the character of fiendishness.

Nor are the absurdities with which the Puranic mythology abounds, either few or slight. Of all false religions, that of the Purans is perhaps the most monstrous in its absurdities—a stupendous memorial of the easy credulity of an imbecile race. Almost all the remarkable incidents mentioned, are at variance with reason and common sense. In the creation Viraj Purash changing himself into a man and a woman, a mare and a stallion, a ewe and a ram, &c., is not only indelicate, but childishly absurd. The preservation of the earth on the back of a tortoise, whose noddings cause earthquakes, is a fable of kindred nature ; as also is the story about the falling off of Siva's *lingam*, in consequence of Atri's curse, and its increase to such a size, that heaven and earth were filled by it, so that not even Brahma and Vishnu knew its extent. The celebrated churning of the ocean too, with a mountain for a churning pole, and a serpent for a rope, is a ridiculous idea ; nor are the stories about Janhoo swallowing up the river Ganges, Agastya the

sea, Hanuman preventing day-break at its proper hour by concealing the sun under his arm, king Dundie having a mare which at night assumed the form of a woman of transcendent charms, &c., &c., of more sober character. The authors of the Purans appear to have conceived that, by a multiplication of absurdities, they would be best able to render the whole system more palatable to the vulgar ; and in this, perhaps, they were right. Even the rites and ceremonies are ridiculous and extravagant. The washing, dressing, and feeding of idols, their going to bed with their wives and mistresses, &c., are incidents more calculated to excite laughter than devotion, in a reasoning mind. Nor is the worship less childish. Dexterous gesticulations, whirling the hands round the head, clapping the hands and snapping the fingers, beating the cheeks, playing with the fingers on the lips, breathing with rapidity, bleating out like a sheep, &c.—all these constitute worship ! Where some poojahs require more violent exercises, we have scuffling and thumping, leaping and jumping before the idols, and fathers with their children mingle together in the folly, disfigured with dirt, dung, and blood. To see well-disciplined youth and venerable age thus enacting folly, would almost move angels to compassion. Even when the religious service is not childish, it is far from being edifying. The muttering of a short prayer, prostration, scattering flowers and water, is the only service observed in the temples ; and all this is done in such an off-hand and hurried manner, that it is impossible that they can be the out-pourings of reverential feelings. Nor is it possible for them to suggest sentiments of devotion. We know that the learned pretend to find in each and every such practice a deep and hidden meaning, and it is even affected that there is no part of the system—no absurdity either in text or practice—which, however ludicrous or extravagant it may ostensibly appear, is not susceptible of being explained into sense. Every such difficulty, it is contended, conceals within its stubborn nucleus some philosophical problems, historical facts, or astronomical enigmas, which have been thus dressed up to suit the vulgar taste. Ah, but the vulgar do not see the hidden meaning. Never was moral worked out more shabbily. What was worth being known should have been more plainly taught. The vulgar interpret the fables literally. To them, the truth they are supposed to hide, is darker for the cover that screens it. The learned despise the fables as too round-about a way of teaching some little truths ; while the unlearned gulp them just as they are served, not discriminating their real from their ostensible meaning.

Then again, knavery also cuts a prominent part in the

Puranic religion. Had it been only indiscreet and ridiculous, the evil were great. But it is something worse. To a race of impostors it affords the means of living, and they of course take good care not to pass by any opportunity likely to profit them. Piety is represented as expressible only by rites and ceremonies, which mainly profit the Brahmins, and in every matter they stand as mediators between the gods and men. The gods are said to eat and speak by their mouths. The Brahmin's hand is replete with sin-consuming fire, his right ear is the receptacle of the Ganges ; his great toe contains all the holy places. He that toils and eats lays by no store, but consumes his whole income ; but he who feeds Brahmins forwards sustenance to the future world to await his coming. If a man sells his cow he secures perdition to his soul, but if he gives her away to a Brahmin he secures heaven. The sick, the unfortunate, the unprosperous are required to offer sacrifices to the deities as the only way of appeasing their wrath, because a great part of such offerings, if not the whole, goes to the priests. And knaveries to match can be cited *ad infinitum*. A current saying among the vulgar makes them gods. " All the universe ' is under the power of the gods ; the gods are subject to the ' power of *muntras* ; the *muntras* are under the power of the ' Brahmins, therefore are the Brahmins gods." The correct conclusion from the premises laid down, would rather make them something superior to the gods. This has suggested the belief that, for the accomplishment of their own selfish purposes, the Brahmins have propagated the Puranic system. If this be so, the deceivers and the deceived are both alike to be pitied. For what has the villainy of the priests gained them after all ? Or has it averted from them that fate which the community at large has drawn upon itself by its stupid credulity ? Alas ! the same trap holds fast both deceiver and deceived.

Of heaven and hell also the notions of the Purans are essentially defective. The longing for a happier state than this world affords, is a feeling inspired by God himself, within the human mind ; and, next to revelation, it is the best means by which he discovers himself to his creatures. From the notion that the world is not our being's end and aim, we instinctively catch the notion of a happier futurity, and an eternal God. But the absurd views of the Purans on this subject of futurity, only shows us what work false religion makes, even with a well known general principle. According to the Purans, the earth is a flat surface, shaped like a lotus, representing the mysterious *yoni*, and bearing in its centre a mountain, the primeval *lingam*, 48,000 *yojonas* high, and like an inverted cone, broader at

the top than at the bottom. This is Suméru—the residence of the gods. In some places it is mentioned to be of solid gold, resplendent as the morn—and yet of many colors, the east being white, the west brown, the north red, and the south yellow. In others again, the east is only mentioned to be of gold, the west being of silver, the north of copper, and the south of iron. One only river, dividing itself into four branches, waters this paradise of the gods, and is called Mandacini, on the earth named Gunga. On Sumeru dwell the gods, and there dwell also the souls of virtuous departed men, feasting on exquisite heavenly food. It is named Subha, or the congregation, for here the *devatas* hold their councils ; and the purest and holiest section of it is called Ilavatta, where Brahma resides. The heavens are not all of an equal grandeur. They are of several grades, those of the primary gods considerably outshining those of the minor deities ; and of the heavens of the primary gods, that of Brahma is described as excelling all others in splendour and magnificence. Narada attempting to describe it, gave up the task in despair, for in it he found all the glories of the other heavens, and many more too numerous to narrate. But we are not, therefore, to conclude, that the heavens of the other deities are necessarily paltry. Far from it. According to the Mahabharat, the heaven of Vishnu is composed of pure gold, and its edifices of the richest jewels ; and the *Sri Bhagavat* gives an equally glowing description of the court of Siva, regarding which the Saivas maintain, that every splinter of the mountain Kailasa is a gem. These three heavens are on the three peaks of mount Sumeru, named Sumeru,* Vycant, and Kailasa. There are twenty-one other heavens belonging to gods of lesser fame ; but these are not so high up the mountain, nor yet so grand—not even that of Indra, who is called the king of the heavens. The pleasures of all these heavens are wholly sensual, composed of the fragrance of flowers, the richness of scenery, the melody of songs, and the company of celestial dancing girls. Even where the Maha-rishis, the Brahmia-rishis, and the Deb-rishis,—the great, the sacred, and the divine sages,—chaunt the praises of God, the enjoyment is not complete without carnal love. According to the *Pudma Puran*, the soul of the good man, when immediately after death it goes to the palace of Yama, is welcomed by him with affection and love, and there entertained with excellent food, the dance and song of heavenly courtezans, and the fragrance of heavenly

* Also named Brahmaloek, and Ilavatta.

flowers. It is then judged, and the particular heaven of some deity allotted to it for its residence ; and there it relishes all the sensual gratifications that the mind can conceive, till all its merit is rewarded, when it is compelled to take birth again on the earth, in some form or other. The happiness of heaven, therefore, after the turmoils of life, appears to be something like the voyage of Ulysses—a wretched struggle with toils and dangers, relieved by occasional respites, during which the hero climbs the beds of nymphs and goddesses, and is with savoury viands fed. But what is happiness where perpetuity is wanting ! As for absorption into the god-head, that is only for the select few, and now-a-days the candidates for this supreme beatitude are few. Even Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, have not yet attained it, and how can men ? The Hindus have no alternative but a sensual paradise, or non-existence ; and it is not to be wondered at, that the bulk of the community prefer the former to the latter.

The description of hell, we must admit, is sufficiently harrowing. After the conviction of crimes, which is effected on the evidence of the sun ; moon and stars, fire, water, wind, and the earth, morn and eve, day and night, and a host of other very unexceptionable witnesses, the soul is sent to its place of punishment, according to the nature of its crimes. There are several such places, differing in horror according to the different nature of the several enormities perpetrated by men. There is the hell of darkness, the hell of burning oil, and the hell of burning copper ; the hell full of reptiles, and the hell of thorns, the hell for the adulterer, where the object of his affections is represented in red-hot iron, which he is compelled to embrace ; the hell where sinners are beaten with clubs, that in which they are pierced with arrows, that in which they are bitten by dogs ; the hell where cannibals feast on sinners, that where snakes bite, that where ravenous birds tear to pieces ; and many more. But here the soul remains not for ever ; no more than the good man remaineth for ever in heaven. The pains of hell cease to afflict after an allotted time, when the sinner is permitted to return again to the earth, to re-act his part.

The fears which the horrors of hell might excite do not, however, we see, sufficiently deter men from sins. And how should they, when those very Shastras, which arouse these fears, furnish us with a charm against them ? Is there not the Ganges to cleanse the sinner ? Do not the Purans teem with praises of her virtue ? Is a young man guilty of adultery or incest ? The picture of the

hell reserved for him makes him tremble. How will he endure the burning caresses of an iron beauty fresh from the furnace ! He thinks of penitence—he prepares to throw himself on the mercy of his Maker—he offers to recant his errors in sackcloth and tears. The voice of nature, which even the grossest idolatry cannot wholly extinguish, urges him to this. But this the religion does not demand. There is an easier way of securing reconciliation with the gods. It is a very easy and convenient method. He has only to go and dip himself in the sacred Ganges, and scrub himself clean. People are always fond of easy methods ; a short cut is just the thing they want. The tradesman lies and defrauds his customers, and then sanctifies himself in the waters of the sacred stream ; the murderer washes his bloody hands in its bounding current, and feels relieved of a heavy burthen ; and bad women are to be seen all day long, under circumstances of the highest indelicacy, washing away their sins. Even he “ who hears the ‘ story of the descent of the Gunga,” says the *Ramayana*, “ shall ‘ have all the wishes of his heart. All his sins shall be ‘ destroyed, and his life and fame be abundantly prolonged !” and, as there are some other rivers also whose waters have the same efficacy, the whole country is thus beneficently provided. Nor even where such rivers are not, is it necessary for the sinner to be sorry for his sins and repent of them. Repent ! Nonsense. Is there not the Brahmin’s great toe, the touch of which is salvation—is there not the Brahmin’s right hand, which holds such an inexhaustible quantity of sin-consuming fire ! What sin is there which the benediction or *asirvad* of a Brahmin cannot destroy ? Should even that fail, there is still the repetition of sacred names to annihilate demerit. Ajamil, a great criminal, saved himself by calling on his son, “ Narayana,” (a name of Vishnu) in his last moments, to bring him water ; and Valmik, a robber, gained admittance into Vycant, the paradise of Vishnu, for the words “ *mār*,” “ *mar*” (kill, kill,) which he had been in the habit of using so frequently, which reversed, make “ *Ram*,” “ *Ram*.” Then again the performance of *Havishya*, in the months of *Magh*, *Bysak*, and *Kartika*, destroys the gratest sins ; and some of the Purans also tell us, that Yama expressly directs his ministers to avoid approaching those men, who paint sacred marks on their body with chalk and mud, after certain fashions minutely laid down. There are also many penances for the expiation of sin, silly and revolting, or empty and heartless : and, if there are offences of extra-enormity to wash away, there is the *Gayatri* to be meditated upon (a specific rather exclusive,

being for the Brahmins alone) during three suppressions of the breath, and to be recited after a particular manner. Thus is the only bugbear Puranic mythology had set up to intimidate men into virtuous courses, defeated in securing its object.

We hate idolatry in every form, for idolatry is a lie against the majesty of God, and never friendly to the sanctions of morality, and never successful in securing the welfare and happiness of mankind ; and, as the idolatry of the Purans is no whit better than other mythic beliefs generally, it has our cordial antipathy. The Hindu thinks he worships the lord of heaven and earth while bowing before images—that idolatry is neither subversive of, nor incompatible with, monotheism. He forgets that in the palpable form of images, the spiritual immensity of God cannot be conceived. All ideas of His vastness, all ideas of His power, are lost, if we contemplate Him as represented by an idol of a certain size. That size may be stupendous, but the Omnipresent God cannot be worshipped in such an un-omnipresent effigy. Nor can an Omniscient God be at all adequately represented in a figure of finite extent and duration, and often, in the very representation, contradicting his omniscience. Kali is represented as dancing on the body of her husband, and startled in perceiving her blunder ; and the *Brahma Vaivarta Puran* tells us, that, when Parvati, quarrelling with her husband, left him, Vishnu and Siva travelled all over the universe and found her not, and wept such floods of tears as to form a lake. Then again the attributes and actions imputed unto God, as represented by such an effigy, are so many lies against His excellence, and are more calculated to rob him of that veneration and love we owe Him, than to glorify His praise. By God we understand a perfect being. Hinduism also calls him perfect, supreme, almighty, and most good. But this is only a passive admission. He is not represented as such. The representations generally, far from being the hieroglyphic emblems of the Deity, are the emblems of vice conspicuously elevated. Nay, even if we could recognise the true God in the objects of Hindu mythology, the erroneous adoration paid to those objects of worship would deter us from being favorably inclined towards them. The worship of the true God after a false manner, is just as sinful as the worship of false Gods. On these points, however, it is not necessary to lengthen out our observations. The Hindus, if we read the prognostications of the times aright, are themselves growing disgusted with the big lie ; and the more so because Puranism, as a system, has no well-defined scope or end to accomplish. It is

a long chain of gross fables, disjointed and indefinite, huge, wild, and fragmentary, having no distinct and tangible object to fulfil, and totally at variance in its several parts. Every detached story may have a deep, hidden, and even moral meaning if you please; but all the fables together make a discordant system, unintelligible and bewildering, for which it is impossible to entertain any but a mean and contemptible opinion. The instructions which it professes to give are useless, where they are not scandalous and criminal. The only things clearly to be understood, are the profane songs, the obscene ceremonies, and the other indecencies connected with the prescribed festivals.

The effects of idolatry have been in this country, as everywhere else, mental imbecility and turpitude. The intellect of the Hindus is crippled. Why? Not from any Bæotian influence in the atmosphere, but because his religion requires the native to abjure the exercise of his reason. Says the *Gita*, "he who worships matter becomes matter," that is, a blockhead. Religion requires him to regard certain stones and certain trees as gods, but common sense teaches him to view them as they are. Religion overpowers common sense, the mind becomes stupified, and the man bows down to that block which he himself, as a child, had perhaps often regarded as a plaything. He, in other respects so nice and subtle, as to borrow an oriental expression, to split a hair in his reasonings, considers it an animated being, offers it food to eat, flowers to smell, clothes in winter to keep it warm, and fans it in summer to allay the heat! The rats and mice are more shrewd, says Brajmonhun, a clever native who published a masterly refutation of Polytheism some years ago, than this human being, for they regard the wood as wood, and cut holes in it. Even the cockroaches spare it not, nor the goats and flies, for these eat up the colors wherewith it is painted. But the man still thinks that block a God, to which he himself gave mouth, nose, and features, hands and feet. It can be burnt down by fire, broken into pieces by the hammer, as well when a God as in its original condition. But this does not shake his strong belief. He fancies him laughing, he dreams that he sees a frown; and thus professing himself to be wise, he becomes a fool. What a sharp intellect, what a sound understanding is thus rendered imbecile by superstition!

The moral turpitude which idolatry has occasioned has been alluded to in the course of our observations. Nor need we say more about it here than this, that, after having made the

gods sinners, the Hindus have correctly followed up, the move by emulating their ways. In the worship of idols final beatitude is not so much as sought after. Men have become callous of the future. The lusts of their deities have made them aspirants for temporal enjoyments, and they worship for sensual gratifications, for wealth, for bodily strength, for long life, for beauty, for the destruction of enemies, and so on. God deserted his maligners when they represented him in bestial forms and gave to him a bestial character, and, thus abandoned, they fell headlong into the pit of wickedness they had dug themselves. It has been observed by several writers that they are very much given to lying. The cause of this is easily discovered. Their gods are all liars. The liar has his god, and the robber has his god ; revenge has divine examples to justify it, and so has cruelty. The vilest impurity that degrades human nature has a kindred example in the gods to excuse it. The demoralization this has effected, we see, is great. Had it operated alone and unchecked it would have been greater ; but foreign rule, however injurious in other respects, has been of service in this. Merocious observances and licentious practices would have been more prevalent even than now, but for the rule of strangers who had no motive to side with a detestable religion.

Such has been the consequence of idolatry religiously followed. That some of its observances, however, might be advantageously observed, as prescripts for temporal benefit, we will not deny. The various ablutions enjoined, for instance, are highly beneficial to health, as also we think is the interdiction of animal food ; and there are others of like nature. We doubt not that to enforce these useful worldly purposes was one of the principal objects contemplated by the founders of Puranism. Jamadagni, in fact, plainly assures us, that, the *devatas* one and all, with their names, forms and actions, are mere fictitious inventions, contrived to back with authority certain ordinances and practices, the adoption of which was considered salutary. And we are prepared to believe that the Hindu legislators did not originally mean to abuse the confidence of the ignorant multitude so much as they have actually done, that is, that they had then no idea of what would in time be the consequence of their cheat. Had they had any notion of it before, they would probably have paused before bringing such an engine into operation ; and yet we cannot blame those legislators less, because, forsooth, they did not anticipate how their system would work ; for it is

no excuse in a law-giver to be ignorant of human nature. Had their institutes, at the same time that they advocated habits useful in life, borne reference to moral improvements also, and had their gods been clothed with the ordinary virtues and modesty of good men, we might have had less to complain, and might have even awarded them their due meed of praise, forgetting their insufficiency and errors. But, in the absence of such provisions, the operation of their system has been only productive of mischief, rendering men more wicked than they would have been if left to themselves. In the Uttara Khanda of the Pudma Puran, Siva tells us that he promulgated his doctrines only to mislead his worshippers. Namuchi and other *daitays* had become so powerful by their purity and devotions, that the gods stood in dread of them. To seduce them from their virtues, and make them wicked and weak, Siva introduced his tenets and practices ! The Pudma Puran, from sectarian feelings, thus strongly condemns the Saiva doctrines alone ; but we, who belong to no party, will not hesitate to condemn them all, for they have all contributed alike to render a whole nation cripple and poor, credulous and contemptible—a whole nation who have stood still for more than two thousand years without making any progress in civilization and knowledge, and all from their false notions of religion, and from contempt or defiance of God.

The age has now arrived when image worship should altogether cease. The necessity with which it originated exists no longer, if it ever existed. The advantages which were expected from it have not been reaped. " Figure fancied in ' thought " very prettily observes the Mahanirvan, " can no more secure salvation to the soul than dreams of sovereignty ' can secure the possession of an empire." Other lands, which once owned the bond of paganism, have now thrown off their slavery. Adin, with his everlasting passion for battles and banquets, has passed away ; Thor no longer thunders from the bleak mountains of Iceland and Scandinavia ; the blood-stained Valkyrior, and the wild and intellectual Balder have ceased alike to reign. In more southern lands the exquisite temples and statues of Minerva and Juno have long since been abandoned. Even the votaries of pleasure have relinquished the worship of Venus and Bacchus. The fire burns no longer on their altars—the thighs of fatted kine and sheep are no longer offered to them, even in those places where, of old, kings with their own hands sacrificed hecatombs to their

gods. The voice of the oracle is heard no more, and, if the marvels of the Pagan's belief have anywhere survived, it is only in fiction and nursery lore. And yet the world has not retrograded one step in morals. Jehovah has not been abandoned, but has rather reclaimed and is yet reclaiming back his erring sheep. The worshippers of Pallas and Jupiter, of Thor and Odin, have found a mightier stay ; and to the sensual adoration of the heathen has succeeded a spiritual worship, purer in its character, and more ennobling in its tendency. That Hinduism likewise may soon make room for that God and that Worship is our earnest prayer.

ART. II.—*Selection from the Papers of the late Lord Metcalfe. Edited by J. W. Kaye, Author of the Life of Lord Metcalfe. 8vo. London, 1855.*

THE present volume is a supplement to the *Memoirs of Lord Metcalfe*, noticed in the last Number of this *Review*. And to us, at least, it is a welcome one. It is almost, indeed, essential to a complete record of the public life of this distinguished Statesman. For although in the biography, Metcalfe's despatches, letters, minutes, memoranda, &c., are quoted, to an extent which seems to have offended some critics who read it with purely English eyes, it is not to be doubted that, after all, the opinions of this able and honest public servant were only dimly reflected. The nature of the work forbade a more ample exposition of his views; and it is the object therefore of the present volume to supply the necessary deficiencies of its predecessors.

The volume, however, is and professes to be no more than a "selection." It is divided into three parts. The first embraces certain specimens of the despatches, letters, memoranda, &c., written by Charles Metcalfe from the commencement of his career as a diplomatist up to the time of his appointment to Council. The second, is devoted to the minutes of the Member of Council, the Provisional Governor-General, and the Lieut. Governor of Agra. And the third contains extracts from Metcalfe's Jamaica and Canada despatches. In the preface, the editor states the principles which guided him in the selection. It would have been, doubtless, much easier to prepare several, than *one* volume of Lord Metcalfe's papers. The Indian despatches of the Duke of Wellington fill two large closely-printed volumes. Those of Lord Wellesley fill four volumes. The former extend over a period of seven or eight years; the latter, over about the same space. But, Sir Charles Metcalfe was nearly *forty* years in India. In comparing his papers with those of his first master, the "glorious little man," to whose patronage he owed so much, there are two points especially to be noticed—one, that they relate to a much larger variety of subjects; the other, that they are unquestionably all, purely and genuinely, Charles Metcalfe's own. Lord Wellesley was a great diplomatist—a great "political" statesman; and, perhaps, had time been permitted to him, he would also have been a great administrator. But, lacking time, the business of internal administration was, under his Government,

comparatively neglected; and his papers therefore on the domestic policy of our Indian Empire are scanty and unimportant. On the other hand there are few subjects, connected with our internal administration, on which Metcalfe has not recorded his opinions. Again, it is not easy for the outside public to determine to what extent the despatches, &c., of a Governor-General are the produce of his own individual mind—to what extent the thoughts, and to what extent the words, are his own. Lord Wellesley was one of the most active and the most self-reliant of our Indian statesmen, but he knew the value of such an *Aide* as Mr. Edmonstone, and, doubtless, the hand of that ablest of political Secretaries is to be traced largely in the public despatches of all the Governors-General under whom he served. But the editor of Lord Metcalfe's papers tells us that the "selection" now given to the world is made from the original drafts in his Lordship's own hand-writing. Every word in the volume is his own.

But we scarcely needed the assertion of this external evidence—the internal evidence is so strong. From first to last, there is little variation in Charles Metcalfe's style. It is always clear, pointed, direct. The stamp of earnestness and sincerity is upon it. There is no sign of making-up. When it rises into eloquence it is the simple, natural eloquence of the heart. Sir James Stephen, in one of his Ecclesiastical Essays, relates how a young aspirant for the honors of the Indian Civil Service once asked the Chairman of the Court of Directors what style of despatch-writing was most in favor at the India House, and was told in reply, "Sir, the style we affect most is the Hum-drum." We remember, too, to have heard a story to the effect that, sometime ago, under the Administration, we believe, of Lord Hastings, a certain Major L —, of the Commissariat, drew up an elaborate paper, relative to the business of his department, which he submitted to the Military Board. Weeks passed and grew into months, but no notice was taken of the report—an omission the more surprising, as the Secretary of the Board was a particular friend of the writer. So the Major went up to the Presidency to enquire about his *magnum opus*; hastened to the Board Office, and asked the Secretary what had become of the paper on which he had bestowed so much pains. The Secretary said he would enquire, and a search was instituted for the report, which after some time was brought to light and put in the writer's hand to identify it. He knew the look of it at a glance; but there was something written in pencil, at the back, which he read with ease.

curiosity, followed by blank dismay and bitter indignation. On this his great report, which had cost him days and weeks of hard study, and which, he believed, would earn for him the approbation not only of the Board, but of the Supreme Government also, the Secretary had written in pencil, "What is all this about, baboo?" And the baboo had written in reply this pungent criticism, "*Plenty words—matter not much. No vouchers sent.*"

Now, in these two stories it must, we fear, be admitted that the vices of Indian despatch-writing, in general, are not untruly represented. The style is for the most part hum-drum; plentiful words and little matter; often no vouchers, proofs or arguments, at all; but, as Lord Brougham has phrased it, "scores of paragraphs," in which all eloquence seems to evaporate, like man's strength in the rainy season. There are, however, some remarkable exceptions to the rule; and among them the despatches of Charles Metcalfe occupy no undistinguished place. There is always much matter in them; there are always vouchers, in the shape of substantial proofs or solid arguments. Even where we differ from the writer, and there *are* points on which we differ from him—we appreciate the force of his assertions and the ingenuity of his arguments; and, there is such an air of truthfulness about all he says, the result of the unvarying sincerity of all his utterances, that we find it difficult not to yield our assent to his arguments, however firmly rooted in our minds may be convictions of an opposite tenor.

Some men are greater than their utterances—written or spoken. Others again are less. We would place Metcalfe in the former category. We do not think that his papers, and still less a selection from his papers, can be made to represent the public character of such a man, or even to indicate the steps by which he ascended the ladder of his renown. The first official document of any importance to which he attached his name—the memorandum on the location of the proposed Subsidiary Force in Scindiah's dominions, published in the *Life of Lord Metcalfe*,—is a remarkably able paper, considering that it was written at the age of nineteen. But India is not only the "nursery of Captains." It is a rare forcing-house for scribes. At a still earlier age, Mr. Tucker, as has been recently shown, indited elaborate papers on intricate questions of financial policy, not unworthy of a mature statesman. Richard Jenkins, Mount Stuart Elphinstone, and others of the same race of Civilians, were equally premature in their official

development. Of Metcalfe and Tucker it has been observed, that, as their earliest papers were distinguished by a remarkable precocity of intellect, so their latest indicated, in a very peculiar manner, the *lasting* qualities of the intellect thus prematurely developed. There is nothing, indeed, more noticeable than their uniformity of power.

Metcalfe was wont to speak of the time of his residence at Delhi, as "the most important and efficient period" of his career. At no time, indeed, was his mind more active than between the years 1813 and 1818. Within that space, he seems to have made up his mind thoroughly, on all the great questions of Indian politics, foreign and domestic; and many of the most elaborate minutes, which he recorded as a Member of the Supreme Council of India, are little more than repetitions of papers drawn up by him, officially or demi-officially, when resident at Delhi. Still we do not hesitate to express an opinion—heretical, as it will be regarded by many, that, the "most important and efficient period" of Metcalfe's career was that which embraced his Canadian Administration.

But although a career of such unceasing activity—a career so varied as Metcalfe's, extending over nearly half-a-century of official existence, can be but imperfectly represented by a volume of "selections," the present compilation, aided by the extracts scattered over the biography, will go some way to exhibit what may be called the paper-life of this laborious Statesman. Metcalfe is here left to speak for himself. His opinions on most of the leading questions which have agitated the minds of our Indian statesmen since the commencement of the present century, are here recorded and argued upon in his own words. Of these opinions, in the narrow space of a Review-article, we can give but an unsatisfactory account. We shall content ourselves with touching upon a few of them; in some cases, merely leaving the extracts, which we may give, to speak for themselves.

The first paper in the collection, is an Essay on the policy of Sir George Barlow, written by young Metcalfe, in Lord Lake's camp, for the perusal of his father. To mention the place of its birth, is to describe the character of the opinions it expresses. It is very clever and very confident. Although, every now and then, words of a somewhat unofficial type creep in—such epithets as "filthy," "nasty," "funny," we are not sure that it is not as well written as any paper in the volume. We need hardly speak of the circumstances that called it forth. Every reader of Indian history is acquainted with the state of affairs, which had arisen in India, at the time of the departure

of Lord Wellesley. See how the young writer contrasts the policy of Sir George Barlow with that of "the glorious little man," who had just departed :—

"The Governor-General, in some of his despatches, distinctly says that he contemplates in the discord of the native powers an additional source of strength ; and, if I am not mistaken, some of his plans go directly, and *are designed* to foment discord among those states. To foment discord seems to me barbarous, unwarrantable and monstrous ; and even to contemplate in it any source of strength, is unworthy of our pre-eminent station. Such a policy at best can only be suited to petty states. Applied to our empire in India it is extremely filthy.* Lord Wellesley's desire was to unite the tranquillity of all the powers of India with our own. How fair, how beautiful, how virtuous, does this system seem ; how tenfold fair, beautiful, and virtuous, when compared with the other ugly, nasty, abominable one.

But I can contemplate no source of strength in the discord of contiguous powers. It appears to me that in our advanced state of power no great contentions can arise which will not soon reach and entangle us. It is impossible completely to insulate ourselves, and we must be subject to the same chances which work upon states situated as we are. It is matter of astonishment that any person can think that it is in our power to draw in our arms and separate ourselves entirely from the affairs of India. That we can exist, great as we are, without dependent, friend or foe. That wars are to kindle and rage on every part of our extensive frontier, and that we shall not be moved by them. This is a new, and, I think, mistaken notion. It is our interest, I am sure (leaving out the question of morality and virtue, things not always admitted into politics), to promote the general peace. It is the only sure way of preserving tranquillity to ourselves. The acts of the last six months not only deprive us of the power of preserving peace in India, but must operate to cause and encourage dissension. I am very sorry for it.

Our present motion is retrograde : I shall be happy when our governors will halt. This study to decrease our influence is funny. I cannot understand it. For my part, I wish to have our influence increased. It is generally sought for, and I am certain in its operation it gives the most real and essential benefit to all chiefs and states, and to the subjects of all chiefs and states over which it is exercised. There is a loud cry that we are in danger from extended dominion. For my part I can contemplate universal dominion in India without much fear.

I do not like the determined spirit of penury which is evident in this administration. Economy in a Government is one of the greatest political virtues, but let the Directors think what they will, there may be too much of it if it is too parsimonious. It ceases then to be a virtue, and becomes one of the most absurd political follies, and one of the worst political vices. There is, I think, too much of it when it appears to be the ruling and sole principle of Government, when it is displayed in every public advertisement and introduced into every secret despatch ; when deductions of pence and farthings are considered more important than the fate of Empires ; in a word, when the Government entirely discards liberality.

We cannot undertake in this place to discuss the justice of

* Lord Wellesley has censured this by anticipation. *Vide* his elegant reply to the Calcutta Address in 1804.

the young writer's comments. There was less difference between the opinions of Lord Wellesley and Sir George Barlow, *at that time*, than Charles Metcalfe supposed. But every one will appreciate the earnestness and impulsiveness—to say nothing of the egotism of the clever boy (all clever boys are egotistical) apparent in these passages. The following, however, is still better. It is thoughtful and truthful; and not to be gainsaid :—

In a service like this, which is pursued for an independence, to which the wealthy never have recourse, and in which services cannot be rewarded with honors, merit must be rewarded by situations uniting credit with emolument. It is in the nature of the human character to look to a reward. Without this hope there would be much less of zeal and public spirit than there now is. Self-love plays its part in our most disinterested acts. Every Government of the world has instituted rewards as well as punishments for the encouragement of public virtue among its citizens: and when a Government loses sight of this principle, it will soon lose the power of rewarding any public virtue, for all virtue will be extinguished. When a man's conscience tells him that he has worked hard and merited well, he expects reward.

I look on the consideration of public service or public ornament to be real and very justice; and I ever held a scanty and penurious justice to partake of the nature of a wrong. I hold it to be in its consequences the worst economy in the world. In saving money I soon can count up all the good I do: but when, by a cold penury, I blast the abilities of a nation, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation.

Indeed, no man knows, when he cuts off the incitements to a virtuous ambition, and the just rewards of public service, what infinite mischief he may do his country through all generations. Such saving to the public may prove the worst mode of robbing it.

This was written half a century ago—but the truth it contains is as worthy of grave consideration now, as it was during the interregnum of Sir George Barlow.

After this the young writer goes on to say—and the passage is worthy of consideration, for the glimpses it affords of one of the most noticeable traits of Charles Metcalfe's character, as well as for its abstract truth :—

Distinct from the faults of parsimony, but operating with the same effect, is the coldness and want of feeling of the Government. It does nothing with warmth and heart. This may appear to be a foolish objection, but it will not prove to be so. Something more than cold approbation is required to foster great minds—the approbation should be hearty. Men who perform great actions want to be admired, and are not content with being approved. Men may serve under such a Government correctly, but the good of the state requires that they should serve zealously. Men will not serve zealously unless their Government is zealous to do them honor. I venture to pronounce that this Administration will be coldly served. Lord Wellesley, from the fire of patriotism which blazed in his own breast, emitted sparks which animated the breasts of all who came within the reach of his notice.

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There are truly great patriots, who, under any circumstances, will zealously labor for the interests of their country ; but some uncommon greatness is required to keep them in their righteous course under such obstacles as have been alluded to. Such, then, there are : but general arguments are applied to the generality, and these do certainly require the stimulants of hope and ambition.

It is impossible to follow the career of Charles Metcalfe, without seeing the extent to which these "stimulants of hope and ambition" made him what he was. He said, in this paper, that Sir George Barlow was "too cold in his own character to give any warmth to others." The young men of that time, writing to one another, were wont always to call Barlow by the name of *Gelidus*. We have some doubts, however, of the justice of the epithet. If he was cold, it was as Metcalfe, at times, was cold—as Wellington was always cold—in a stern, inflexible determination to do what he conceived to be his duty to the State, without regard to any personal considerations. He may sometimes have been wrong ; but he always believed himself to be right. He treated men too much as machines ; or rather, perhaps, we should say, he viewed them too much in the concrete without reference to the weaknesses or appetencies of individual men. But there was something noble too, in the manner in which he deified the public service ; for he never spared himself. His would have been a more prosperous career, if it had been a more conciliatory one.

This paper, on the policy of Sir George Barlow, is followed by two despatches, which are given merely as specimens of those which Metcalfe wrote to the chief secretary during his mission to Lahore. We are then launched into the politics of Delhi, and we see Metcalfe as an Administrator. A long and elaborate report on the Revenue Administration of the extensive territories under his superintendence, written in 1815, is, perhaps, one of the very best official papers to which he ever subscribed his name. It is here given only in part. It is distinguished by its earnest advocacy of the rights of the village zemindars, and a warm desire to improve, by every possible means, the condition of the cultivators. It was the commencement, indeed, of that great scheme for the revenue settlement of the North Western Provinces, perfected by James Thomason. The system was one of long settlements with villages. The earnest philanthropy of the writer scintillates in almost every sentence of the passage wherein he speaks of what he anticipates will be the

RESULTS OF THE PROPOSED SYSTEM.—The system herein proposed, of giving to the cultivators greater security of property in their lands, and

encouragement to labor for their own exclusive benefit, would doubtless in the course of time produce a great change in the character of the agricultural class of our subjects.

It does not seem to be difficult to foresee some of the effects which must take place at no distant period from allowing the cultivator to reap the exclusive benefit of his own labor during a long settlement or lease.

It may be anticipated that they would show themselves both in the increase of cultivation, and in the superior quality of the produce. The person who before cultivated one field, which sufficed to support his family and enabled him to pay the revenue of Government, would cultivate more, according to the extent of his land and his means. He whose land was already filled with cultivation, would set about increasing the produce, both by sowing more valuable crops, and by improving the soil. Then would follow the study and the practice of the best modes of improving the value of land. The person who had only one plough would contrive to procure several. He who before had only cultivated a little bajra or jowar, or other coarse grain, in the rainy season, trusting to the rain of heaven for his annual harvest, would make a well and secure a good crop of wheat, sugar-cane, or tobacco, or other produce yielding a rich return.

At the expiration of the period of the settlement or lease the village would be able to afford an increase of revenue, and the cultivators would set out again on a new settlement with fresh vigor and enterprise.

The increase of wealth, joined to the security of property, would in some instances lead to amassing, while in others the acquisition of money would lead to a profuse expenditure. The wealth amassed by one would probably be dissipated by his descendants. The value of land, however, and landed property, would increase. Numerous transfers would take place; prudence would be rewarded by increase of property; extravagance would suffer, but would, at the same time, encourage the industry of others.

The love of comfort would increase with the acquisition of wealth; a greater demand would prevail for the manufactures and the productions of the arts; the revenue of the Government, and the wealth of its subjects, would alike be promoted by this process.

From the security of property and consequent independence, would arise much variety in character and situation. Each village would become a county town, and would have its substantial landed proprietors, cultivating labourers, its farmers and tenants, its mechanics, its tradesmen, all following their respective professions, according to the division of labor, which self-interest, and the increasing demand for all articles of comfort and luxury, would suggest.

Another effect to be expected from this system of settlement is a considerable increase of the number of our subjects by emigration from foreign countries. Our Zumeendars, for their own interests, would entice numbers to come and settle in their villages. The new comers would be the tenants of the village Zumeendar, and would enrich the latter and support themselves at the same time, and eventually might acquire property in the village, of which their descendants would become established inhabitants and resident landholders.

It is proper to consider what would be the effect of such a system on the attachment of our subjects. It is evident that we do not as present possess their hearty affections. There is no reason why we should. There is necessarily a wide separation between them and us, arising out of our being foreigners and conquerors, and the difference in color, country, religion, language, dress, manners, habits, tastes, and ideas.

This is a natural obstacle which we have to get over before we can win their affections. And the only mode of getting over it is by conferring on them benefits which they must feel and acknowledge every day and every hour.

Hitherto our Government has not conferred any such benefit on the mass of our subjects—that is to say, the cultivating inhabitants of our villages. The permanent settlement has kept them down in Bengal, and ensured their permanent depression. No system has yet been adopted in the Upper Provinces calculated sufficiently to secure for them any permanent advantages.

We should deceive ourselves if we were to suppose that the system of justice which we have introduced is acknowledged to be such a blessing as we conceive it to be. That it performs considerable good there can be no doubt; but, like most human institutions, it has attendant evils. These are felt more than its benefits, and our courts of justice are generally spoken of with disgust, with ridicule, or with fear, but seldom if ever with cordial approbation and respect.

It is remarkable that the natives discriminate between the character of British functionaries and that of our courts of justice. While they abuse the latter as scenes of injustice and corruption, where nothing is to be obtained but by bribery, and where plaintiff and defendant are alike plundered by native officers and native attorneys, they seem to acquit the British judge of any share in the nefarious practices, which they attribute to his court, and constantly appeal to the individual justice of the judge, against the decree which they suppose to have been put into his mouth by the corrupt officers of his court.

Any discussion regarding the courts of justice would be foreign to the subject of this Report. The preceding observations have been introduced merely to elucidate the remark which was previously made, stating that our rule had not yet conferred any such benefit on our subjects as, being acknowledged by them from conviction, can form a ground of strong attachment, sufficient to overcome the obstacles imposed by original differences.

But if the effects which have been anticipated be the result of the system of village settlements proposed, we shall then certainly have a claim on the affection of that numerous class of our subjects, the village landholders.

They will compare their own situation with that of the cultivators living under other Governments; they will acknowledge that we have conferred on them unrivalled advantages; they will feel that their interests are identified with ours. And if once this feeling be established, the consequent advantages would be immense. Instead of requiring, as at present, troops to control our villagers, we might depend on the latter for the defence of the country against foreign enemies, and the support of the Government in any case of internal disturbance.

It is, perhaps, impossible to foresee all the remote effects of such a system; and there may be those who would argue that it is injudicious to establish a system which, by exciting a free and independent character, may possibly lead, at a future period, to dangerous consequences.

There does not appear to be sufficient reason to apprehend any evil consequences, even at a remote period, from the introduction of this system. It rather seems that the establishment of such advantages, for the bulk of our subjects, ought to attach them to the Government which confers the benefit.

But even supposing the remote possibility of the evil consequences which

may be apprehended, that would not be a sufficient reason for withholding any advantages from our subjects.

Similar objections have been urged against our attempting to promote the education of our native subjects; but how unworthy it would be of a liberal Government to give weight to such objections.

The world is governed by an irresistible Power, which giveth and taketh away dominion; and vain would be the impotent prudence of men against the operations, of its almighty influence. All that rulers can do is to merit dominion, by promoting the happiness of those under them.

If we perform our duty in this respect, the gratitude of India and the admiration of the world will accompany our name through all ages, whatever may be the revolutions of futurity; but if we withhold blessings from our subjects from a selfish apprehension of possible danger at a remote period, we shall not deserve to keep our dominion; we shall merit that reverse which time has possibly in store for us; and shall fall with the mingled hatred and contempt, the hisses and execrations, of mankind.

The elevated tone of these passages is conspicuous. The whole report is, indeed, in advance of the age. To read these papers aright, they must be regarded, one and all, in an historical sense. The dates which the Editor has prefixed to them must never be overlooked. That which in 1855 may appear to be mere common place, or surplusage, was, perhaps, a notable illustration of liberality in 1815. Forty years—the length of two Charters—have wrought mightily upon the opinions of the English in India. Much has come of pressure from within; something too of pressure from without. But be the agents of the great change what they may, it is extremest folly to deny that these years have been years of “Progress.” With what feelings would the Setons and Dowdeswells have contemplated the idea of a Legislative Council sitting in Calcutta or Bombay, to deliberate with open doors.

The papers which stand next in order, are those which illustrate the history of Metcalfe’s mission to Runjeet Sing. We pass them over, as they are given chiefly, it would seem, to keep up the biographical character of the collection, and have not therefore much integrity of interest. After these come the Delhi papers. Metcalfe’s reputation was made, as a diplomatist. At Delhi he proved himself to be also a great Administrator. Some of his despatches on the Revenue Administration of the Delhi territory—then the name which represented a large portion* of the country now under the Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Provinces, are among the best which he ever wrote. They are distinguished, as much by a thorough knowledge of the details of the subject, as by large and comprehensive general views. His system, in some respects, coincided with, and in others differed from, that which in later days has been promoted by those distinguished revenue-officers who are identified with what is called the

“Thomason School.” He was a staunch and consistent advocate for the recognition of the rights of the village communities, but not for those minute surveys, and inquisitions, which in his opinion had a tendency to disturb rather than to settle, and which often defeated, rather than promoted, the ends of justice. He frequently, too, lifted up his voice in favor of light assessments. He was eager to encourage cultivation by allowing men to enjoy, as far as was consistent with the just claim of the state, the fruits of their labor. In the present collection there is a letter to Mr. William Fraser, which exemplifies in a very remarkable manner, Metcalfe’s feelings and opinions on this head. We give a pregnant passage from it :—

I would depend for a future increase of revenue on the effects, which I believe to be natural, of allowing men to reap the benefit of their own industry. I would let them cultivate as much or as little as they found it for their own interest to cultivate ; and the sort of grain or other produce should be at their own option. The benefit which they would derive from cultivating their own land, I should expect, would render any restraint on that point unnecessary.

No people labor so indolently as those who work in chains and by compulsion. Hearty exertion is always self-willed, and with a view to self-interest.

The justice, the benevolence, the wisdom, the expediency, the necessity of a system of conciliation towards the Zumeendars, would appear to me to be indisputable, were it not that you apparently pursue one of compulsion.

If you think that force alone is calculated for the management of these people, I shall respect both your opinion and your experience, but it will require strong proofs to convince me.

The difference in revenue between a light settlement and a rigid one may not be very great ; but the difference in consequences is incalculable. A few thousand rupees too much exacted may ruin a district, and drive the inhabitants to emigration.

You appear to be convinced that your assessments have been fair and moderate. That they have been fair I have no doubt ; but, judging from the consequences, I should suppose that they had borne hard on the people. Has it not been a common practice to sell cattle, jewels, and other property, for the realisation of revenue ? Has not very general distress been occasioned in consequence ? Does not the difficulty of realising the revenue increase every day ? Is not discontent prevalent ? Have not the inhabitants in some instances quitted their lands, and in others reduced their cultivation ? Are not the number of ploughs diminished ?

* * * * *

You are disposed, I believe, to attribute the prevailing discontent to the refractory disposition of the people, and you anticipate bad consequences from any attempt to conciliate them. I am not myself disposed to yield anything to unfounded discontent, but I think that a mixture of conciliation and firmness is the system best suited even for refractory people ; and I dread no less than the ruin and depopulation of our territory from a continual contest between the Government and the cultivators.

Although thus emphatic in his declarations in favor of light assessment, there was a point at which he was disposed to draw the line more rigorously than the Home Government. Eager as he was to allow the cultivator to enjoy the fruits of his labor, he was not one of those who thought that land yielding valuable produce, as sugar, tobacco, &c., should not be assessed higher than less remunerative property. On more than one occasion, when in Council, he protested against what he believed to be a sacrifice of revenue, not demanded by any considerations of justice.

The wisdom of Metcalfe's judicial Administration of Delhi has been questioned. Some of our elder readers may recollect the official controversies which arose, about the year 1823, between Metcalfe and the Board of Commissioners, appointed to investigate and administer the civil affairs of the Delhi territory—or rather with Mr. Walter Ewer, who was appointed an acting Member of that Board. Even by those, however, who have a general recollection of the matter, the nature of the complaint made against Metcalfe's Administration is, we believe, but imperfectly remembered beyond the circle of the actual disputants. We have heard it said that Metcalfe's system of criminal judicature involved other erroneous practices, the duplication and re-duplication of punishment, in geometrical progression, for every new offence committed by the same criminal. But what has been said to have been a rule of general application was, in reality, applied to only one particular description of offence. It was no rule, indeed, but an exception. It applied exclusively to *prison-breaking*. It is a fact that, under this system, one notorious and incorrigible offender was, after three attempts to escape from prison, under sentence for fifty-six years. Let us hear what Metcalfe himself says upon this subject :—

At one period the attempts made to break prison were frequent and alarming. The desperate character of the prisoners within the gaol, and the daring courage and activity of their friends without, caused considerable apprehension for the security of the prison. It was obvious that to apprehend and convict criminals could be of no permanent use, unless they could be retained in confinement. The guards were alarmed, and not without cause, for attempts were made to destroy them, and in some instances successfully. Along with other measures adopted for the security of the gaol, an order was issued that every prisoner escaping, or convicted of an attempt to escape, should have his period of confinement doubled, and that every prisoner giving evidence leading to a conviction of a conspiracy should have his case favorably considered. The latter part of this arrangement required caution, to prevent being imposed upon by false charges. But where the charge was proved, the informer was released, or had his term of captivity shortened, and the culprit underwent

the execution of the former part of the order. When the term of the prisoner's sentence was considerable, the doubling of it makes a greater show than in ordinary cases, and has been much commented upon by one of the members of the Delhi Board. Yet, the order being in existence, it could not with any fairness be relaxed in favor of the greater criminals; neither could it be sacrificed because some were so hardened as to repeat the offence again and again. Hence, in some instances, the ultimate sentence of confinement extends to a length which must appear surprising where the causes are unknown. It is however to be observed, that the power of eventually relaxing the severity of the sentence, when the necessity of upholding the rigid enforcement of the order might have ceased, remained with the authority which imposed it, or with the successor of that authority.

It appears to us, however, that in reality the objection to the system is that the punishment rather diminishes than increases with the magnitude (*i. e.*, the repetition) of the offence. If a man be under sentence for three or four years, and the term be extended to six or eight, the punishment is a severe one; but it may be questioned whether, if a man be under sentence for twenty-eight years, it will greatly afflict him to have another term of twenty-eight years added on to his sentence. And if his sentence extend to fifty-six years, it is no punishment at all to have *that* doubled. The objection to such a plan is, that it necessarily becomes inoperative—that it wears itself out, at a certain point. But, as the President or Commissioner, had the power of departing from or relaxing the practice whenever he chose, we do not see that any evil was likely to result from it on the score either of too great severity, or undue leniency of punishment.

There is no axiom more frequently quoted than the one which informs us that “desperate evils demand desperate remedies.” Metcalfe found a state of things existing in the newly-acquired Delhi territory, to which it would have been folly to apply the procedure of the settled provinces. What that state of things was may be gathered from the following vigorously written passage in one of his vindictory letters to the Chief Secretary :—

When the force at Delhi was not sufficient to keep in awe the neighbouring villages; when the Resident's authority was openly defied within a few miles of that city; when it was necessary to draw a force from another district, and employ a battalion of infantry with guns, and a squadron of cavalry, to establish the authority of Government in the immediate vicinity; when the detachment was kept on the alert by bodies of armed villagers menacing the pickets, and when Sepoys who strayed were cut to pieces; when it was necessary to disarm villages; and when swords were literally turned into ploughshares; when every village was a den of thieves, and the city of Delhi was parcelled out into shares to the neighbouring villages, of which each co-partnership monopolised the

plunder of its allotted portion; when a company of infantry was necessary to attend the officer making the revenue settlement, and even that force was threatened with destruction, and taunted with the menace of having its muskets taken as playthings for the villagers' children; when to realise a single Rupee of the settlement then concluded, purposely on the lightest terms, it was necessary to employ a battalion of infantry with guns; when to subdue a single unfortified village a force of five battalions, with cavalry and artillery, was decreed necessary, and when the villagers, instead of awaiting the assault, sallied forth against this force, for an instant staggered the advancing columns by the briskness of their attack—if that gentleman had been at Delhi in those days, he would probably have been more indulgent towards a system which has brought the Delhi territory into the state in which it was at the end of 1818. At a later period I cannot of course speak. We had to combat against crime. The bulk of the population were robbers. We had to subdue a refractory spirit before unused to submit to Government. We had to conciliate, and at the same time control, a considerable class of people more accustomed to command than to obey, and ready to wince under the slightest restraint.

If I am entitled to any credit for public services, it must rest chiefly on the successful management of the Delhi territory during the seven or eight years of my Residency, the most important, the most efficient period of my life. I do not, I acknowledge, like to see that little credit snatched from me by a gentleman who, without experience of the past, hazards a sweeping condemnation on the system of my administration.

If the Commissioners at Delhi are now able to smile benignantly on what they call innocent forgeries, and to give way to sentiments of commiseration towards convicts—if they consider themselves at liberty to let loose criminals on society without dreading bad consequences—it is perhaps owing to the very system which one of them so strongly condemns and desires that they can venture to do so.

We will not disturb the effect of this by adding any comments of our own.

We pass over the Hyderabad and other papers, eager to come upon that section of the work, which includes Sir Charles Metcalfe's Council Minutes. They are introduced by a paper on the general system of Indian Government, which does not seem to have been officially recorded. It contains a summary of the writer's sentiments on many important questions, to some of which we shall advert. He commences, *more suo*, with some remarks on the instability of our Indian Empire. This is one of the few subjects on which we entirely dissent from the recorded opinions of this eminent Statesman. "Our hold," he says, "is so precarious, that a very little mismanagement might accomplish our expulsion; and the course of events may, of itself, be sufficient, without any mismanagement. We are to all appearance more powerful in India now than we ever were. Nevertheless, our downfall may be short work. When it commences it will probably be rapid, and the world will wonder more at the suddenness with which our immense Indian Empire may vanish, than it has

‘ done at the surprising conquest we have achieved. Empires grow old, decay, and perish. Ours in India can hardly be called old, but seems destined to be short-lived. We appear to have passed the brilliancy and vigor of our youth, and it may be we have reached a premature old age’—and this opinion, which we find, again and again, in Sir Charles Metcalfe’s writings, under every variety of expression, is explained and supported in the following passage :—

The cause of this precariousness is, that our power does not rest on actual strength, but on impression. Our whole real strength consists in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast space of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy can be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, military or civil, are the followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well. From a sense of what is due to the hand that feeds them, which is one of the virtues that they most extol, they may often display fidelity under trying circumstances; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy; and were the wind to change—to use a native expression—and to set in steadily against us, we could not expect that their sense of honor, although there might be splendid instances of devotion, would keep the mass on our side in opposition to the common feeling which, with one view, might for a time unite all India from one end to the other.

“ Our greatest danger,” he says again in the following page, “ is not from a Russian invasion; but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the native inhabitants of India.” This was written during a season of peace, about the year 1830. Our last great exploit had then been the capture of Bhurtpore, which certainly had not assisted the fading away of this impression. Since that time we have beaten the Afghans; we have beaten the Scindians; we have beaten the Sikhs; we have beaten the Burmese, and more than all, we have beaten time and space. Sir Charles Metcalfe was wise in his generation, but another has grown up, lustier, more vigorous, with a keener eye, a stronger hand, a subtler intellect; a generation that laughs at difficulties, knows not impossibilities; that is bold and hopeful, and therefore triumphant. The generation in which Sir Charles Metcalfe lived and governed was an incredulous, a sceptical one. The present generation is full of faith in its own power. It has rejected the taunting counsels of the Nestors of the past, who shook their heads and twaddled out the old formula. “ It will not do in India.” We thank God that there have been men amongst us, who felt that it would do, and determined that it should do, and set right bravely to work. To have

checked such tendencies as these would have been rank disloyalty to the sovereignty of Nature—

—As though a mother should strive
To stay the lusty manhood of the child
Once weak upon her knees ;—

Happily, we have had a man among us eager to strip off the swaddling clothes, and set this child of improvement fairly on its legs. It is the good fortune of Lord Dalhousie to have had such agents as Stephenson and O'Shaughnessy. It is the good fortune of Stephenson and O'Shaughnessy to have worked under such a Governor-General as Lord Dalhousie. It is the good fortune of India that three such men were on the banks of the Ganges at the same time and in the same spirit.

That of such results as these, Metcalfe never dreamt—that indeed, he never expected much good of any kind to come of improved roads, steam-ships, and telegraphs—is not to be denied. But he “flourished” a quarter of a century ago ; and the world has never seen such a quarter of a century. The question is not whether he was behind the present age—but whether he was behind his own age. And truthful history records that he was, in the main, considerably in advance of it. He used to say and to write that there were only two things needed to maintain us in India, “Army and Colonization.” By “Army,” he meant a powerful European army, strong enough at any time to dragoon down insurrection. And by “Colonization” he meant the free admission of Europeans to all parts of India, the encouragement of European energy and enterprise, of the employment of European capital for the benefit of the country. Colonization, in the generally-understood sense of the word, may be impossible in India. We are never likely to see in India generation after generation of European settlers—never looking to the west as the home of their declining years—making money and keeping it in India, and handing it down to their children to be increased or spent, and handed down again to another generation, for further increase or expenditure. To this we believe nature presents an insurmountable obstacle. But the employment of British enterprise and British capital is another matter—and, in the larger sense of the term, it is Colonization. Railroads are colonization—Electric Telegraphs are colonization—Irrigation Companies are colonization—in the sense in which Lord Metcalfe declared it to be the great want of our Indian Empire. He knew that India would not prosper under an exclusive system ;—that true wisdom suggested the expediency, not of shutting out European enterprise and European capital, but of inviting

them freely to enter and employ themselves amongst us. All this is very obvious to us in these days. It may now be called a settled question. But forty years ago, it was not a settled question. It was, indeed, a very vexed one, and there were few men in the service of the Company, who did not speak and write in favor of a system of exclusion—who did not contend that the free admission of European settlers would be a mighty evil, injurious to the stability of our rule and to the happiness of the people. But even then Metcalfe dared the frowns of Leadenhall-street, by entering in his Delhi despatches passages declaratory of his belief that what the country most wanted was European enterprise and European capital—an active, independent European community, not harnessed in the go-cart of official routine, or at the beck-and-call of one master or a dozen. And at the same time he declared himself in favor of the cultivation and improvement of the native mind; and boldly said that if the increased enlightenment of the people were to have a tendency to weaken our hold of India, it was still our duty to enlighten them—that dangers of this kind must be dared at all hazard—that we were to do our duty regardless of the result. He wrote thus very earnestly and emphatically in 1815. But the wisdom and philanthropy of 1815 at best are not the wisdom and philanthropy of 1855; and to judge the former rightly, we must see it in its proper chronological setting.

It was at Delhi, in 1815, that Metcalfe first protested against the exclusiveness which was then so much in vogue. Fifteen years afterwards we find him still dwelling upon the same subject. In the paper to which we are now calling the attention of the reader, he says:—

The Local Government has always been disposed to improve the condition of the people. Barring restriction on the settlement of Europeans, which was most unwise, but has progressively been much relaxed, no obvious improvement for the benefit of the people, consistent with the receipt of the revenue, necessary for the maintenance of our power, has been, or would be, neglected under the Company's Government. There has been no want of benevolence, either in the Government or its executive officers; but the means of improvement are not obvious.

. The most obvious, but that hitherto much disputed, is the admission of Europeans to settle and hold property in India. Their settlement has never been entirely prohibited, and latterly has been facilitated and encouraged; but the removal of remaining restrictions on their lawfully acquiring and holding property is necessary; and for their satisfaction, the cessation of the power possessed by the Government of sending them out of the country is indispensable. The existence of this power is dwelt upon by them as the greatest hardship to which they are subject. They profess to regard it as destroying the value of all property, even if they were allowed to hold it, and rendering their situation so precarious as

to preclude the probability that any one possessing capital would voluntarily expose himself to the danger of losing it by becoming subject to the exercise of this arbitrary power. These obstacles removed, and the settlement of Europeans allowed to take its natural course, progressive improvement is the result that may be anticipated. There must be added the abolition of those unjust distinctions which exclude the products of India from the markets of Great Britain and Ireland, the consequences of which abolition are at present incalculable, and may be immense. It is impossible to foresee to what extent the resources of this productive country may be drawn forth by European enterprise, skill and capital. These are our best prospects of improvement.

He had a notion that it was our duty to render India something more than a market for English goods; and, perhaps, took a clearer view of the wants of the country than the manufacturers of Manchester and Liverpool, and the Constituents of Sir John Pakington.

Metcalfe was emphatically one of the governing caste. He was not ignorant that the extensive establishment of European settlers in India would be attended by many changes—changes which might in time involve the destruction of the exclusive service to which he belonged. “It must be doubted,” he wrote, “whether even the Civil Service will be able to retain its exclusive privileges after the extensive establishment of European settlers. At present the whole administration of the country is conducted or superintended by the Members of this singular service, destined from the dawn of manhood to the performance of the most important duties. They are not generally deficient in integrity or application to business, or benevolence to the public. What is most wanted is heartfelt zeal for the public interests—scarcely perhaps to be found in any body of men. On the whole, it may be doubted whether the duties performed by the Civil Service could be better performed under any other arrangement by the same members; but the necessity of employing unfit men in highly important offices, is peculiar to this service—and demands correction.” “If all the young men,” he adds, “sent out for service in India, were originally appointed to the army, the Government would be able to select those best qualified for the Civil Service, and on the disappointment of its expectations in any instance, could return a person unfit for civil business to duties more suitable to him.”

To this opinion Sir Charles Metcalfe steadfastly adhered. We shall not now enter at any length into the question here opened out. It is probable that we shall have an early opportunity of discussing it, with reference to the new scheme for the education and examination of the Civil Service concocted by Messrs. Macauley, Melvill, Jowett and others. Other eminent men

and competent authorities have been also of opinion that no better Civil Service could be raised than one recruited from the ranks of the army. It is strange that this system was considered little, if at all, during the recent discussions which ended in the abolition of the old Civil Service. Whenever we acquire new tracts of country, whether in our North Western or our South Eastern Frontier, or more in the heart of India, it seems to be an understood thing that the Administration shall be handed over to a body of men mainly composed of military officers. The efficiency of Military men as Civil Administrators in newly-acquired provinces, is thus practically acknowledged. But they might not, it is said, be equally efficient in the old regulation provinces. Certainly not—all at once. The regulations have to be learnt, like vulgar fractions or the goose-step. And under the system proposed by Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Military Officer would enter the Civil, or Administrative Service, young; and would soon acquire the necessary details. Indeed, we hold it to be one of the advantages of the system, which is now speedily to come into operation, that young Military Officers, if they choose to master the appointed course of education, may enter the lists as competitors for civil appointments, and if they fail, fall back upon their Military Commission. The new Furlough Regulations will, to some extent, aid such efforts. But we think it is desirable that the matter should be brought under the consideration of Government, with a view to the preparation of some especial rules facilitating the competition of which we speak. We need not say that *caeteris paribus*, the youth who, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three, has been *acclimatising* himself in India—and we use the word in a comprehensive signification, expressive of moral as well as physical adaptation—is more likely to make a good public servant than one, who, during that important period of life, has been unfitting himself for an Indian career in the Metropolis or the universities of England. We would give young Military men in India, of talent, industry, and enterprise, every facility for the acquisition of the necessary amount of knowledge, and for the demonstration of its possession, before the appointed tribunal. But as we purpose to return to the subject, on another occasion, we may content ourselves at present with this general allusion to it.

From this, in the paper which we are now examining, Sir Charles Metcalfe turns to another subject of equal importance—one, too, which in the present conjunction of affairs, is forcing itself upon the consideration of the public. "This arrangement, however," he says, "might possibly not agree with the

future disposal of the army, which ought to be transferred to the crown." And he then goes on to argue :—

Its existence as a separate body, calling the Company master, and yet having no respect for the Company or its authorities, is incompatible with that spirit of subordination, and discipline, and loyal devotion, without which an army may become dangerous. The Company's army has always done its duty in the field nobly; and no army in the world, perhaps, has higher tone in that respect. But it exists in a state of continual discontent, from the comparison which is ever before its eyes of the scantiness of military allowances with the large salaries of the Civil Service, and is driven almost to frenzy by any attempt to reduce those allowances, already considered too small. Therefore, the late orders from home, reducing the batta of the Bengal army at some stations, besides being severe on present incumbents, were most unwise, because they were sure to excite a feeling far outweighing in mischief any good that could possibly be expected from carrying them into effect. The Indian army, although it be taken under the Crown, must, nevertheless, continue in some respects a separate body—that is, it must be officered as at present by officers brought up in its own bosom. Officers from the European portion of his Majesty's army ought not to be transferred to the direct command of native troops; but officers from the Indian army might be allowed to purchase, or to be removed into the European army, and the prospect of this at some period would form a bond of connexion between the two services, which would be strengthened by putting the officers of both services on the same footing from the time of their ceasing to be regimental officers—that is, from their promotion to be general officers, giving to the Indian officer the privilege in common with the European officer of being eligible to serve his country in the fields of Europe. At the same time, the staff in India, and the employments now held exclusively by Company's officers, ought to be common to both branches of the King's army; nominations to be made not at the Horse Guards, but by the authorities in India, from officers serving in India, with the exception of general officers, who might be appointed either from home or from the service in India.

To this passage the editor has appended the following note:—

"There is matter in this for very grave consideration at the present time (*January, 1855.*) Indeed, it is one which presses earnestly for a settlement. In Europe a Company's officer is an officer only by courtesy. The royal commission which he holds in India is in England a dead letter. Whatever services he may have rendered to his country on fields of Eastern enterprise—whatever may be his approved military skill, his experience in the field; his known fertility of resource, his coolness and courage in great and imminent conjunctures, his mastery over men—whatever, in short, may be the greatness of his qualities as a soldier and a commander, he cannot, according to the present routine system, serve his country, except *in or from India.* And yet only in India, during the last forty years, has any military experience been acquired by the British officer. I trust that I shall not be accused of any undue partiality for the Indian services, when I say that the difficulties which our army in the Crimea has encountered are precisely those, in kind if not in degree, which officers of long Indian experience know best how to overcome. No men are so expert in turning to account the available resources of a strange country as the officers of the Company's services. None know better what it is to contend with such evils as bad roads, scarcity of carriage, insufficient

means of transport—and above all, endemic disease. Yet all the experience acquired by the Indian officer, during long years of active service in strange countries and difficult conjunctures, cannot, under the present system, be rendered available for purposes of European warfare. It must be folded up and laid upon the shelf with the Queen's Commission, and endorsed as "worthless on this side of the Cape."

This was written before the organization of General Vivian's Anglo-Turkish force: but that incident of the present war scarcely affects the argument. The officers now employed with the Turkish troops, are employed, it is true, in a more recognized manner, than those who, twenty years ago, were attached to the Spanish legion; but, nevertheless, their present efforts, like their past on the fields of European warfare, are of a volunteer, amateur character, and not of a nature to affect the principle of their non-employment to the westward of the Cape. On this subject much more might be said than we can incidentally introduce into such an article as the present one. The motion, which Sir Erskine Perry was to have made in the House of Commons, on the 17th of April, but which was suddenly and unaccountably dropped—to be brought forward, we believe, in another shape—bears directly on this question. What we shall now say regarding it, must be considered as nothing more than a few suggestions.

It seems difficult to sever the two questions of the employment of Company's officers, with the armies of the crown, and on scenes of European enterprise, and what is called the amalgamation of the Queen's and Company's army. It is said, indeed, that the latter is a necessary consequence of the former; and we hardly think that, if by "employment" is meant the general employment of well-qualified officers of all ranks, the proposition can be denied. Let this be admitted then, and let us assume that the real question at issue is the "amalgamation" of the two armies. The word, however, which we have placed between inverted commas, is one very vaguely used. Properly speaking, the amalgamation of the two armies means, that fusion—and integration—of the two great establishments, the constitutions of which are so distinct and irreconcilable, as to render their incorporation an impossibility. We need hardly indicate to the instructed reader the sources of this irreconcilability. He will see, when he comes to consider the subject, obstacles and impediments to amalgamation rising up at every turn. The two great armies of the Company and the Crown cannot become one great integral establishment. But they may become two distinct establishments under one common Government. The question which then arises is, whether such

a state of things is politic and expedient—advantageous either to public or to private interests—whether, in short, any one, and, if so, who, is to be the gainer by such a change.

And this question necessarily suggests another and a still greater one. Is it expedient that the Government of the East India Company should cease to exist? It hardly appears possible that it should survive the loss of its army. What is any Government without an army—what above all is an Oriental Government, stripped of the *prestige* of military authority. So stripped and despoiled—so weakened and humiliated—the Government of the East India Company would be a mockery. It would be reduced indeed to the situation of a mere pay-office. In the eyes of the military classes its functions would be nothing more than those of collection and disbursement. It would soon sink into uttermost contempt; and would find itself unequal to the work of governing the country. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the Company would consent to exist, as a governing body, in so reduced and incapable a condition.

As a great national question, then, this matter of the transfer of the Company's army to the Crown, is nothing less than the question of the transfer of the Company's Government to the Crown. It would be better, in our opinion, if the thing is to be done at all, that the latter should precede the former. The greater includes the less. It would be better, therefore, that the country should, in the first place, consider the greater question. Every one then would know about what he is talking and for what he is voting. There is something insidious and underhand in the proposition simply to transfer the Company's army to the Crown. The instructed know that this is, in effect, to transfer the Company's *Government* to the Crown: but the *uninstructed* do not. It is right that the full extent of the contemplated change should be considered at once, so that no man should vote for the lesser change in ignorance of the fact that he thereby decrees the greater.

The continued existence, then, of the Company's Government is, we say, the great national question to be considered. The professional question is, whether the Company's army would be more efficient under the Crown, and the position of the Company's officers more advantageous. Sir Charles Metcalfe was of opinion, that the Company's army would be more loyal if it were transferred to the Crown. But the Company's army is mainly composed of sepoys, who are loyal to their *salt*. Our own opinion is, that recognizing the expediency of the adage *quieta non movere*, we are more likely to weaken than to

strengthen the loyalty of the sepoys, by transferring them to a new master. They would not understand the change. They would ask what this new thing is, which has been forced upon them from England. They know that faith has been kept with them under the Company's Government. What may happen under any new system they can only conjecture. It appears to us that there is danger in such a change, far greater than the hope of any advantage to be derived from it, in respect of the loyalty of the sepoys.

Again, it is to be considered, with reference to this particular phase of the question, that the supposed transfer contemplates certain presumed advantages, to be derived from the facility with which officers of approved military genius or extensive experience—or men of rare promise and energy—may be employed on fields of European warfare. This necessarily involves some system of exchange—some mode of drafting the officers of the quondam-Company's army into the Queen's, and those of the latter into the former. Is there not danger, too, in this? The confidence of the native soldiery in their regimental officers lies at the very root of their loyalty and efficiency. They confide in men whom they have known almost from their boyhood. The soldier and the officer grow up side by side, and they know one another. It would be well, indeed, if the intimacy were even stronger than it now is. We have before this had occasion to observe that the discipline of the native army has deteriorated as this personal intimacy has gradually relaxed. It is a question—and a very delicate one—to what extent this relaxation can proceed, without an entire dissolution of the bonds which keep the native soldier true to his foreign officer. But there is no question that the process will be hurried by any changes which introduce un-Indianized officers into the native army. It is obvious, that if some officers are taken out of the native army, others must be drafted into it. The draft must come from the European regiments. In other words, if a system of transfer be permitted, the places of officers who understand the native soldiery is to be filled by others who do not understand them—who have no experience of their ways, perhaps no sympathy with their feelings, and no toleration of their habits. It will be generally admitted that such transfers as this would be extremely dangerous. But if the Company's army is to be placed immediately under the Crown, in order that its officers may be more readily employed on fields of European warfare—it is obvious that such exchanges must take place, or the presumed object of the new system cannot be attained.

As regards the native army then, it would appear that its transfer to the Crown would be more likely to impair than to enhance its loyalty and efficiency. But what effect would such a change have upon the Company's officers? There are some, perhaps, who will answer at once that it would increase their pride in their profession—that they would attain an elevation of dignity, as the immediate servants of the Queen. We suspect, however, that this transient feeling of hope and pleasure will yield to mature reflexion. To transfer the Company's army to the Crown would not be to elevate but to lower its dignity. Under such a system there would be two Crown armies—and the local or colonial army would, necessarily, be the inferior of the two. It would sink into a sort of militia. It would be an army of a lower caste. At present, the Company's army is the Indian army; the Queen's regiments are auxiliaries. Transfer the Company's army to the Crown, and it would at once become a mere auxiliary force. The staff appointments now held exclusively by the one (Company's) army, would be grasped at by the other. The higher-privileged army would, of course, have the larger amount of interest, and would therefore secure the larger amount of patronage. A direct connexion would exist between the Horse Guards or War Office and the local Governors; and merit would run a poor chance against aristocratic influence and personal favor. From the days of Cumberland and Clive to those of Hill and Pollock, there has been an unceasing effort at the Horse Guards to set aside the claims of experienced Indian officers, and to employ, on all great enterprises, new men with the stamp of the King's armies upon them. It is not one of the least of the advantages of the existing system, that the Company's officers receive their appointments, in the first instance, from one authority, and that the subsequent loaves and fishes of the service are in the gift of another. Whatever may have been the case in *former* days, the influence of the Company is seldom or never brought to bear, in *these*, on a local Governor or Commander-in-Chief, for the purpose of obtaining the subsequent advancement of any connexion or friend of Directors. The patronage is as really, as it is nominally, in the hands of the local functionaries; and, on the whole, it is very fairly administered. We cannot say we think that, under the proposed new system, there would be the same fairness and impartiality. Indeed, the more we consider the results of such a change, the more convinced we are that it would be ruinous to the interests of those who are now "Company's officers."

But might not something be done to improve the existing

system—to define more clearly the rank of Company's officers to the westward of the Cape? We do not believe that they have any desire to be transferred to the Crown; but they do desire to have their status, as servants of the Crown, recognized in all parts of the world. If we are not mis-informed, this subject is now under the consideration of the Horse Guards and the Board of Control; and it is not improbable that the Queen's Commissions of the Company's officers, will be so modified as to confer upon their holders honorary rank in the west, as well as in the east. To make a push for much more than this, would be, it appears to us, to jeopardise many of the most important advantages at present enjoyed by the officers of the Company. And it is well that, when they consider what may be gained by the supposed change, they should not fail also to weigh the probable loss.*

We have wandered further than we intended from the immediate subject of this article; and must now return to the volume before us. Sir Charles Metcalfe's Council Minutes would have filled several volumes. The Editor has been compelled to make his selections with a sparing hand; but he has endeavored to represent, as far as was possible, within so limited a space, the variety of topics to the consideration of which he addressed himself. To us it appears that the best papers in the collection are those which relate to military affairs. Metcalfe used to say that he was "brought up in the Bengal Army." His strongest sympathies were with it. He delighted in military society. Ever since his youthful experiences in Lord Lake's camp, the affairs of the army had been fraught with peculiar interest to him. He was, perhaps, over-sensitive with respect to the danger of our position in India; but apart from the frequent recurrence of this idea, all his papers on military affairs are distinguished by strong good sense, and a large amount of practical knowledge. If he had been endowed with more personal activity (and this would probably have come with the necessity for its exercise) we are inclined to think he would have made a great soldier.

We have marked for selection several passages in this department of the volume, illustrative of Sir Charles Metcalfe's opinions relative to the affairs of the army; but we are warned by the extending space which this paper is occupying, to be more chary of our quotations, and we wish rather to draw

* While these sheets are passing through the Press it has been stated, apparently on good authority, that an order of the Queen in Council has been passed, conferring upon the officers of the Company's army their legitimate rank in all parts of the world.—Ed.

attention to the volume itself than to offer a substitute for it. There is a passage, however, and a rather long one, of a practical character, which we must offer particularly to the consideration of our military readers. We have not ourselves sufficiently considered all the bearings of the recommendation it contains, to venture to endorse it; but we may at least say, that it relates to a very important question, and offers a practical solution, and seemingly a very ingenious one—of a difficulty that has long been felt and often commented upon. Its object is to reconcile the antagonistic claims of regimental and staff employment; and to show how the demands of the staff may be met, without impairing the efficiency of our regiments. In a paper on the efficiency of the Indian army, Sir Charles Metcalfe says:—

I conceive, that it would be much better to adopt some plan by which the Government might be at liberty to command and retain the services of any officer required for the staff or civil employment, without affecting the efficiency of the army.

And this object, it appears to me, might be accomplished by a very simple arrangement.

In the first place, let the complement of officers requisite for actual duty with a regiment be fixed—whether more or less, or the same as the present establishment—without reference to the number that may be drawn away for general staff duty, or civil employment, or any other exigency of the public service.

It is of essential consequence that the Government should have the power of calling away from regiments any officers whose services may be required elsewhere, without any limit as to number.

It is, at the same time, of great importance that this power should be exercised without injury to the efficiency of the army.

And it is also very desirable that any plan designed to secure that object should not interfere with the constitution of the army, or the system by which promotion is regulated.

I have premised that the complement of officers for a regiment is to be fixed, without reference to the number that may be withdrawn for other duties; but I will suppose the complement to include a provision for the absence of the usual average number on furlough to Europe, or leave from sickness or private affairs, and to be accordingly, to that extent, beyond the number actually required to be present.

Without presuming to offer any opinion as to the number of officers that may be requisite with a regiment, I will, for the sake of explanation, suppose the complement to be as at present.

Exclusive, then, of the colonel, or lieutenant-colonel commandant, whose presence is never considered necessary, a regiment may be said to consist of one lieutenant-colonel, one major, five captains, ten lieutenants, and five ensigns.

Let it be supposed that several of these officers, no matter what number, are required by the Government for public service elsewhere, and withdrawn from the regiment.

I have now to suggest the arrangement which seems to me advisable, in order to supply the places of those withdrawn.

The general principles of my proposal are, that officers withdrawn from regiments should cease to draw any pay or allowances as belonging to regiments, and should be exclusively remunerated by suitable allowances attached to the offices to which they may be appointed, and chargeable to the departments to which these offices may belong ; and if, in consequence of their being officers of the army, it be necessary that a portion of their allowances be drawn under the denomination of military pay, that such portion should form a part of the remuneration fixed for the duties assigned to them, and not be in addition thereunto, and should not be chargeable to their regiments, which should be relieved from all expense on their account ; that they should, nevertheless, retain their regimental rank, and rise, with regard to promotion, precisely as if they were present with their regiments ; that the regimental pay and allowances which they would draw, if present with their regiments, should be received by those who may perform their duties in consequence of their removal ; and that the vacancies caused in regiments by the withdrawing of officers for other duties, should be supplied by supernumerary officers.

For example, let it be supposed that the lieutenant-colonel be appointed to some situation on the general staff, or to some civil office.

According to the principles before stated, he would be paid entirely by the allowances of the office to which he might be appointed. His military pay and allowances, as lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, would be disposable.

In such a case, the major of the regiment, supposing him to be present, would have to perform the duties of lieutenant-colonel. I should propose also, that he be allowed to receive the pay and allowances of that rank, as acting lieutenant-colonel of the regiment ; retaining, however, the designation and army rank of major only.

The senior captain might draw the pay and allowances of the regimental major, whose duties he would have to perform, retaining only the designation and army rank of Captain.

The senior lieutenant might be promoted to the duties, pay, and allowances of captain, and the senior ensign to those of lieutenant, each retaining his own rank in the army.

The vacancy caused by the removal of one officer from the regiment might be filled up by the addition of a supernumerary ensign.

Supposing the lieutenant-colonel to return to the regiment, or another to be posted to it, and join it, in consequence of the removal of the former, in either case the major, the captain, the lieutenant, and the ensign who had been advanced to higher duties and allowances, would fall back each into his proper place, and the supernumerary ensign might be posted to any other regiment where there might be a vacancy.

The same process might take place whatever number of officers were withdrawn from any regiment. The withdrawing of field-officers would advance captains, the withdrawing or advancement of captains would advance lieutenants, and so on.

In like manner as the absence of officers in other employment would give to those remaining with regiments the advantage of a rise in pay and allowances, the latter might also be allowed to benefit by that portion of the allowances of officers absent on furlough, which by the regulations of the service may not be drawn by the absentees.

In order to accomplish the plan suggested, it would be necessary to have in the army a number of supernumerary ensigns, equal to the number of officers employed away from regiments. The supernumerary ensigns, while supernumerary, might be disposable to do duty with any regiments

where their services were required. They might be promoted to ensigncies when vacant, and posted permanently to corps according to seniority in the army. As supernumeraries, they might receive the pay and allowances of ensigns.

By this plan, it seems to me, the following advantages would be gained :

The Government would be at full liberty to apply the services of officers of the army wherever they might be most beneficial to the State.

At the same time, the efficiency of regiments would be maintained.

And the system of promotion existing would be preserved without infraction.

The effect of this would, doubtless, be to render regimental employment less unpopular than it is at the present time. There is no greater evil than the impatient desire of officers of all grades to escape from their corps.

Our remaining selections must be of a miscellaneous character, and encumbered with little or no comment. Here is a brief minute on the

CONNEXION OF GOVERNMENT SERVANTS WITH THE PRESS.

[*December 29, 1823.*]

I have the honor to concur in the Governor-General's proposal for the nomination of Mr. Grant to be Superintendent of the Government Press ; and I trust that the reasons which induce his Lordship to recommend this deviation from the orders of the Court of Directors, will satisfy the Honorable Court of its expediency.

I cannot refrain from availing myself of this opportunity to express my regret at the tenor of those orders, which entirely exclude the servants of the Company from any share in the exercise of the power of the press.

That no person in high official station should have any share in the profits of a newspaper, or any connexion whatever with the political press, seems to be perfectly proper and unquestionable.

But that the only class of persons who feel any interest in the Company's government should be utterly precluded from the employment of their talents in the operations of the press, appears to be very impolitic.

The press in India, although not free from restrictions, is sufficiently free to make it desirable that it should not fall exclusively into the hands of those who, however loyal as British subjects, are disaffected towards the Honorable Company ; and that it will be generally engrossed by such persons, must be the natural effect of precluding the servants of the Company from taking any share in it.

Since the enactment of the local law, by which newspapers are printed under a license, revocable at pleasure, the proprietors and editors being responsible for the contents, it has been found expedient to admit a considerable latitude of discussion ; nor can this be avoided without adopting one of two courses—either employing the extreme measure of extinction on every construed breach of regulation, which would be harsh and excite popular disgust—or entering into a continual expostulatory and inculpatory correspondence with the editors, which would be quite derogatory and disreputable to the Government, and much more likely to bring it into ridicule and contempt than any freedom of discussion.

I take it as universally granted, that the press ought to be free, and subject of course to the laws, provided that it be not dangerous to the stability of our Indian Empire.

Should it ever threaten to become so, the local Government ought undoubtedly to possess the power of protecting the safety of the State against this or any other danger, from whatever quarter it may proceed; because it is impossible in this distant region, that we can be protected on emergency by any enactments of the mother country.

But at present there is no symptom of danger from the freedom of the press in the hands of either Europeans or natives; and the power being reserved to provide for the public safety against any danger by which it may at any time be menaced, to crush what is in itself capable of great good, from an apprehension that it may possibly, under circumstances as yet unconceived, be converted into an evil, would be a forecast more honored in the breach than the observance.

Arguing, therefore, on the supposition that the press is already in some degree free, and that it is not desirable to strangle its growing liberty, the exclusion of the Company's servants from taking a share in the exercise of the power which that engine wields, appears to me to be the very reverse of expedient; and I much regret that the orders of the Court of Directors have not left employment in the press open to all their servants, excepting those in high official stations, and especially to gentlemen in the medical line, on the indispensable condition that such employment should not be allowed to interfere with the due discharge of public duties.

We believe all this to be very true. The East India Company have never made any greater mistake than in this disregard of the legitimate uses of the press. Had they not despised the power of a hostile press, and neglected to gain the good offices of a friendly one, they would have been in a higher position than that which they now occupy. Contempt of public opinion is mere obstinacy and obtuseness; and suicide is a great crime.

There are two or three papers in this volume, which indicate the prescience of Sir Charles Metcalfe with respect to those early operations on the Indus, the "Survey" and the "Commercial agency," which laid the foundation of the War in Afghanistan. He saw clearly the dangerous tendencies of these initial acts of interference, and feared that they would inaugurate a great tragedy. The following remarks, written in October, 1830, on the proposed survey of the Indus, are as honorably indicative of the justice as they are of the sagacity of the Statesman:—

A sense of duty induces me to offer some remarks on the papers recently received from Bombay regarding the contemplated survey of the Indus.

The scheme of surveying the Indus, under the pretence of sending a present to Rajah Runjeet Singh, seems to me highly objectionable.

It is a trick, in my opinion, unworthy of our Government, which cannot fail, when detected, as most probably it will be, to excite the jealousy and indignation of the powers on whom we play it.

It is just such a trick as we are often falsely suspected and accused of by the native powers of India, and this confirmation of their suspicions, generally unjust, will do us more injury, by furnishing the ground of

merited reproach, than any advantage to be gained by the measure can compensate.

It is not impossible that it may lead to war. I hope that so unnecessary and ruinous a calamity may not befall us. Yet, as our officers, in the prosecution of their clandestine pursuit, may meet with insult or ill-treatment, which we may choose to resent, that result, is possible, however much to be deprecated.

It appears to me that there is no urgent necessity for the undertaking. It is more than probable that before we shall have to act on any information that we may obtain, we shall have more legitimate means of surveying the Indus.

The most legitimate means would be the consent of the Scind Government, and the other Governments having dominion over that river. If there were real grounds to apprehend the approach of a Russian army, and if the rulers of Scind entertained the same apprehension, they might be disposed to look to us for protection, and would then willingly allow us to make any surveys that we might desire. But by anticipating what is remote and uncertain, and to the rulers of neighbouring states imperceptible, we should pour our agents and surveyors, or as they would consider them, spies, into their territories, with every suspicious jealous feeling against us, and without any sense of common interest in our favor.

If there were any urgent cause for undertaking the survey of the Indus at the present time, we might apply for permission to the rulers of Scind, although, if it were refused, which would be very probable, we should be bound to desist from any public proceeding that would commit our Government.

We might, nevertheless, either with or without such previous application, send persons *incognito* to survey and obtain information, without any ostensible commission, and without any protection, leaving them to take the chance of such treatment as they might receive if detected in an illicit occupation.

But to demand a passage for our officers under a fictitious pretence, and then to take advantage of the civility of the rulers of Scind to do that which we are conscious would not be allowed, appears to me to be ungenerous and unfair.

It must be remembered that the survey of the Indus or any part of the Scind country may give us the power to injure that State, may even assist us in conquering it, and in the course of events, is as likely to be turned to use for that purpose as for any other. The rulers of Scind, therefore, have the same right to be jealous of our surveys, of their river, and their territories, that any power of Europe has to protect its fortresses from the inspection of foreign engineers.

It is stated in a late despatch from the Secret Committee, that we must not permit the rulers of Scind to obstruct our measures; in other words, that we are to go to war with them to compel submission to our wishes. With deference I should remark that such an assumption does not seem to be warranted by the law of nations. That surely, is not an equitable policy which can only be maintained by the strong against the weak, and could not be asserted to a superior or equal power. But the assumption is an exemplification of what I have often observed in our conduct towards the native states, and what appears to me the greatest blot in the character of our Indian policy, although I am not aware that it has attracted any general notice in England. However much we may profess moderation and non-interference when we have no particular

interest of our own concerned, the moment we discover any object of pursuit, we become impatient and overbearing, insist on what we require, and cannot brook denial or hesitation. We disregard the rights of others, and think only of our own convenience. Submission or war is the alternative which the other party has to choose.

• Thus at the present time, because we have taken alarm at the supposed designs of Russia, it would seem that we are to compel intermediate states to enter into our views or submit to our projects, although they cannot comprehend them, and, instead of entertaining any apprehension of Russian designs, are more apprehensive of our own, our character for encroachment being worse than that of the Russians, because the states concerned have a more proximate sense of it from the result which they see in actual operation among the realms of India.

This course, which I trust need not be considered as actually determined on, seems to me both unwarrantable in principle and inexpedient in policy —unwarrantable, because we have no right, from any alarms that we may take up, to interfere with the rights and sovereignty of other powers within their own dominions; and inexpedient, because it would tend to defeat our own proper objects, which ought to be a cordial union of feelings and interests with those states, if ever the crisis which we anticipate should arise.

Sir Charles Metcalfe lived to see the Annexation of Scinde; and to denounce it as a great crime.

We need say nothing more in recommendation of the contents of this volume. Indeed, any collection of Sir Charles Metcalfe's papers might be safely left to recommend itself to the Indian reader. Our only regret is, that the work is comprised in a single volume. But in that absolute paralysis of literature, which is one of the many evil attendants of the miserable Russian war, we cannot but feel thankful to the family of one of the best and ablest men who ever visited India, for this specimen of the literary fruits of his laborious career.

PROGRESS OF ISLAM, FROM THE FIFTH TO THE TENTH YEAR OF
THE MISSION OF MAHOMET.

ART. III.—1. *Strat Wâckidi. Arabic MS.*

2. *Strat Hishâmi. Arabic MS.*

3. *Strat Tabari. Arabic MS.*

IN the fifth year of the Mission of Mahomet, a small band of his followers emigrated, as we have seen, to Abyssinia, where they found a hospitable and secure retreat. But three months had not elapsed, when they again made their appearance in Mecca. Their return is linked with one of the strangest episodes in the life of the prophet. Hishâmi contents himself with saying that they came back because tidings reached them of the conversion of the Coreish. Wâckidi and Tabari give another story, of which the following is a close outline.

The aim of Mahomet had been the regeneration of his people. Of this he had miserably fallen short. The conversion of forty or fifty souls ill compensated for the alienation of the whole community; while the violent opposition of the most respected and influential chiefs vexed his heart. The prospect was dark; to the human eye hopeless. Sad and dispirited, the Arabian prophet longed for a reconciliation, and cast about in his mind how it could be effected.

“On a certain day, the chief men of Mecca, assembled in a group beside the Kaaba, discussed, as was their wont, the affairs of the city, when Mahomet appeared, and seating himself by them in a friendly manner, began to recite in their hearing the LIII. Sura. This chapter opens with a description of the first visit of Gabriel to Mahomet, and of a later vision of that angel, in which certain heavenly mysteries were revealed. It proceeds:—

*And see ye not Lât and Ozza,
And Monât the third besides?*

“When he had reached this verse, the devil suggested an expression of the thoughts which for many a day had been working in his soul, and put into his mouth* words of reconciliation and compromise, the revelation of which he had been longing for from God;† viz:—

*These are the exalted females,
And verily their intercession is to be hoped for.‡*

* *Lit.*—“Cast upon his tongue,”—*القي عالي لسانه*

† *Tabari*, p. 140 *والشيطان علي لسبانه لما كان يحدث به نفسه و*

يتملي ان ياتي به قومه

These words, however, do not occur in the other tradition given by Tabari nor Wâckidi.

‡ *تلك الغرائيق العلي و ان شفاعتي لترجي* (*Wâckidi*, p. 39; *Ta-*

"The Coreish were no less surprised than delighted with this acknowledgment of their deities; and as Mahomet wound up the Sura with the closing words,—

Wherefore bow down before the Lord, and serve Him ;—

' the whole assembly prostrated themselves with one accord on the ground and worshipped. The single exception was ' Walíd, the son of Mughíra, who, unable from the infirmities ' of age to bow down, took up a handful of earth and wor- ' shipped, pressing it to his forehead.*

"And all the people were pleased at that which Mahomet ' had spoken, and they said; *now we know that it is the Lord ' alone who giveth life and taketh it away, who createth and sup- ' porteth; but these our goddesses make intercession with Him for ' us; and as thou hast conceded unto them a portion, we are content ' to follow thee.* But their words disquieted Mahomet, and he ' retired to his house. In the evening Gabriel visited him; and ' the prophet recited the Sura unto him: and Gabriel said, ' *what is this that thou hast done; thou hast repeated before the ' people words that I never gave unto thee.* So Mahomet grieved ' sore, and feared the Lord greatly, and he said, *I have spoken of ' God that which He hath not said.* But the Lord comforted ' His prophet.† and restored his confidence, and cancelled the ' passage, and revealed the true reading thereof, (as it now ' stands,) viz.:—

*And See ye not Lát and Ozza,
And Manát the third beside?*

*What! shall there be male progeny unto you, and female unto him?
That were indeed an unjust partition!*

They are nought but names, which ye and your Fathers have invented, &c.

"Now when the Coreish heard this, they spake among ' themselves, saying, *Mahomet hath repented the favorable mention ' he made of the rank of our goddesses with the Lord; he hath*

bari, p. 140—142.) The latter gives ترتضي throughout, the rendering of which would be "whose intercession *is pleasing* unto God." (Sprenger has in this instance quoted the MS. of Tabari incorrectly in his valuable *Notice of Tabari*, in the *Journal Asiatic Society*, 1850, No. II., page 129.) The unusual phrase الغرائيق signifies delicate, swan-like.

* The same is related of Abu Oheiba, i. e. (Sad, son of Al As., *Wáckidi*, p. 39.)

† Mahomet was consoled, tradition says, by the revelation of the verses fifty-three and fifty-four of Sura XXII., which signified that all former prophets had been subject to the same evil suggestions of the devil; but the Sura in which they stand appears to have been revealed at a somewhat later period.

The verses are as follows: *and we have not sent before thee any Apostle, nor any Prophet, but when he longed, Satan cast suggestions into his longing; but God shall cancel that which Satan suggesteth; then shall God establish his revelations; and God is knowing and wise;—that He may make that which Satan hath suggested a trial unto those whose hearts are diseased and hardened, &c.*

' *changed it, and brought other words in its stead.* And the two verses were in the mouth of every one of the unbelievers, and they increased their malice, and stirred them up to persecute the faithful with still greater severity."*

Pious Mussulmans, scandalized at the lapse of their prophet into an idolatrous concession, would reject the whole story.† But the authorities are too strong to be impugned. It is hardly possible to conceive how, if not founded in fact, the tale could ever have been invented. Most stubborn of all, the fact remains, (and is admitted upon all hands,) that the first refugees did return about this time from Abyssinia, in consequence of the rumour that Mecca was converted; and the above narrative affords the only intelligible clue to the fact. But we need not adopt to the letter the exculpatory version of Mahometan tradition; nor seek in the interposition of Satan and Gabriel, an explanation of actions to be equally accounted for by the natural workings of the Prophet's mind.

It is obvious that the lapse was no sudden event:—no concession that dropped from the lips unexpectedly or unawares, and was immediately withdrawn. The hostility of his people had long pressed upon the spirit of Mahomet, and in his inward musings (it is admitted even by orthodox tradition,) he had meditated the very expressions which, it is alleged, the devil prompted him to utter. Nor can we believe that the concession lasted but for a day. The reconciliation must, to outward appearance, have been complete and consolidated, and continued for some days at least, to allow of the report going forth and reaching the exiles in a shape to inspire them with confidence. We are warranted therefore in assuming a far wider base and more extensive action for the event, than are admitted by ex-parte tradition.

The religion of Mahomet appears, up to this point, to have been a spiritual system, of which Faith, and Prayer, and the

* It has been explained in a note to the Article on the "*Sources for the Biography of Mahomet*," (p. 56, Canon II. L.) that the whole story, as given above, has been omitted by Ibn Hishâm. But that it was contained in Ibn Ishâc's works (which Ibn Hishâm professes to follow,) is evident from its being quoted by Tabari expressly from that author. See Sprenger's Note in the *Calcutta Asiatic Journal*, where the original passages are quoted at length.

† This is admitted even by orthodox Mahometan writers. The author of the Biography *Mawdhib alladoniya*, shows, in opposition to the assertion that the story is heretical, that it rests on unexceptionable tradition, that the opposing authorities are groundless, being founded only on the suspicion that the facts are unlikely. Thus one objection is quoted, that had the lapse really occurred, great numbers of the Moslems must have become Apostates, which the author says is not just reasoning. The original passage may be consulted in Dr. Sprenger's note in the *Asiatic Journal* above referred to.

inculcation of virtue, form the prominent features. Though the Kaaba and some of its rites may have been looked upon as founded by the patriarch Abraham, yet the existing worship was, as a whole, rejected by reason of its idolatry and corruption.* But to this superstition, *with all its practices*, the people were obstinately wedded, and unless permission were given to join, more or less, the time-honoured institutions of Mecca with the true Faith, there was little hope of a general conversion. How far would the strong expediency of the case justify him to meet the prevailing system? How far was it the will of God to admit concession?

Was not the worship of the Kaaba, after all, a *Divine* institution? The temple was built at the command of God: the compassing of it symbolized the circling course of the heavenly bodies, and that again the obedience of all creation to the Deity. Love and devotion were nurtured by the kissing of the sacred corner-stone: the slaying of sacrifices, a pious rite in commemoration of Abraham's readiness to offer up his son, signified a like submission;† the pilgrimage to Arafat, the shaving of the head, &c., were all innocent, if not pious, in their tendency. But how shall he treat the images of the Kaaba, and the gross idolatry rendered to them? In their present mind the Coreish would never abandon these: but if (as they professed themselves ready,) they would acknowledge the one true God as the supreme Lord, and look to the images as symbolical only of his angels, what harm from their continuance? Incredible as the concession may appear, and utterly irreconcilable with his stand-point, Mahomet acceded to this arrangement, and consented to the idols as the representatives of heavenly beings, "whose intercession was to be hoped for" with the Deity. The hurried and garbled notices of tradition give no farther insight into the compromise, nor the mention of any safeguard that may have been stipulated by Mahomet against the abuses of idolatry: but it is certain that the arrangements, of whatever nature, gave perfect satisfaction to the chiefs and people, and produced a temporary union.

But Mahomet was not long in perceiving the inconsistency

* We conclude this to have been the case, because in the portions of the Coran belonging to this period, the observances of the Kaaba are never referred to or inculcated, as they are frequently at a subsequent stage.

† Which of his sons Abraham prepared to sacrifice, is not specified in the Coran; and we are not at liberty to assume, with Mahometan Doctors, that their prophet *meant* Ishmael, nor even that he believed the place of sacrifice to have been the vicinity of Mecca. If, however, the current of ancient tradition already ran so, it is *possible* that Mahomet may have followed it, but without specification in the Coran, for fear of offending the Jews.

into which he had been betrayed. The people still worshipped not God, but the images. No reasoning upon his part, no concession upon theirs, could dissemble the galling fact, that the practice of idolatry continued as gross and rampant as ever.

His only safety now lay in disowning the concession. The devil had deceived him. The words of compromise were no part of the divine system received from God by his heavenly messenger. The lapse was thus remedied: the heretical verses spoken under delusion were cancelled, and others revealed in their stead, denouncing idolatry with irreconcilable hate, and rejecting the very idea of female angels, such as Lât and Ozza. Henceforward the prophet wages mortal strife with images in every shape; his system gathers itself up into a pure and stern theism, and the Coran begins to breathe (though as yet only in the persons of Moses and Abraham,) intimations of an iconoclastic revenge.*

Ever after the intercession of idols is scouted as absurd; angels dare not to intercede with the Almighty,† how much less the idols, who

• • • have no power over even the husk of a date stone;
Upon whom if ye call, they hear not your calling,
And if they heard they would not answer you;
And in the Day of Judgment, they shall reject your deification of them.‡

The following passage, produced shortly after his lapse, shows how Mahomet refuted his adversaries, and adroitly turned against them their concession as to the Supreme Deity of God only :—

And if thou askest them who created the Heavens and the Earth, they will surely answer God.§ Say, what think ye then? If the Lord be pleased to visit me with affliction, can those beings on whom ye call besides God,—what! could *they* remove the visitation? Or if He visit me with mercy, could *they* withhold His mercy? Say, God sufficeth for me; on Him alone let those who put their trust, confide.||

However, short his fall, Mahomet retained a keen sense of its disgrace, and of the danger which lay in parleying with his adversaries :—

And truly they were near tempting thee aside from what we revealed unto thee, that thou shouldst fabricate regarding Us a different revelation; and then they would have taken thee for their friend.

* See Suras XXXVII., 92; XXI., 58; XX., 95.

† Sura LIII., 58., *et passim*.

‡ XXXV., 14; XLVI., 4.

§ See also Sura XLIII., 18; and other places in which the Meccans are represented as giving a similar reply.

|| Sura XXXIX., 38.

And if it had not been that we stablished thee, verily thou hadst nearly inclined unto them a little;

Then verily we had caused thee to taste both of the punishment of Life, and the punishment of Death;

Then thou shouldest not have found against Us any Helper.*

Ever and anon we meet with a divine caution to the prophet, to beware lest he should change the words of inspiration out of a desire to deal gently with his people, or be deceived by the pomp and numbers of the idolaters, into following after them from the straight and narrow path indicated for him by God.†

But though Mahomet may have completely reassured his own convictions, and restored the confidence of his adherents, there is little doubt that the concession to idolatry, followed by a recantation so sudden and entire, seriously weakened his position with the people at large. *They* would not readily credit his excuse, that the words of error were "cast by the devil into the mouth of Mahomet."‡ Supposing it to be so, what faith was to be placed in the revelations of a prophet liable to such influences? The Divine author of a true revelation knows beforehand all that he will at any subsequent period reveal; *His* agent would never be reduced to the petty shift of retracting as a mistake what had once been given forth as a message from heaven. Such aspersions were triumphantly advanced by the adversaries of the Coran, and Mahomet could oppose to them only the simple reiteration of his own assurance; thus,—

And when We change one verse in place of another,
[and God best knoweth that which He revealeth,
They say, *Verily thou art plainly a Fabricator*;
Nay; but the most of them understand not;
Say, The Holy Spirit hath brought it down from thy Lord, &c.§

We have seen that it was the tidings of the reconciliation with the Coreish that induced the little band of emigrants, after a residence of two months|| in Abyssinia, to set out for Mecca. As they approached the city, a party of travellers from thence communicated the information that Mahomet had withdrawn his concessions, and that the Coreish had resumed their oppressive conduct. They consulted what they should

* Sura XVII., 74—76.

† See Suras LXVIII., 8; XVIII., 28; XIII., 40; XXXIX., 15.

‡ See Sura XXII., 53, quoted in a note a few pages back.

§ Sura XVI., 101.

|| They emigrated in Rajab, in the fifth year of Mahomet's mission, and remained in Abyssinia Shābān and Ramdhān. The worshipping and reconciliation with the Coreish, happened in Ramdhān; and the emigrants returned to Mecca in the following month, Shawwāl, of the same year. (*Wāckidi*, p. 39½.)

do, but soon resolved to go forward and visit their homes;—if things came to the worst, they could but again escape to Abyssinia. So they entered Mecca, each under the protection of a relative or friend.*

The tidings brought by the emigrants of their kind reception by the Najâshy, following upon the late events, annoyed the Coreish, and the persecution became hotter than ever.† Wherefore Mahomet again recommended to his followers that they should take refuge in Abyssinia. The first party of the new expedition thither set out probably about the sixth year of the mission, and thereafter small bodies of converts, accompanied sometimes by their women and children, at intervals joined the exiles, until they reached (without calculating their little ones,) the number of 101. Of these eighty-three were men; and amongst the women, eleven were of Coreish descent, and seven belonged to other tribes. Thirty-three of the men, with eight women, (including Othmân and Rockeya, the daughter of Mahomet,) again returned to Mecca; but most of them eventually emigrated to Medina. The rest of the refugees remained in Abyssinia for several years, and rejoined Mahomet on his expedition to Kheibar, in the seventh year of the Hegira.‡

* All but Abdallah ibn al Masûd, who is said to have had no patron or guardian, and to have again returned after a little to Abyssinia. (*Wâkidi*, p. 39½.)

† *Wâkidi*, *ibidem*.

‡ *Wâkidi*, p. 39½; *Hishami*, p. 92; *Tabari*, p. 129. Sprenger, though admitting that he thereby opposes all the early authorities, places the second emigration to Abyssinia later, viz., after the withdrawal of Mahomet and his followers into the *Sheb*, or quarter of Abu Tâlib, that is in the seventh year of the mission. His reason is that at the end of the sixth year there were not many more than fifty converts, whereas the second emigration to Abyssinia embraced as many as a hundred persons; and that it is not probable the number of Moslems should have thus doubled in a few months.

But the number of emigrants to Abyssinia is given at 100, as *the aggregate of all who from first to last proceeded thither*. They did not all set out at once, but as is distinctly said, in parties one after another, and probably at considerable intervals. The fact therefore that the total number exceeded 100, is not in the least inconsistent with the position that the first party was small, or that the whole of Mahomet's followers may not at the time have exceeded fifty.

Hishâmî (p. 114.) has mixed up the return of the thirty-three emigrants belonging to the second Abyssinian expedition, with the return of the whole of the emigrants of the first expedition consequent upon the lapse of Mahomet.

Of those who returned from the second expedition we may enumerate besides Othmân, Abu Hodzeifa; Abdallah ibn Jahsh; Otha; Zobeir ibn al Awvam; Musâb; Tuleib; Abd al Rahmân. These all emigrated with Mahomet to Medina. Several of the others were confined (as is alleged,) by their relatives, and thus prevented from joining Mahomet, till after the first battles. Abdallah ibn Soheil fled from the Coreish to Mahomet's army at the battle of Badr.

Sakîân was among those who returned from Abyssinia to Mecca, where he died. It was his widow Sanda, whom Mahomet first married after Khadija's death.

Othmân revisited Mecca under the guardianship of Walîd, son of Mughîra, the great enemy of Islâm.

Although Mahomet himself was not yet forced to quit his native city, he was nevertheless exposed to indignity and insult, and the threatening attitude of his adversaries occasioned apprehension and anxiety. If, indeed, it had not been for the influence and steadfast protection of Abu Tâlib, it is clear that the hostile intentions of the Coreish would have imperilled the liberty, perhaps the life, of Mahomet. A body of their Elders* repaired to the aged chief, and said:—*This Nephew of thine hath spoken opprobriously of our gods and our religion; and hath abused us as fools, and given out that our forefathers were all astray. Now, either avenge us thyself of our adversary; or (seeing that thou art in the same case with ourselves,) leave him to us that we may take our satisfaction.* But Abu Tâlib answered them softly and in courteous words; so they turned and went away. In process of time, as Mahomet would not change his proceedings, they went again to Abu Tâlib in great exasperation, and reminding him of their former demand, that he would restrain his nephew from his offensive conduct, added;—*and now verily we cannot have patience any longer with his abuse of us, our ancestors, and our gods; wherefore do thou either hold him back from us, or thyself take part with him, that the matter may be decided between us.* Thus they departed from him. And it appeared grievous to Abu Tâlib to break with his people, and be at enmity with them; neither did it please him to desert, and surrender, his nephew. Thus, being in straits, he sent for Mahomet, and having communicated the saying of the Coreish, proceeded earnestly;—*wherefore, save thyself and me also; and cast not upon me a burden heavier than I can sustain.* Mahomet was startled and alarmed; and imagined that his uncle, finding himself unequal to the task, had resolved to abandon him. But his high resolve did not fail him even at this trying and critical moment. He replied firmly. *If they brought the Sun to my right hand, and the Moon to my left, to force me from my undertaking, verily, I would not desist until the Lord make manifest my cause, or I perish in the attempt.* But the thought of his kind protector's desertion overcame him; he burst into tears, and turned to depart. Then Abu Tâlib called out,—“Son of my brother! Come back.” So he returned, and Abu Tâlib said; *Depart in peace, my nephew! and say whatsoever*

* They consisted of Walîd ibn al Mughîra, Otba and Sheyba, sons of Rabia, Abu Jahl, Abu Sofîân, As ibn Wâ'il, &c. Probably the most violent of the opponents of Islam have been singled out, without much discrimination or authority, by the biographers, for this office.

*thou desirest ; for, by the Lord ! I will not, in any wise, give thee up for ever.**

Wäckidi adds the further incident that Mahomet having that day disappeared, Abu Tâlib, apprehensive of foul play, made ready a band of Hâshimite youths, each armed with a dirk, and set out for the Kaaba. Meanwhile, he ascertained that Mahomet was safe in a house in Safa, and returned with his people home. On the morrow the aged Chief again made ready his party, and taking Mahomet with them, repaired to the Kaaba, where, standing before the assembly of the Coreish, he desired his young men to uncover that which they had by them ; and, lo ! in the hand of each was a sharp weapon. Then turning to the Coreish, he exclaimed, *By the Lord ! Had ye killed him, there had not remained alive a man amongst you. You should have perished, or we had been annihilated.* The bold front of Abu Tâlib awed the Coreish, and repressed their insolence.†

Though the tendency of tradition is to magnify the insults of the unbelieving Meccans, yet apart from invective and abuse, we do not read of any personal injury or suffering sustained by Mahomet himself. A few of the inveterate enemies of Islam, (Abu Lahab among the number,) who lived close by his house, used spitefully to throw unclean and offensive things at the prophet, or upon his hearth, as he cooked his food. Once they flung into his house the entrails of a goat, which Mahomet putting upon a stick, carried to the door, and

* We have chiefly here followed Hishâmi (p. 71) and Tabari (p. 124.) But at p. 123, the latter makes the noble speech of Mahomet to be a reply to his uncle at a time when the latter had said to him before the Coreish,—"Verily thy people ask of thee a reasonable thing, that thou leave off to abuse their gods, and they will leave off to abuse thee and thy God." So Wäckidi, p. 38½.

There is some confusion as to the time when this scene occurred. There were probably several conferences ending in threats, and tradition has no doubt, amplified them. One of these is said to have occurred at Abu Tâlib's death-bed, several years later. The Coreish hearing that Abu Tâlib lay at the point of death, sent a deputation in order that some compact should be made to bind both parties after his decease ; and they proposed that they should retain their ancient Faith, without abuse or interference from Mahomet, in which case they would not molest him in his. Abu Talib called Mahomet, and communicated to him the reasonable request. Mahomet replied, "Nay, but there is one word, which if ye concede, you will thereby conquer Arabia, and reduce Ajam under subjection." "Good !" said Abu Jahl, "not one such word, but ten." Mahomet replied ;—"Then say,—*There is no God but the Lord*, and abandon that which ye worship beside him." And they clapped their hands in rage ;—"Dost thou desire, indeed, that we should turn our gods into one God ? That were a strange affair !" And they began to say one to the rest, "This fellow is obstinate and impracticable. Ye will not get from him any concession that ye desire. Return, and let us walk after the faith of our forefathers, till God determine the matter betwixt us and him." So they arose and departed. (*Hishâmi*, p. 136.)

† *Hishâmi*, p. 135.

called aloud ;—" Ye children of Abd Menâf ! What sort of neighbourly conduct is this ?" Then he cast it forth into the street.* Two or three centuries afterwards, a little closet, a few feet square, was still shown at the entrance of Khadija's house, where, under the ledge of a projecting stone, the prophet crouched down when he retired for prayer, to shelter himself from the missiles of his neighbours.† There is a legend (but ill sustained,) of actual violence once offered to Mahomet in public. As he passed through the court of the Kaaba, he was suddenly surrounded by the Coreish, who " leaped upon him as one man," and seized his mantle. But Abu Bakr stood manfully by him and called out ;—" Woe's me ! Will ye slay a man who saith that *God is my Lord* ?" So they departed from him.‡

In the sixth year of his mission, the cause of Mahomet was strengthened by the accession of two powerful citizens. These were HAMZA and OMAR.

The prophet was one day seated on the rising ground of Safa. Abu Jahl, coming up, accosted him with a shower of taunts and reproaches ; but Mahomet answered not a word. Both left the place, but a slave girl had observed the scene.§ It chanced that shortly after, Hamza returned that way from the chase, his bow hanging from his shoulder (for he was a hunter of renown :) and the maid related to him with indignation the gross abuse of Abu Jahl. Hamza was at once the uncle and the foster-brother of Mahomet. His pride was offended, his rage kindled. He hurried on with rapid steps to the Kaaba, in the court of which was sitting Abu Jahl, with a company of the Coreish. Hamza rushed on him, saying ;—" *Ah ! Hast thou been abusing him, and I follow his religion ; there (raising the bow and striking him violently therewith,) return that if thou darest !* The kinsmen of Abu Jahl started up to his rescue, but he motioned them away, saying, " Let him alone ; for, indeed, I did revile his nephew shamefully." The profession of Islam, suddenly asserted by Hamza, in the passion of the moment, was followed up by the deliberate pledging of

* *Hishâmi*, p. 134 ; *Tabari*, p. 148 ; *Wâkidi*, p. 38. Besides Abu Lahab, are mentioned Ockba, son of Abu Maît ; Al Hakam, son of Ab ul As ; Adî the Thackifite ; and Ibu al Asad, the Handalite, as living close by, and annoying the prophet.

† *Tabari*, p. 67.

‡ *Hishâmi*, p. 77 ; *Tabari*, p. 131. It is related that Abu Bakr had his beard pulled that day in the scuffle to defend Mahomet, and Omm Kolthûm saw him return with an injury on the crown of his head.

§ The servant of the chief Abdallah ibn Jodâân, repeatedly mentioned before.

his faith to Mahomet, and a steady adherence ever after to his religion.*

The conversion of Omar happened on this wise, at the close of the sixth year of Mahomet's mission, (A.D. 615-6.)† He was notorious for his enmity to Islam, and the harshness and violence with which he treated its professors. His sister Fâtima and her husband Saïd (a son of the "enquirer" Zeïd.) were both converts, but secretly, for fear of the Coreish. While he was threatening certain believers, one hinted to Omar that he had better begin at home, with his sister and her husband. His wrath was aroused, and he proceeded forthwith to their house. They were listening to Sura XX., which the slave Khobâb recited to them from a manuscript. The persecutor drew near, and overheard the low murmur of the reading. At the noise of his steps, Khobâb retired into a closet. *What sound was that I heard just now?* exclaimed Omar, entering, angrily. "There was nothing," they replied. *Nay*, said he, swearing fiercely, *I hear that ye are renegades!* But what, Oh Omar!" interposed his brother-in-law, "may 'there not be truth in another religion than thine?" The question confirmed the suspicions of Omar, and being furiously exasperated, he sprang upon Saïd and kicked him. His sister flew to the rescue: in the struggle her face was wounded, and it began to bleed. In anger and distress she called out;—"Yes, we are converted; we believe in God and in His prophet; do unto us what thou pleasest." And when Omar saw her face covered with blood he was softened; and he asked to see the paper they had been reading. But his sister required that he should first cleanse himself; "for none," said she, "but the pure may touch it." So Omar arose and washed, and took the paper (for he could read;) and when he had decyphered a part thereof, he exclaimed,—*How excellent and how gracious is this discourse?* Then came forth Khobâb from his hiding place, and said, "Oh Omar! I trust that the Lord hath verily set thee apart for Himself, in answer to His prophet; it was but yesterday I heard him praying thus,—*Strengthen Islam, Oh God, by Ab ul Hakam (Abu Jahl) or by Omar!*" Then said Omar, "Lead me unto Mahomet, that I may make known unto him

* *Hishâmi*, p. 78; *Tabari*, p. 135; *Wâkidi*, p. 179½. The latter mentions the facts very briefly, but adds the names of Adî, and Ibn al Asadi, to that of Abu Jahl, as having abused Mahomet. The conversion, he says, occurred after Mahomet's "entry into Arcam's house," in the sixth year of the Mission.

† It occurred in the month of Dzul Hajj, the last in the year. (*Wâkidi*, p. 232.) It is there noted that the believers at that date amounted in all to forty men and ten women; or by other accounts to forty-five men and eleven women.

my conversion." And he was directed to the house of Arcam. So Omar knocked at the door, and Hamza and others looked through a crevice, and, lo ! it was Omar. But Mahomet bade them let him in, and rising to meet him, seized his skirt and the belt of his sword, saying, "Wilt thou not refrain from persecuting, until the Lord send some calamity upon thee?" And Omar replied ;—" *Verily, I testify that thou art the prophet of God !*" And Mahomet was filled with joy, and called aloud, GREAT IS THE LORD !*

These conversions were a real triumph to Mahomet ; Hamza and Omar both possessed, along with great bodily strength, an indomitable courage, and exercised much influence at Mecca.† The heroism of Hamza, in the cause of Islam, was so distinguished, that he earned for himself the title, familiar to the present day, of *the Lion of God*. Omar, when in an assembly, rose from his stature far above the people, as if he had been mounted. He was stout and fair, and somewhat ruddy. Impulsive and precipitate, his anger was easily aroused ; and men

* *Allahu Akbar*, which exclamation is styled the *takbîr*, and is used on occasions of surprise, or the unexpected occurrence of any great event.

Hishâmi has two versions ; one similar to that given in the text ; only it is stated that Omar was *on his way to slay Mahomet*, when he was diverted by an intimation of his sister's conversion. But this incident has probably been only thrown in to add to the romantic colouring of the story. Besides its inherent improbability, it appears inconsistent with the immediately previous declaration in Hishâmi, that Omar was "softened" when he saw the believers preparing to emigrate to Abyssinia, and said, "the Lord go with you." (*Hishâmi*, p. 103.)

The second version is entirely different. Here is Omar's own alleged account :—"I was far from the faith, and a man given to strong drink :—wanting companions one night, I repaired to the spirit-dealer's shop, but I did not find him. Then I said, *I will go unto the Kaaba and compass it six or seven times* ; and I found Mahomet praying there with his face towards Syria. Then I said, *what if I stay and hear what he is saying ; I will get me near unto him and listen, then I will startle and frighten him*. So I went up towards the black stone, and hid myself behind the Kaaba-curtain, and walked along softly between it and the wall, while the prophet was praying and repeating the Coran, till I reached right before him ;—there was nothing betwixt him and me but the curtain. And when I heard the Coran, my heart softened thereat, and I wept and was converted ; and when he had ended, I followed him on his way to his house, which was in the *Dâr al Wack-tâ* (now in the possession of Muâvia ;) and as I made up upon him, he heard my steps and recognized me, and thought that verily I had come to trouble him, until I unfolded the truth. Then he praised God and said ;—*Verily, Oh Omar ! God hath directed thee*. And he touched my garment and prayed for me, that I might continue steadfast." (*Hishâmi*, pp. 106 and 107.)

This tradition is utterly inconsistent with the other ; yet it contains details which have all the freshness and semblance of truth, and there is no *apparent* reason why it should have been fabricated. It is a strong example of the strange uncertainty of unsupported tradition.

The version in the text is evidently the correct one, and is given both by Hishâmi and Wâckidi, with some variations, which show that each had separate and independent authority for it. (*Hishâmi*, p. 103 ; *Wâckidi*, p. 231½.)

† For Hamza, *Hishâmi*, p. 78. For Omar, *Wâckidi*, p. 243.

feared him because of this uncertain and impetuous temper. At the period of his conversion he was but six-and-twenty;* yet so great and immediate was the influence of his accession upon the spread of Islam, that from this era is dated the commencement of its open and fearless profession at Mecca. The Moslems no longer concealed their worship within their own houses, but with conscious strength and a bold front of defiance, assembled in companies about the Kaaba, performed their rites of prayer, and compassed the Holy House.† Their courage rose: dread and uneasiness seized the Coreish.

The Coreish, indeed, had cause for alarm. They were disquieted by the hospitable reception and encouragement of the refugees at the Abyssinian Court. An embassy of two of their chief men, laden with costly presents, had made a fruitless attempt to obtain their surrender.‡ What if the Najâshy should support them with an armed force, and seek to establish

* "He was born four years before the great (last?) battle of *Al Fijjâr*, and was converted in Dzul Hajj, six years after the mission, aged twenty-six. His son Abd-Allah was then only six years old." (*Wâkidi*, p. 232.)

† *Wâkidi*, p. 232; *Hishâmi*, pp. 105—108.

‡ An account of this embassy is given by *Hishâmi*, (pp. 96—100) also briefly by *Tabari*, (p. 136,) the former is related by *Dr. Sprenger* in considerable detail, (p. 191.)

Omm Salma (the widow of one of the refugees, and afterwards married to Mahomet, states that the Coreish despatched Abdallah ibn Abi Rabiâ, and Amr ibn al As, with rare presents (including stores of precious leather,) for the Najâshy. They first gained over the courtiers; then they presented their gifts to the king, saying, that "certain fools amongst them had left their ancestral faith; they had not joined Christianity, but had set up a new religion of their own; they had therefore, been deputed by the Coreish to fetch them back." The courtiers supported their prayer, but the king said he would enquire farther into the matter in the presence of the accused. Now the refugees had agreed that they would not garble their doctrine, but, come what might, say nothing more nor less than their prophet had taught them. So on the morrow they were summoned into the royal presence, where were also the Bishops with their books open before them. The king enquired the cause of their separation. Then Jâfar, (Mahomet's uncle,) answered, in the name of all, "that they used to worship images, eat the dead, commit lewdness, disregard family ties and the duties of neighbourhood and hospitality, until that Mahomet arose a prophet;" and he concluded by describing his system, and the persecutions which had forced them to Abyssinia. On the king asking him to repeat any of the prophet's teaching, he recited Sura *Maryam*, (ch. xix., containing the births of John and Jesus, notices of Abraham, Moses, &c.) and the Najâshy wept until his beard became moist, and the Bishops wept so that their tears ran down upon their books, saying, "Verily, this Revelation and that of Moses proceed from one and the same source." And the Najâshy said to the refugees, "Depart in peace, for I will never give you up."

Next day, it is added, Amr endeavoured to entrap them into a declaration regarding Jesus that would be offensive to the king; but the latter fully concurred in their doctrine, that Jesus was nothing more than "a servant of God, and His Apostle; His Spirit and His word, placed in the womb of Mary, the immaculate Virgin." So the Meccan embassy departed in bad case.

The above story is no doubt intended to meet the passages that the Jews and Christians wept for joy on hearing the Coran. because of its correspondence with their own Scriptures. See Sura XVII., 108: XXVIII., 53. A similar tale has

a Christian or reformed Faith at Mecca, as one of his predecessors had done in Yemen? Apart even from foreign aid, there was ground for apprehension at home. The Moslem body no longer consisted of oppressed and despised out-casts, struggling for a weak and miserable existence. It was rather a powerful faction, adding daily to its strength by the accession of influential citizens. It challenged an open hostility. The victory of either party involved the annihilation of the other.

Influenced by such fears, the Corèish sought to stay the progress of secession from their ranks, by utterly severing the party of Mahomet from social and friendly communication with themselves. On the other hand, Abu Tâlib was supported in his defence of Mahomet by all his brothers (excepting Abu Lahab,) and by the descendants generally of his grandfather Hâshim, whether converts to Islam or not.* The religious struggle now merged into a civil feud between the Hâshimites and the rest of the Coreish; and there were not wanting long-rooted political associations to add bitterness to the strife.

To secure their purpose, the Coreish entered into a confederacy against the Hâshimites,—*that they would not marry their*

been invented for the Bishops of Najrân, and also of an embassy of Christians from Abyssinia, who visited Mahomet at Mecca. (*Hishâmi*, p. 124.) So that not much reliance can be placed on this part of the narrative.

Two other incidents are related of the Najâshy. One, that while the refugees were at his court, he was attacked by a claimant of the Throne. The refugees were so concerned for the result, that they sent Zobeir (then quite a youth) over the Nile on an inflated skin, to watch the battle, and when he returned with tidings that the Najâshy had discomfited his adversary, they rejoiced greatly.

The Abyssinians are said to have risen up against their king for the favor he showed to the Mussulman doctrine. So the Najâshy put into his pocket a scrap inscribed with the Mahometan creed, and when his people desired him to say, "that Jesus was the Son of God," he responded (putting his hand upon his pocket,) "Jesus never went beyond *this*,"—apparently agreeing in what they said, but inwardly referring to the scrap!—A childish story.

Mahomet is said to have regarded him as a convert, and to have accordingly prayed for him at his death. A light is also related to have issued from his tomb.

There is probably a basis of truth for the general outline given in this note, but it would be difficult to draw a probable line between the real and the fictitious parts of it. Had the leaning towards Mahometan doctrine been really so great in Abyssinia, as is here represented, we should have heard more of its inhabitants in the troublous times that followed Mahomet's decease.

* *Wâckidi*, p. 40; *Hishâmi*, p. 72. Abu Tâlib summoned the house of Hâshim to consult as to the defence of their kinsman Mahomet, All agreed to stand by him but Abu Lahab. Abu Tâlib was charmed with the noble spirit of his relative, and recited a *Casîda* (preserved by Ibn Ishâc,) in praise of the family. The verses, however, conclude with an eulogy on Mahomet as the chief and most noble of the stock,—a sentiment which Abu Tâlib, not a convert to Islam, was not likely to have uttered. The *Casîda* is evidently spurious, at least in part.

women; nor give their own in marriage to them; would sell nothing to them nor buy aught from them;—that all dealings with them should cease. The ban was carefully committed to writing, and sealed with three seals. When all had bound themselves by it, the sheet was hung up in the Kaaba, and religious sanction thus given to its provisions.*

The Hāshimites were unable to withstand the violent tide of public opinion which thus set in against them; and apprehensive perhaps that it might be only the prelude of open attack, or of blows in the dark still more fatal, they retired into the secluded quarter of the city, known as the *Shēb*† of Abu Tālib. It was formed by one of the defiles or indentations, where the projecting rocks of Abu Cobeis pressed upon the northern outskirts of Mecca. It was entered on the city side by a low gateway, through which a camel passed with difficulty. On all other sides it was detached by buildings and cliffs from the town.‡

* *Wāḥidi*, p. 39½, 40; *Tabari*, p. 137; *Hishāmi*, p. 108. Mansūr, son of Akrama, wrote the document; and the hand with which he wrote it (*at the prayer*, adds *Hishāmi*, of *Mahomet*) withered and dried up. *Hishāmi* states also that it was he who suspended the deed in the Kaaba. *Wāḥidi* however gives another tradition, according to which it was never put in the Kaaba at all, but remained in the custody of Omm al Jalās, an aunt or cousin of Abu Jahl.

† Sprenger (p. 194) holds that this movement was prior to, and independent of, the league of the Coreish (p. 189.) But both *Hishāmi* and *Wāḥidi* distinctly connect the entry into Abu Tālib's quarter, and the ban, as the effect with its cause. And this is indeed the only intelligible statement of the facts.

‡ شیب *Sheb* signifies a *defile*, *glen*, *ravine*. Thus the converts from Medina made their assignation to meet Mahomet in a glen, *Sheb*, leading into the valley of Mina, and the next day the enraged Coreish repaired to the *Sheb* of the Medina pilgrims, or the valley in which they were encamped, (*Wāḥidi*, p. 42½.) The valley at Ohod, out of which Talha saved Mahomet, is termed *Sheb*. (*Wāḥidi*, p. 221; *Hishāmi*, p. 262; *Tabari*, p. 375) where the top or exit from the valley is called فم الشيب "mouth of the *Sheb*." Amr and his companion in their expedition

to assassinate Abu Sofīān, tied up their camels in one of the defiles (*Sheb*) near Mecca. (*Hishāmi*, p. 451; *Tabari*, p. 405.) So the end of a pass requiring to be guarded in the expedition of *Dzat al Rika*, is called "*fum al Sheb*." (*Tabari*, p. 427.) Before Cussey brought the Coreish into Mecca, they are said to have inhabited "the heights and defiles (*Sheb*), of the surrounding hills." (*Tabari*, p. 29.; *Cnf. C. de Perceval*, Vol. II., p. 478.)

The several quarters of Mecca skirting the foot of Abu Cobeis, are still distinguished by the name *Sheb*: thus we have the *Sheb Amir*, the *Sheb Maulad* (quarter in which Mahomet was born;) and the *Sheb Ali*. The latter was probably comprised in the *Sheb* of Abu Tālib. (*Burkhardt's Arabia*, pp. 123, 128.) "On the East-side, towards the mountain, and partly on its declivity, stands the quarter called *Shab Aly*, adjoining the *Shab el Moled*: here is shown the venerated place of Aly's nativity. Both these quarters called *Shab* (i. e., rock,) are among the most ancient parts of the town, where the Koreysh formerly lived: they are even now inhabited principally by Sherifs, and do not contain any shops. The houses are spacious and in an airy situation." (*Idem*, p. 124.)

It was into one of these quarters of the city, situated in a defile, having behind it the steep ascent of the hill, and so built as to be inaccessible on all sides,

On the first night of the first month of the seventh year of the mission, the Hâshimites, including Mahomet and his family, retired into the quarter of Abu Tâlib, and with them followed also the descendants of Al Muttalib, the brother of Hâshim. Abu Lahab alone, instigated by his hatred of the prophet, went forth to the other party. Rigorously was the ban of separation put in force. The Hâshimites soon found that they were cut off from their supplies of corn and the necessaries of life. They were not strong enough to send forth a caravan of their own; if parties of foreign merchants passed through, the Coreish instigated them to withhold their commodities, except at a most exorbitant price;* the Coreish themselves would sell nothing to them; and a great scarcity necessarily ensued. No one ventured forth from the Sheb, except at the season of pilgrimage, when all enmities throughout Arabia were hushed, and Mahomet and his party were free to join securely in the ceremonies.† For two or three years, the attitude of both parties remained unaltered, and the failing stock of the Hâshimites, replenished only by surreptitious and occasional supplies, reduced them to want and distress. The citizens could hear the voices of the half-famished little ones crying within the Sheb. Many hearts were softened at the sight of such hardships, and regretted the hostilities which gave rise to them. Among these, and the relatives of the isolated families, were found some who ventured, in spite of the threats of the Coreish, from time to time, to introduce at night, by stealth, provisions into the quarter of Abu Tâlib. Hishâm ibn Amr used to conduct a camel laden with corn cautiously into the *Sheb*, and make over the burden to the

except by a narrow entrance towards the city, that the Hâshimites retired. These particulars enable us to understand the account of Hakîm striking his camel to make it bend and enter the narrow defile, (نم الشعب) and the voices of the wailing children being heard from the parts of the city adjoining, but divided from, the Sheb.

Weil has misapprehended the meaning of the term Sheb, and makes it a fortified castle *outside* Mecca. "Hielt es Abu Talib für gerathen, ihn mit einem Theile der Gläubigen aus Mekka zu entfernen, und in ein Wohlbefestigtes Schloss zu bringen." (*Mohammed*, p. 61.) So in his *Einleitung*, (p. 9.)

* This is from Sprenger, but he does not give his authority. p. 194.

† *Wâkidi*, p. 40. It is not clear whether this retirement was voluntary on the part of the Hâshimites, arising from their own alarm, or was directly forced upon them by the threats and menaces of the Coreish. Although they did not come forth from the *Sheb* into the city, they might still, we may conceive, issue from the quarter of Abu Tâlib, by clambering up the hill, and so getting out into the country: but they would be unable to procure supplies in this way.

hungry inmates.* Hakîm, a grandson of Khuweilid, was also in the habit, though sometimes exposed to peril in the attempt, of carrying supplies to his aunt Khadija.†

Though the sympathies of many were called forth by the sufferings of the Hâshimites, the cause of Islam itself did not advance during the period of this weary seclusion, which had its full and expected effect in cutting off the mass of the people from the personal influence of Mahomet and of his converts. The efforts of the prophet must needs have been confined to the conversion of his own noble clan, who, though unbelievers in his mission, had resolved to defend his person; and to the strengthening of his previous converts in the faith. Accordingly, we find in the Coran at this period, directions from God to retire from the unbelievers, and confine his preaching to his near kinsmen, and to the faithful;—

* * * Verily they are a rebellious People;
Wherefore turn from them, and thou shalt not be blamed;
And admonish; for admonition profiteth, the Believers.‡

Invoke with God no other god, lest thou be of those consigned to torment;
And preach unto thy Relatives, those that be of nearer kin;
And conduct thyself gently unto the Believers that follow thee;
And if they disobey thee, Say, *I am free from that which ye do.*
And put thy trust in Him that is glorious and merciful.§

* Hishâm belonged to the Bani Lowey, but he was a uterine brother of Fazîla, a Hâshimite:—"now this man used to go with a camel to the children of Hâshim and Muttalib, by night, and when he approached the entrance to their quarters (قَمَّ الشَّعْبَ) he would let down the nose string of the camel from its head, and striking it on the side, would make it enter the *Sheb*; then he made over to them the corn wherewith it was laden." (*Hishâmî*, p. 118.)

† "The Hâshimites remained in this position for two or three years, till they became helpless: Not an article reached them, but covertly and by stealth from such of the Coreish as were actuated by motives of propinquity. On one occasion, Abu Jahl met Hakîm, grandson of Khuweilid, and with him, a slave carrying wheat for his aunt Khadija. Abu Jahl stopped him, and swearing at him, threatened that if he would not desist, he would disgrace him in Mecca. Abul Bokhtari came up and sought to quiet Abu Jahl, saying, that it was natural and right for Hakîm to take food for his aunt. Abu Jahl would not listen, but fell upon Hakîm, who, however, got the better of him, and forced him to retire kicked and wounded." (*Hishâmî*, p. 109.)

Stories tending to the abasement of Abu Jahl are related by the traditionists with such evident zest, that they are to be received by us with caution.

‡ Sura LI., 55.

§ Sura XXVI., 212. "Conduct thyself gently,"—literally, *lower thy wings*.
إِخْفُضْ جَنَاحَكَ, The same expression is used in Sura XV., 88:—

Stretch not forth thine eyes unto the provision which we have given unto several of them, neither be covetous thereof:
But behave with gentleness (*lower thy wings*), unto the Believers,
And say; Verily, I am a plain Preacher.

And publish that which thou art commanded, and withdraw from the Idolaters.
Verily, We shall suffice for thee against the scoffers, those that set up with God other gods; but they will shortly know;
But do thou praise thy Lord with thanksgiving, and be among the Worshipers:—
And serve thy Lord until that Death (or the certainty) overtake thee.

The exemplary bearing of Mahomet under these trying circumstances, and the spirit of clanship uniting all that shut themselves up with Abu Talib, no doubt secured to the prophet the general countenance of the Hâshimites, and may have helped to add followers from their ranks. But the period of confinement contributed probably no other result.

The pilgrimage alone afforded Mahomet a wider field. That interval of universal security was turned to careful account, as well now as before the ban, in visiting and exhorting the various tribes that flocked to Mecca and the adjacent fairs. The prophet used thus to visit the assemblages at Okâtz, Mujanna, and Dzul Majâz, as well as the encampments at Mecca and Minâ. He warned them against idolatry; invited them to the worship and service of the One God; promised them not only paradise hereafter, but prosperity and domination upon earth, if they would believe.* But no one responded to his call. Abu Lahab would follow after him, saying, *Believe him not, he is a lying renegade!*† And the tribes replied to Mahomet in sore and taunting words;—*thine own kindred and people should know thee best; wherefore, then, do they not believe and follow thee?* So the prophet, repulsed and grieved, would look upwards, and thus make his complaint unto God:—*Oh Lord, if Thou willedst, it would not be thus!*‡ But the prayer seemed to pass unheeded.

We propose in conclusion to notice the character of the Suras, about *twenty* in number, assignable to the period reviewed in this paper.§

* Hishâmi, p. 139; Wâkidi, p. 41. Tabari, p. 155.

Wâkidi mentions Mahomet's frequenting the three fairs stated in the text, every year. There is some foreshadowing of the victories of Islam in his supposed address, which rather throws doubt upon his having made any promise of worldly domination at this time. This was the alleged drift of his preaching: "*Ye People! Say, THERE IS NO GOD BUT THE LORD. Ye will be benefitted thereby. Ye will gain the rule of all Arabia, and of Ajam (foreign lands), and when ye die ye will reign as kings in Paradise.*"

The Tribes whom he thus addressed are detailed both by Hishâmi and Wâkidi, and include the Bani Kalb, Kinda, Harb, Odzra, Khassafa, Sáasáh, Ghassâm, Hanîfa; from the last of which he is related to have received the worst rebuff of all.

There would be numerous Christians and Jews at the fairs, though they did not attend the Meccan pilgrimage.

† "And behind him there followed a squint-eyed man, fat, having flowing locks on both sides, and clothed in raiment of fine Aden stuff; and when Mahomet had finished his preaching, he would begin to address them, saying, *that this fellow's only object was to draw them away from their gods and Jinn, to his fancied revelations, wherefore follow him not, neither listen unto him.* And who should this be, but his uncle Abdâl Ozza, Abu Lahab." (Hishâmi, p. 140.)

‡ Wâkidi, p. 41½.

§ The Suras of this period are probably as follows. (The sequence of the first

The new and leading feature in these chapters is the close connection now springing up between Mahomet and the Jewish religion.

The Pentateuch is constantly mentioned as a Revelation from God to Moses. The object of the Coran is to attest the divine origin of it and of the succeeding Scriptures.* Those Scriptures contain clear evidence of the truth of the Coran, and of the mission of Mahomet.† Jewish witnesses are appealed to in proof that the New Dispensation is foretold in the Old Testament, and that the Coran is in close conformity with the contents of their sacred books.

The confident reference which Mahomet makes to the testimony of the Jews and of their Scriptures, is very remarkable. Some of that people, we may not doubt, imperfectly instructed perhaps in their own books and traditions, encouraged Mahomet in the idea that he might be, or even positively affirmed that he was, *that Prophet whom the Lord their God should raise up unto them of their brethren*. His profound veneration for the Jewish Scriptures, to the implicit observance of which it was believed that he had pledged himself in the Coran, would lull the apprehension of the Israelites, and draw them kindly towards him. "If this man," they would say, "hold firmly by the Law and the Prophets, and seek fervently the guidance of the God of our fathers, he will not go astray. Peradventure, the Lord willeth through him to lead the Heathen Arabs unto salvation. Nay! What if (we erring in our interpretations,) this prove the very Messiah, sprung from the seed of Abraham? In any wise let us wait, watching the result; and meanwhile encourage him in the love of the Word of God, and the seeking of His face in prayer."

forty-one has been given in former papers.) 42, LXVII.; 43, LIII.; 44, XXXII.; 45, XXXIX.; 46, LXXIII.; 47, LXXIX.; 48, LIV.; 49, XXXIV.; 50, XXXI.; 51, LXIX.; 52, LXVIII.; 53, XLI.; 54, LXXI.; 55, LII.; 56, L.; 57, XLV.; 58, XLIV.; 59, XXXVII.; 60, XXX.; 61, XXVI.; 62, XV.; 63, LI.

* See Suras XLVI, 12, 30; XXXVIL, 38; XXXII, 24; X., 37, 93; VI., 93, *et passim*. The Coran is described as a book sent "to attest the preceding Scriptures." So the Jews and Christians (severally and together, but more especially at this period, the former) are styled, "those to whom the Scriptures have been given." (ذكر, کتاب, &c.) It was thus the whole preceding Scriptures,

— the Law, the Prophets and the Psalms, and subsequently the Gospel, which Mahomet continually described himself as sent to "attest," "confirm," "fulfil."

† Sura XXVI, 195. "The Coran is borne witness to in the former Scriptures," &c.

All rejoiced in the Jewish tendencies patent in his mind.* But some going farther bore a direct and unequivocal testimony to his mission.† It could have been to nothing short of such witness that he referred, when he said;—*they unto whom We have given the Scripture recognize the prophet, as they do their own children* ;‡ and—

Verily this is a Revelation from the Lord of Creation ;

The Faithful Spirit hath descended with it

Upon thy heart, that thou mightest be a Warner,

In the tongue of simple Arabic.

And verily It is in the former Scriptures ;

Was it not a Sign unto them that the learned among the Children of Israel recognized it ?

And if we had revealed it to a Foreigner,

And he had recited it unto them, they had not believed.§

SAY ; What think ye, if this Revelation be from God, and ye reject it, and a Witness from amongst the Children of Israel hath witnessed unto the like thereof, and hath believed, and ye turn away scornfully ? Verily, God doth not direct the erring folk.||

Whether the “ Witness,” and other Jewish supporters of Mahomet were amongst his professed followers, perhaps the slave-adherents of Islam ; or were casual visitors at Mecca from Israelitish tribes ; or finally, resident Jews at Medina (with the inhabitants of which city the Prophet was on the point of establishing friendly relations,) we cannot do more than conjecture.

But whoever the Jewish friends of Mahomet may have been, it is evident that amongst them were men possessing a knowledge—rude and imperfect perhaps, but comprehensive—of the outlines of Jewish history and tradition ; and that these supplied the material for the Scriptural stories, which, distorted by rabbinical fable, and embellished or parodied by the prophet’s fancy, begin to form a chief portion of the Coran. The mixture of truth and fiction, of graphic imagery and of childish inanity, the repetition over and again of the same tale in stereotyped expressions, and the elaborate, and too patent effort to strike an analogy between himself and the former prophets, by putting the speech of his own day into their lips and those of their pretended opposers, surprise and at last fatigue the patient reader of the Coran.

* “ Those unto whom we have given the Book rejoice for that which hath been revealed unto thee.” (*Sura XIII.*, 39.)

† See *Suras XXXIV.*, 6 ; *X.*, 93 ; *VI.*, 14 ; *XXVIII.*, 53 ; *XVII.*, 102, 108 ; *XIII.*, 45.

‡ Or “ recognize the Coran.” (*Sura VI.*, 20.)

§ *Sura XXVI.*, 191—198.

|| *Sura XLVI.*, 10, “ unto the like thereof,” that is to its conformity with the Old Testament.

For those who have not studied the revelation of Mahomet, the following examples may be required to illustrate our meaning :

God created Adam of clay. The angels were commanded to fall down and worship him.* The devil, alleging his nobler formation of fire, refused, and so fell.† When sentenced, he threatened God that he would seduce His new-created subject ; and, in tempting him to eat of the forbidden tree, he fulfilled his threat.‡ To the facts of Abel's history, is added the Jewish fiction, that God, by sending a raven to scratch the earth, indicated to Cain that the corpse should be buried under ground.§ But it would be a vain and unprofitable task to follow Mahomet through his labyrinth of truth, discrepancy, and fiction,—his tales of Abraham, who brake the idols of his people, and miraculously escaped the fire into which the Tyrant cast him :||

* Compare Ps. xcvi. 7. Hebrews i. 6. "When he bringeth the first-born into the world, he saith, and let all the angels of God worship him."

† "His Ministers a flaming fire." (Ps. civ. 4., Heb. i. 7.)

‡ Sura II., 11—26, XX., 113 ; XXXVIII., 70. The first of these passages may be quoted as a fair specimen of the Scripture—legendary style.

And verily We created you, then fashioned you, then We said unto the Angels, *Fall down and worship Adam* ; and they worshipped all, excepting Eblis, who was not of the worshippers ;—He said, *What hindereth thee that thou worshippingest not when I command thee?* he answered, *I am better than he, Thou createdst me of Fire, and Thou createdst him of clay ;* He said, *Get thee down from Heaven ; it shall not be given thee to behave arrogantly therein ;* [get the hence, verily, thou shalt be amongst the Despicable.

He said, *Respite me unto the Day when (all) shall be raised.*

He said, *Verily, thou art of the number respited.*

He said, *Now, for that Thou hast caused me to fall, I will lie in wait for them in the straight* [path ;

Then I will fall upon them from before and from behind, and from their right hand and [from their left, and Thou shalt not find the most part of them thankful.

He said, *Depart from hence, despised and driven off : for those of, them that shall follow thee,* [—verily, I will fill hell with you together !

And thou, Adam, dwell thou and thy Wife in Paradise, and eat from whatever quarter ye [will, but approach not this Tree, lest ye become of the number of the Transgressors !

And the Devil tempted them both that he might discover that which was hidden from them of their

And he said, *Your Lord hath only forbidden you this Tree, lest ye should become Angels, or* [Nakedness ; become Immortal.

And he swore unto them, *Verily, I am unto you one that counselleth good.*

And he misled them by ambitious Desire ; and when they had tasted of the Tree, their Nakedness appeared unto them, and they began to sew together upon themselves the leaves of [Paradise.

And their Lord called unto them, *What ! did I not forbid you this Tree, and say unto you* [that Satan was your manifest Enemy ?

They said, *Oh, our Lord ! We have injured our own Souls, and if Thou forgivest us not,* [and art not merciful unto us, we shall be numbered amongst the Damned.

He said, *Get ye down, the one of you an Enemy to the other ; and there shall be unto you on* [the Earth an habitation and a provision for a season :

He said, *Therein shall ye live, and therein shall ye die, and from thence shall ye be taken* [forth.

The expression penultimate verso seems to be taken from Genesis iii. 15. "And I will put enmity," &c.

§ Sura V., 33. Cuf Geigers *Was hat Mahommed aus Judenthume*, p. 103, where he quotes R. Elfesser, Kap. 21, for the Jewish tradition to the same effect. But in Jewish tradition the raven shows the mode of burial to Adam, in the Coran to Cain, the murderer.

|| Sura XXI., 52, &c. See the quotations from the Jewish Commentator Rabbah, of similar legends, in Geiger. (p. 124.)

of the angel's visit, when "Sarah laughed" at the promise of a son, and the Patriarch vainly pleading for Sodom, was told that though Lot would be saved, his wife was predestined to destruction;* of Abraham's sacrifice of his son being ransomed by "a noble victim;"† of Joseph, in envy of whose beauty the Egyptian ladies cut their hands with knives;‡ of Jacob, who when the garment of Joseph was cast over him by the messengers from Egypt, recovered his long lost sight;§ of Mount Sinai held over the terrified Israelites to force their acceptance of the law; of the seventy, who, when upon the same mount struck dead, were quickened to life again;|| of David, whom the mountains joined in singing the praises of God; and of Solomon, for whose gigantic works the genii were forced to labour at his bidding; of the genii, who brought the throne of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon in "the twinkling of an eye," and of the lap-wing that flew to her with the royal summons;¶ of the Jews who broke the Sabbath, and were changed into apes.** Some points in the sacred history are the subject of special amplification and frequent rehearsal. Such are the favourite topics of the history of Moses, the catastrophe of the flood, and the overthrow of Sodom, through which the Arabian prophet would deal forth exhortation and warning to the Meccans, and to which he is ever recurring with a wearisome reiteration. The reader who has patience and interest sufficient for the tedious detail, will gain the best conception of it from the Coran itself. If a specimen be desired, the history of Moses in Suras XX. and XXVIII. will give a fair idea of the rest.

To acquire so minute a knowledge of considerable portions of the Jewish Scriptures, to assimilate these to his former materials, and to work them up into the elaborate and often extensively rhythmical Suras, which begin now to extend to a considerable length, it was necessary to devote much time and

* Sura XI., 69; XV., 50. XXVII., 58, &c.

† XXXVII., 84. Which son is not specified in the Coran.

‡ Sura XII. Mahomet makes Joseph to have been inclined towards Potiphar's wife, and only saved from impending sin by a Divine interposition, (Sura XII, 25.) So the Rabbin Jochanan, (*Geiger*, p. 142.) The ladies' cutting their hands is also mentioned in the Sopher Hayyashar. (*ibid.*)

§ Sura XII., 93—96.

|| Sura II., 55, 63, 93; IV., 153; VII., 172. For the analogous rabbinical legend, see *Geiger*, p. 165.

¶ Sura XXVII., 16—45; XXXIV., 10—14; XXXVIII., 18, 42. For the Jewish legends of similar nature, see *Geiger*, pp. 185—187.

** Sura VII., 164.

careful study. The revelation is no longer the spontaneous and impassioned eloquence of a burning Faith, but the tame and laboured result of ordinary composition. For this end many a midnight hour must have been stolen from sleep,—though ostensibly devoted to prayer and recitation of God's word. To such employment may we attribute such references as this—

Oh thou that art wrapped up?
 Arise during the Night, excepting a small portion thereof:
 A Half of it, or diminish therefrom a little,
 Or increase therefrom. And recite the Coran with well measured recitation.
 Verily, We shall inspire thee with weighty words.
 Verily, the hours of Night are the best for fervent Maceration, and distinct Utterance.
 Truly by Day thou hast a protracted Labour.
 And commemorate the name of thy Lord, and consecrate thyself solely unto Him.*

It is possible that the convictions of Mahomet may have become so blended with his grand object and course of action, that the very *study* of the Coran and effort to compose it, were regarded as his best season of devotion. But the surreptitious manner in which he availed himself of Jewish information, producing the result, not only as original, but *as evidence of inspiration*,† begins to prove an active, though it may have been unconscious, dissimulation and course of falsehood, to be justified only by the miserable apology of a pious end.

Up to this period there is hardly any mention of the *Christian* Scriptures. The sources of available teaching regarding them were probably as yet imperfect.

* Sura LXXIII., 1—7.

† See Sura XXXVIII., 70. The story of man's creation, and the fall of Satan, is thus prefaced: "*I had no knowledge regarding the Heavenly Chiefs when they disputed; verily, it hath been revealed unto me for no other purpose than (to prove) that I am a public Preacher.*" So Sura XXVIII., 45—47, regarding the story of Moses at the Mount. Also XII., 102; after relating the history of Joseph, he adds, "*This is one of the secret histories, which we have revealed unto thee; thou was not present with them,*" &c.

- ART. IV.—1. *Annual Reports of the Parental Academic Institution and Doveton College, Calcutta.*
2. *Proceedings of a Meeting held in May, 1854, to establish a Doveton College at Madras.*
3. *Calcutta Christian Observer for March and June, 1855.*
4. *History of the High School of Edinburgh, by W. Steven, D. D. 1849.*
5. *Report of the Calcutta Young Ladies' Institution, 1855.*

LITERATURE, like history, of which it is the correlative, seems in its manifestations to revolve in certain cycles, and to reproduce itself in the same manner as, though in a different dress from, that in which, at a previous period, it appeared. Without allowing the *Development Theory* of Oken and the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation*, or the *Positive Philosophy* of Auguste Comte, and his English admirers, Mr. Lewes and Miss Martineau, we may grant a certain substratum of truth on which they are based: and hence the danger that arises from the promulgation of their opinions among the more uneducated classes. The old beliefs and intellectual strivings of the philosophy of antiquity, are reproduced in the same natural order, in those of the middle ages and of modern times. Occupied at first, with the investigations into the *prima materies* of the world, and the origin of the universal all, the struggling mind gains a notion of the infinite and unlimited, and with Socrates, passes to the higher stage of considering man and his consciousness as the great object of all thought. Soon the three great postulates of *God*, the *world* and *man*, contest for undisputed superiority in the wide field of speculative philosophy, as mysticism, sensationalism and idealism respectively. Disgusted with the dogmatic assertions of truth sought and found in all, the considering or partial, and soon the absolute or permanent sceptic arises, who establishes the existence of a universal doubt. At this stage, independent truth-seeking and truth-loving cease, and a race of philosophical leeches arises, who, as in the schools of Alexandria and Rhodes, suck out from each system the amount of truth that it is supposed to contain, and settle down in ease with it, as Critics, as Reviewers, as, in a word, *Eclectics*. Unity is thus the great point to which thought and its manifestations tend, and that being reached, the soul rests satisfied with a slavish subjection to the past, treasures up its associations, records its doings, and lives for it alone.

To what an extent do we see this proved by the present

stage of our own literary history. In the 15th century the world seemed to begin its intellectual discipline anew, and in the person of Bacon, who was essentially its Thales, and of Descartes, its Anaxagoras, it started afresh in the search after truth. The old beliefs were, with a solemn ridicule, buried with the monks who trusted them; the old method, which was exclusively analytic, was abolished, the 'queen of the sciences' was freed from her slavery to the church, and the reign of free and independent originality began—a reign of positive Protestantism, in which every act and thought and wish was directed against the absolute infallibility of a church, that forbade its followers to be idealists, lest the doctrine of Transubstantiation should be disproved. The intellectual history of the period, from Bacon to Reid, has been one of culminating splendour; from Reid to Cousin, one of Alexandrian unitizing. Then there was positive Protestantism in all things, now there is negative Protestantism, which is a contradiction in terms; then there was a fresh originality, like the first harvest from a virgin field, now there is a reproduction of mental crops from secondary soils. Then learning was massive, grand and dignified, now it is shallow, superficial and vulgar: then it dwelt in the exalted regions of lofty souls, diffusing its blessing in dews ever invigorating and pure; now it has come down to dwell on a defiled earth, which has soiled its pure garments, has robbed it of its majestic sublimity, and has made it as wide-diffused and therefore shallow, as it was formerly confined and therefore weighty and deep. The Alexandrian days of unity and comparison and eclecticism are coming back again, and, were it not for Louis Napoleon, the schools of Paris and the devotees of Victor Cousin would deluge the world with criticism on former ages, since they see nothing in these days worth criticising.

We have not to go far for evidences of this spirit and of the extent of its development. We do not object to it as wrong, for it is simply the great and uniform law of intellectual progress. From the clouds to earth, from high to low, from few to many, from massive, though confined weight, to shallow, though wide-spread superficiality, this is the great rule of the soul, and her manifestations. Originality becomes the food of plagiarism, great thoughts the inspirers of criticism, grand events the establishers of newspapers, an extended education the provoker of inquiry, an increasing number of facts the necessitator of *Dictionaries* and *Encyclopædias*, and an increasing number of books, the source of *Reviews*. To the flood of non-originality, that has deluged the

land, the only mighty barrier that has been opposed is the mind of the modern Aristotle,—Sir William Hamilton. This natural and uniform tendency of literature is manifested, too, in another direction. As a great book was formerly the work of a life-time, so now the amount of thought contained in it is sub-divided into numberless little ones, and, not content with this, collections of such little *brochures* are made and given forth to the world with all the puffery of a pushing publisher. Such men as book-writers no longer exist, save in some far-off world, that the telescopic eye of the Reviewer has not yet lighted on. All are now book-makers, compilers, critics, anything but thinkers.

But not merely is the unitizing spirit manifested in literature by authors collecting their scattered pamphlets, but by others writing their own Autobiographies. Whether it be William Jerdan or James Silk Buckingham, whether Leigh Hunt or William Hazlitt, all are alike void of anything purely original or intellectual—many void of common sense, or delicacy of sentiment. They are little men who do so, for great men never write Autobiographies; every Johnson having his Boswell, every Scott his Lockhart. They are men who are afraid that nobody else will write their lives, for nobody else thinks them worth being recorded, and so they must needs turn a penny just now, and hope that posterity will appreciate them for what their contemporaries felt had no existence.

At certain stages of the history of literature, a historical mania seems to seize authors, and the only materials that are given forth, are those of a previous age. Mystic supernaturalism gives way to eager speculation as to causes; that is followed by generalization on a large scale, and the positive fixing of what seem to be natural laws, and that succeeded by a purely conservative age, which looks back on the past, and collects its scattered remnants to hand down to the future. Such seems in many respects to be ours. Like the phoenix, we are getting old, and yet the nearer we approach dissolution, the more hope there is of the speedy birth of a new, fresh and independent existence. Clinging firmly to the past, we still hold on to the future. We would be conservatives, but yet the great words of the world's march force us to be ever moving. Many an old institution that has gathered around it the hoary associations of antiquity, still calls for our reverence and love; and so we sit down to write its history, and all about its conductors and its results. And if, more especially, such an institution has in it the elements of its own reformation, so that it keeps itself abreast of the advancing age, and even has a tendency to pro-

mote its advance, then is our love for it not merely that of the antiquary for his tumulus, but that of the hero for his friend, whom he sees ever advancing in all the virtues that form a perfect knight. And how much is this affection increased, and of how pure a character is it in the case of a public school! That is the first world on which a man enters. It is to the boy all that the world is to the man, save only responsibility, care and anxiety for the future. It is there that the first friendships are formed, there that the social affections are developed in all their extent, there that the soul comes out from the mists of infantile ignorance and isolation, there that each learns his own place, and the relation in which he stands to his fellows, there that defects are supplemented and excrescences pruned off, and there that the boy feels to its full extent the joyousness of pure energy, pure life, pure animal spirits, in all their intensity and quickening power. It is there, too, as mere animalism gives way to rational power, and the boy feels stealing over him an undefinable something, higher than the games of the play-ground, or the excursions of the holiday can give, that there is felt the purest of all delights, in the grappling of a virgin intellect with a massive thought, in the reaching some little height of ethical disinterestedness, from which he can look down on the grovelling world below, in the moral appreciation for the first time of some scene or being of beauty and grandeur, that inspires emotions of a sweeter kind than he has ever before experienced. We believe that it is in this that the hearty delight with which we look back on school-boy days, chiefly consists. To energize is a glorious thing,—to energize not in this way or that, but simply to revel in the full consciousness of life, of power, of young sanguine strength. To feel as the infant Herakles in his cradle, a consciousness of delightful power. None feel this like the boy, and nowhere does he feel it so much as at school. There he energizes for himself alone, he is for the moment free, absolutely independent of every one. But when he enters the world, it is to serve others, and he feels the heavy yoke, and he longs for the happy days, when he had no care, and all was his own, at least for some hours every day. This, we say, combined with the pleasure arising from the first day-break of thought, and emotion, and beauty on the soul, gives to school-associations all their delight, often not surpassed by that of "sweet home."

The Briton in India is in a position to judge of this, and to feel it more than any other, especially if he has been educated at any of the great schools of Britain. There is an *esprit-de-corps* about a public school, that nothing

in after-life can give ; and as the sons of Eton, or Rugby, or Harrow, or Winchester, or Edinburgh, meet each other on the shores of India, how they love to recal the good old days, to fight all their battles, to play all their tricks, to tell all their stories o'er again ! How true it is, that we live in circles that widen and widen till they embrace a wide world ! We have " our ain fireside " and the dear faces around it, and wider than this we have the cord of school-fellowship, and wider still that of township and locality, and wider still that of tribe, and wider still that of nation, until the cord of world-citizenship links us all with the great Son of Man, who was made of a woman, and yet was Himself God of very God. And the narrower these circles are, the dearer their associations. To have been at the same school is ever dearer than to have sat in the same church, or to have been born in the same village.

And so we rejoice when histories of Public Institutions, and especially of large schools and colleges, are written. Such have been increasing of late, and full they are to the rising generation of lessons of wisdom, of incitements to new aspirations, to fresh energy. To sit on the same forms on which the great and good have sat, to look on the same walls, and to be moulded by the same circumstances, as those that contributed to develope, if not to form genius, to be trained by the same methods that have raised men to high power and eminence, is a great thing even for a youth. He can feel and understand this, as the associations of the past and the memories of heroes who have gone, come trooping down upon his soul, and almost cast their mantle upon him and beckon him to follow them. The present writer has felt this as he has sat in the halls of the great High School of the Modern Athens, and in youthful fancy has seen judges and statesmen, and warriors and scholars come crowding past. There went the Poet Drummond and the Lord Chancellor Erskine, and the gallant Sir John Hope, and the Geologist Hutton, and Mount Stuart Elphinstone, and the antique-loving Scott and Horner, and Jeffrey and Sandford, and Brougham and Cockburn, and many others whom time would fail to tell of. To sit in St. Paul's School, London, and feel the spirit of the young Milton, is a great thing ; or to think of the bye-gone days, when such a group as Cowper and Thurlow, Hastings and Impey, sat on the forms of Westminster, and Vincent Bourne indolently criticised the Latin verses of his youthful charge. Such works then, as *Stevens' History of the High School*, *Gunning's Reminiscences of Cambridge*, the *Life of Arnold*, and better than all, the admirable Report of Professor Menzies of *Twenty-one Years'*

Experience of the Dick Bequest for elevating the character and position of the Parochial Schools and School-masters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff and Moray, are of immense service, not merely as contributing to that desideratum of literature, the history of education, as a science and an art, but as seeming to illustrate many of the laws that regulate the development of genius and the production of great men.

So far as the history of separate educational efforts has been written, there has not been enough of variety, not a sufficiently wide induction from which to form those laws that now universally are recognised as its leading principles. Cousin has written very fully on the education of France and Prussia; and that of England and the United States has been elucidated in formal and authoritative reports, and also in private works on the subject. But there is a wide field in which education has been at work—painfully it is true—but still at work for many years, and in which many interesting features are to be found. Education in the Colonies is a great fact, and education in India greater still. You have here certain great definite principles introduced into a new set of circumstances, and gradually modified or improved to meet existing wants. The question is full of interest to the educationist—whether practical or speculative—what are these modifications, and are they really improvements? We cannot here enter into so vast a subject as this, a worthy account of which has never yet been given, beyond the historical facts of the establishment of certain colleges, at a certain time, and now pursuing certain studies. This may be fully found in *Mr. Kerr's Review of Public Instruction* in the Bengal Presidency, and in the various reports of Government schools and colleges annually issued.

We have thus a great body of educational truths ready for application in two ways. First, to the natives of India, foreigners to us, Hindoos, a race speaking Sanscrit dialects, and having all the ancient physical beliefs of the time of Thales and Pythagoras. Second, to a large body of Christian-born, English-speaking, home-loving men, who form a distinct community by themselves, under the name of East-Indians, a class that shades off on the one hand into the pure white-faced European, and on the other into the pure native Bengali. The limits are indefinite, and hence we have in the class a large body of men of the highest as well as of the lowest attainments, of the noblest as well as of the meanest characters. The education imparted to them we may call Christian education, meaning the education of a professed y Christian community, while the term Missionary education

may be appropriately applied to that instruction, based on Christian principle and pervaded by Christian truth, which is imparted in certain Missionary Institutions to the indigenous inhabitants of the country. It is with this Christian class, and only with one institution established by them, that we have at present to do. We would merely make the one general remark that, compared with the efforts put forth by Government for the successful establishment of a thorough system of native education, the resident Christian Community has been neglected. This we do not much regret—as the truth of the axiom, that “they are best helped who help themselves,” is nowhere so clearly seen as among them. Self-dependence, common sense, simplicity, these are the three great lessons which, morally viewed, every plan of education ought to teach them. We take up the Parental Academic Institution and Doveton College, not merely because it is a representative of those to which the education of the community is most largely entrusted, but because it was established by themselves, without external aid, has been all along conducted by them, has passed through many strange vicissitudes, has been associated with the name of at least one great and good man, and has at last received an outward permanency, that bids fair to keep it in a state of flourishing life for many years to come. It has developed itself amid many strange obstacles, unaided by aught save the liberality of the Community for whom it was established, and it has from time to time sent forth many men of comparatively great attainments, who have done no discredit to the education received within its walls. If then, as we have seen, the study of an educational institution is interesting, and full of the most important lessons, it must be doubly so in India, when educating such a community in such circumstances.

To the philanthropic eye there is something attractive in the prospect of a glorious Continent like India, having brought to bear upon it all the appliances of modern thought and civilisation. To be the first, or one of the first band, to plant the seeds of Western literature in so strange and virgin a soil, and to watch and nurse their slow growth in a climate to which they are by no means indigenous, is an honour, attended at the same time by a labour, which is unsympathised with and unappreciated, and which only a few noble souls would voluntarily undergo. To plant oneself in the present, surrounded as it is by all the obstacles that opposition, rivalry, misrepresentation, and a low state of morality can heap up, and yet to work on with a calm trustful faith in the Being who sees in secret and rewards openly, in the means and appliances used to elevate the degraded,

and in the hope of a bright future, when the mists that now encircle you shall clear away before the bright beams of a manly morality, a high intelligence and a pure spirituality—this is to be a moral hero of the highest kind, this is to do God's work indeed, in a land that has hitherto been the very fortress of the devil. The present is dark, and affords little hope for the anxious civiliser, on which he may feed, and which may call forth new energy and wisdom; but just principles and plans of action will gradually work out a state of things, more like the creation of the poet's fancy, than the reality of actual life. And how grand to watch success, as it comes on slowly, but surely; or if at first it comes not at all, to feel that you have laid the basis on which it can afterwards be built, and that to your successor is handed down the elements at least of that which did not attend your own work. In the darkness of the stormy night of ignorance, to long for the dawn, to wait for the morning, to strain the eye, that it may catch the first streaks of rosy-fingered morn, as she enters on the scene, and lights up all with life and beauty and glory—this has been the fate of many a one in some out-tower of civilisation, where, unknown and unappreciated, he has wrought nobly the work of the Lord, whether as missionary-teacher, or teacher-missionary. There have been many such in India, who have long resolutely bidden defiance to the assaults of ignorance, but have at last yielded to a destiny that denied them the success for which they had laboured and prayed, and waited, though it granted it to those who followed. "One soweth and another reapeth."

It was the attraction of disinterested work like this, that had such a charm for the simple philosophical mind of Berkeley. Though the associate and friend of such men as Malebranche, Clarke, Swift and Pope, though on intimate terms with all the learned men of the days of Queen Anne and George I., though enjoying the Deanery of Derry with £1,100 a year, though the companion of nobles, in whose society he had travelled all over Europe, and though fitted by nature, education and position, to enjoy and add to the refinements of a civilised if not a luxurious and learned life, he yet voluntarily wished to abandon all these, that he might train up the "Savages of America" in the learning of the English universities; and in the beliefs of the English Church. The Dean left his living, he published and he spoke, and he travelled, until by his rare disinterested enthusiasm, he induced three fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, for £40 a year, to take part in his scheme, while he, with all his hopes of preferment, had but £100. There is much that is not only interesting but instructive, in his published *Scheme for*

converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda. The King and the Court were interested, the Commons voted a Charter for the new college, and a grant of lands and money, and only the crooked policy of Sir Robert Walpole afterwards prevented the scheme from being fully carried out. The enthusiastic philosopher went out, with all the requirements for the new college. Much of his private fortune had been expended on the scheme, large subscriptions had been got up from private parties, and with all this ready money, he settled at Newport, in Rhode Island, where he resumed his pastoral work, until the lands should be made over. But this was not done. Walpole had cheated Berkeley; the grant was diverted into another channel, and St. Paul's College never established. The Dean had to return; he distributed his library among the clergy of Rhode Island, gave back the subscriptions, and saw all his dreams of a glorious future for the aborigines and the settlers of America pass away. The good philosopher ever continued to look friendly on his scheme, and from his personal knowledge afterwards rendered much assistance in the efforts put forth for a similar purpose by the Propagation Society. He saw, what the time-serving politicians and ecclesiastics of that day could not understand, that the great America was soon destined to be the home of nations, that it contained in its mighty womb the seeds of an expansion, the extent and the influence of which no man could compute. Already the cluster of stars that floats on her banner was before his imagination, already her rude prairies had become the home of civilisation, already her woods had been cut down, her jungles cleared, and her hunting fields become the abode of the manufacturer and the source of wealth to the honest farmer. Where glorious rivers rolled down their waters, he saw the city and the hamlet, ships of all nations filling her ports, a busy God-fearing population, churches rearing their spires to heaven, and colleges greater than even his own Bermuda offspring, sending forth the wise, the learned and the holy of the land. All this Berkeley saw: and he saw slavery too not in the future, but as it then was in British homes, and he heard the lash fall keenly on the Negro's back, and the groan escape his quivering lips, and the look of imploring agony to the Lord who gives liberty to the captive. He hoped too that planters themselves would be Christianised, "that their slaves would only become better slaves by being Christians," and that the red man would not fly before civilisation, but become himself civilised. He hoped that he might have the honour of laying

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the foundation of the grand future that passed before his disinterested eye. But it was not so, and he returned to his disputations with Clarke, at the court of the philosophic Queen Caroline, and to the literary friendship of Sherlock. The good man became bishop of Cloyne, and did for his diocese what few bishops have done before or since, and what, had all gone well, he would have done for the rising colonies of America.

It is with some such feelings that the philanthropist looks at the result of the introduction of education into India, upon the future of its natives, and those who have permanently taken up their abode among them. There is an immense difference between labouring in a land that seems filled up, and incapable of further development, and one that every year improves, that every true honest effort elevates. In the former case, there is no room for new ideas, no occasions on which suggestive thoughts may arise, no hope of a laborious effort and of a grand success, that shall more than reward all the labour. In the latter, the work-man feels that not a word passes without its influence, not an effort is put forth that does not bring in fruit that is worth longing, and living, and labouring for. There is hope to gild every prospect with pleasure, faith to give new strength to the doubting heart. There is the pleasure of revelling in pure disinterested hard work, the obstinacy of doing good, in the face of diminished physical powers unequal to the conflict. There is the intensity of philanthropy that raises a man far above all his compeers, and makes him, if not to despise, at least to feel indifferent to, their opposition or their approval. There is something of the ecstasy that the Apostle John felt, when in the spirit he stood in glory and wept, because there was no one to open the seven-sealed book, until the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" prevailed, and as each seal was broken, there burst on his astonished gaze successive scenes of glory, terror and praise. There is the weeping of the earnest soul in India, as, ever and anon, obstacles troop in upon the doubting heart, but soon a door is opened in heaven, and success comes, and hope is imparted, and a faith that will wrestle till the day of a heavenly eternity breaks.

There may be much then, in the history of an institution, like the Parental Academy, when viewed in such a light, to suggest thoughts of India's future, of the present state of the community for whom it was established, and of what it may yet be, under the influence of an education that teaches not merely scholarship, but the very first elements of character—self-dependence, accuracy, common-sense, high manliness, and the "fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of knowledge."

I

The East Indian community may be said to date its origin from the first introduction of Europeans as settlers or temporary residents into the country. At first they were exclusively a "mixture of nationalities"—on the one side Hindu—on the other Portuguese, Dutch, French or English. According to the localities in which these chiefly settled, it was to be expected that they should, to the same extent, vary in character, and should be, virtually, Portuguese, Dutch, French or English still. The Portuguese element being the first that was introduced, and chiefly on the west coast of India, was the first to pass away, by successive shadings, into the purely native character. The Dutch, on the contrary, being made of sterner stuff, laid the foundation of many very good families, who still endure and are an honour to their class. But in number they are as few as they are honourable. The French, physically inferior to them and morally lower, have left but a slight impression behind them, an impression as superficial as are their morality and intellectualism. Fading, passing away, *empressé*, and intense for the moment, and then gone for ever. Dupleix, with his "City of Victory," is a good "representative man" of the class—with all their brilliancy, genius and momentary enthusiasm. Much larger in numbers, and made of more enduring stuff, are the descendants of the pure English, who, from the days of Clive and Hastings, down to the time of Bentineck, had too little morality and too many temptations to wrong. As it is, they have left behind them a race of fine true men, who have taken the very head of their class, who have, as uncovenanted servants, often excelled many of their more favoured superiors, and who now bid fair to form the stuff and metal from which the future secondary civilisers of India shall spring. The tendency of these various nationalities has been most beautifully exhibited on so wide a stage as India. The Portuguese are no more, save as monks and grave-diggers; the French are not, even in the third generation: the Dutch retain their own characteristics, and are as long-lived here as in Holland, for, after all, Bengal is but another swampy sea-threatened land like it; and the English have still much of the John-Bullism about them, that makes them really the best servants that the Government has.

Nowhere have we seen this so well illustrated as in the district of which the old Cossimbazar is the centre. Passing through the oriental arches, and by the many-minaretted mosques, that make Moorshedabad the most Cairo-like of cities in Bengal, you come upon the place where of old the great Hastings lived, and upon which Surajah Dou-

lah so often wistfully cast his eye. Here is the old channel in which the Bhagaráti flowed, marked out by the *bunds* on each side. There the Church-yard, where the first Governor-General laid his first wife, and where many an old Indian sleeps his last sleep. There the remains of the old filiations, that gave a name to the looms of Cossimbazar, far above those of Sericana or Italy. There the very roads yet remain, on which the "writers" of old walked, and the whole place requires but a slight effort of fancy, to cover it with the life and animation that it possessed, ere Plassey was fought, or Berhampore founded. How all these remains of ancient glory testify to the enduring greatness of the people who raised them, when contrasted with the remnants of other nations, who shared in the lucrative trade of the place. Tall square-built monuments testify to the rupee-hunting existence of the Dutch Herklots and Van Zandyks, who lie here far from the canals of Amsterdam or the swamps of Bies-bosch. But you have to search long ere you find the remains of the French, who struggled here for the supremacy of the trade, or the Portuguese, whose only relic is the foundation of their old Church, and an old gardener, who speaks no longer the language of his ancestors, but as you sit in his Bengali-like hut, tells you in Hindustani the story of his early life, of his musical education, of his position as band-master in the neighbouring Rajbarri, and of the pension that he now enjoys at the hands of his native master. The modern Cossimbazar is indeed a visible testimony to the nature of the civilisation and of the people, that the various nations who have striven for mastery in India, have left behind them.

Conceive then the descendants of these, and especially the two latter classes, subject to the domineering power of the Catholic church, speaking a *lingua franca* worse than that of the plantation negroes of America, neither Portuguese nor Bengalis, nor Dutch nor French, nor English, but a compound of the worst elements of all;—and you will have an idea of the class of semi-Christians, who were, to a large extent, thrown upon early Anglo-Indian Society, by those who disowned and were ashamed of them. Yearly they increased in numbers, yearly they degenerated physically and morally, if, indeed, they had ever had any moral stand-point at all. None cared for such, and the consequence was that, as a class, they cared not for themselves. In such a state were they, when in 1758—just one year after Plassey, when the old fortifications of Calcutta were renewed, and all was in confusion, fear and disorder, John Kiernander, the first Protestant Missionary to Bengal, arrived.

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A true Missionary he was, who laid, before he came, no very definite plans of action, but resolved to adapt the great truths of Christianity to the set of circumstances in which he should be placed, and the channels through which they must flow to the various hearts that he should come into contact with. Hence his labours were at once evangelistic and educational, and not the least important of them was the latter. He was the first who did anything for the class of which we have spoken, and who, following up his life in the Carnatic, and the example of his brethren of Tranquebar and Madura, made at first more numerous converts from a false form of Christianity than from Paganism itself. Pastor of the Mission Church, he opened his mission school, and in one year he had under tuition no less than 174 children, some Bengalis, some Armenians, but chiefly Anglo-Indians and Indo-Portuguese. To such an extent did the latter prevail, that Portuguese was the classical language of the school; and he found his acquisition of it in South India of immense use in Calcutta. The work increased largely on his hands, he was the first to labour in a new field, the first to reap a harvest from what had been a garden of bitter herbs, rank and wild. He marks the first and perhaps greatest of the three classes into which East Indian education may be divided, corresponding to the three great sources from which the community sprang, and the three great ranks of life in which they moved. The introduction of European soldiers into the country, and also of a large number of low adventurers, who were neither soldiers nor civilians, nor merchants, but anything in general and nothing in particular, the dissolute life that they led, and the circumstances of overpowering temptation into which they were cast, gave rise to the very lowest class of East Indians, who were uncared for, were out-casts, had no status, and were, in fact, in this light, worse than the members of the very lowest of the Hindu castes. Ignorant alike of father and mother, engaged in the lowest offices of life, by birth they were yet Christians, having a double hold on Christian sympathy, assistance and philanthropic effort. Who was to care for them, in themselves innocent of all crime, yet the living monuments of the crimes of others? The Missionary's heart warmed towards them, he saw that his scheme of an indigenous ministry might, through them, be finally realized, that they had in addition to the endurance-power of the natives of the country, much more that birth and Christianity gave them, and so he laboured on with success. But the class increased largely, and the proselytising hand of Romanism began to be more widely extended, and to draw many within its all-crushing embrace. And now private hearts

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were moved, not only to assist the missionary, but to move the powers that be, and themselves to lay the foundation of charity schools, which should for ever provide for such. And thus, formed of many elements, was what is now termed the Free School finally established, thirty years after Kiernander had first opened his school. The course then which Anglo-Indian education was first led to take, was the most necessary and beneficial one, and this class of it may be denominated CHARITY EDUCATION. It includes such institutions as—

Mr. Kiernander's and other Mission Schools.
 The Charity School, merged into the Free School.
 The Benevolent Institution.
 La Martiniere.
 Mrs. Ewart's School for Girls.

The general characteristic of this great class is—help, assistance, charity, which, while they ought never to be had recourse to when they can possibly be dispensed with, are essentially necessary if education is to be brought within reach of all.

The second great class of educational efforts for East Indians, may be denominated "SERVICE" EDUCATION.

Young Clive, when he reached the sphere of his duties at Madras, felt that, after all the wild rollicking of school-life, the tender endearments of home, and the adventurous roaming and money-spending in the Mauritius, life there was dull enough. The eternal desk, bales and godowns, varied by a glimpse at the surf beating on the sea-shore, led Clive to be weary of his life, and thrice to attempt to get rid of it. The same causes led almost all the others that filled the services to attempt to make it more bearable; and so, in a strange land of idolatry and vice, where no revered eye could see them, and no sweet home voice could charm them, they laid aside the restraints of civilised life, and hurried on fast to early graves, leaving many a memorial of their vice and folly behind them. And many a one there was, too, who, having attempted to establish at this early time in India, the comforts of a home, like some watch-fire in the wintry darkness of a Scandinavian night, saw disease lay prostrate the loved form, and death carry off the stay of the weak. Who was to provide for these, the loved ones of the men who had made England's name dreaded at Arcot and Plassey, who had carried it into the very jungles of Malwa? The hearts of the generous in the service were roused, the Englishman had not lost all his generosity, even

on the burning plains of India, and so, in 1782, thanks to the enthusiastic efforts of Major-General Kirkpatrick, such were provided for. This class of SERVICE EDUCATION includes

The Military Orphan Schools, Upper and Lower.
The European Female Orphan Asylum.
The Lawrence Asylum.

But in the course of years, the class of East Indians had increased into a large and important body, and by the infusion of greater English nationality into them, by the number of situations of influence and high salary which seemed reserved for them alone (for as yet there was not a sufficient number of educated Natives to fill them), by the efforts, that through a few private institutions, and these charitable institutions, had already raised many good men among them, a new class was created, of rich men, men of intelligence and respectability, among whom sprung up an *esprit-de-corps*, productive of the most beneficial results. With them were joined not a few pure Europeans, who had from marriage or position become connected with the class, and who brought to it much physical energy, moral healthiness and manly independence. The result was, that the East Indians began to recognise their own individual position as a class, to see that they were not natives, but were British subjects, to inquire into the relations between themselves and the Hindus on the one hand, and the English law on the other, to discover anomalies and wrongs in their position, and to devise means for righting themselves with all parties, and, in fact, asserting their manhood. These thoughts brooded long in their souls, and at last asserted their existence, though far too feebly, in the "East Indians' Petition to Parliament," presented in the year 1829.

But this was not the first form in which the struggling seeds of manhood developed themselves, the community acted wisely in this. To be for ever free, the slave must be gradually so; to enjoy and propagate the blessings of freedom, he must be trained wisely, intelligently, carefully. The child cannot at once wear the dress of the full grown man, nor use his weapons against such enemies as intolerance, pride and ignorance. And so the few souls among them that had begun to think for themselves, and to survey the state of the society to which they belonged, and the various appliances brought to bear on its

elevation, resolved that they must educate before they could enjoy the bliss of education, that if freedom is to be gained, the new generation must be taught to use the birth-right with care, and to extend and amplify it. They saw that if the East Indians are ever to be men in the sight of heaven and earth, with souls of manly emotion and powers that can assert their own existence as moral thinking beings, and can look forward to an immortality beyond the grave, if ever they are to be more than mere machines, who are at the beck of the Government, and dare not criticise its acts, and those towards themselves, because they eat its salt, if ever they are to rise above the natives, with whom in the eyes of law they were on a par, and, standing on the moral elevation of a glorious Christianity that makes all men free indeed, strive to raise the idolater to their own platform, if ever they are to get free of the mists of ignorance, passivity and sloth, that cloud the glassy eye, bind down the nerveless arm, and put to sleep the dreamy soul, then must they do for themselves what neither charity nor Government can do for them, then must they no longer abandon their young hope to the training of chance-adventurers, but themselves as a community, with one accord, raise high the standard of a free, manly and God-fearing education, that it might march at the head of an army of noble youth, and lead them onward and upward towards earthly civilisation and heavenly glory. And thus was formed the third class, that of INDEPENDENT EDUCATION.

And so, wisely actuated by such feelings as these, a few of the leaders of the East Indians met in the house of one Mr. John William Ricketts, South Colinga-street, who seems to have been the moving spirit of the whole; and there, on Saturday evening, 1st March, 1823, they resolved, "That we form ourselves into a society, to promote the education of our children, by projecting an institution, which shall be managed by a committee chosen from among the body of Parents, Guardians and Friends." Thus was laid the foundation of an institution by East Indians for their own community, and in this act they were unassisted by any who did not belong to that community. To one who views education from a purely British standpoint, it may seem that this was a little thing after all—the mere resolution to found a school, where one was much wanted, and where it was likely to succeed. But to the man who knows the position of the community before, the important nature of the duties that it now discharges, and its bearing on the great future

of India, to one who can look at efforts, not as they are abstractly in themselves, but in view of the circumstances in which they were made, and of the previous history of those who made them, to one too who longs for the dawn to break on India and to dispel the darkness of Christian apathy and the immorality of pagan vice, idolatry and scepticism, to such an one this plan of a few parents will seem full of wisdom, forethought and philanthropy. The names of some of the men who met that night to consult for the future birthright of their children, were Ricketts, DaCosta, Kerr, Sutherland, Heatly, Johnston, Reed, and Sturmer.

But the truth was illustrated in the history of the future institution, that while the heart is generally right, the head goes often wrong. The pressing necessities of a growing community had drawn forth from such men as these an earnest desire at once to establish a college for their sons; but they failed in the wise judgment and common sense, which would have carried out their longings to a full fruition. They committed many errors, which we, looking back, can now see; but which, in the midst of such ignorance as then existed on the very rudimental principles of education, it might have been difficult for us then to have discovered. Their first error was in giving a name to the infant institution, which has since excited the wonder of all unconnected with it, on whose ears it falls for the first time. They resolved, "that it be designated the 'Parental Academic Institution,' as indicative of its peculiar origin." There seemed a peculiar fitness in a body of parents; when lending a helping hand in raising an institution, that should educate their children for time and eternity, giving to it the term 'Parental.' It seemed peculiarly becoming that, since many a young heart would be entrusted to their care, far away from home and its tendernesses, they should be watched over in a 'Parental' Institution. But the fault was committed of giving to the school, through its name, a character that it had yet to gain, and that it did not gain for many a long year of its history. The idea was good, but it was then premature, and it is *now* un-academic; and we rejoice that the recent liberality of Captain Doveton has enabled the Directors to add to it his name—the Doveton College, by which it is now called.

Another instance in which they failed in practice, though in desire and aim they acted well, because from first feelings, was in their resolution at once to bring out a head-master, who had been trained to his profession in Europe. The founders

truly felt that what all men wanted, was a true, honest, scholarly moral education, and that what the East Indian community wanted in particular, was an infusion of new ideas, of new methods, of new aims. Born on the soil, many of them having never crossed the ditch, the inheritors of a class of conservative opinions and low morality from their ancestors, wanting all the manly spirit and honest polish of well-educated travelled gentlemen, how were true views of education to be produced, and all these defects of character to be supplemented, if not by the introduction of elements different from, and superior to, those that already existed? Such elements did not exist in India, and even if they did for a short time in the case of a few, so absorbent is the moral, intellectual, and physical atmosphere of this land of the sun, that every ten years at least they require to be revived and replanted, by a visit to Britain, the very fountain-head of civilization. The founders of the institution felt all this, but they had neither the moral courage nor the faith to act on the better feelings of their hearts; and so in its very infancy the institution was crippled, and continued so, until it reached such a state of inanity, that the old resolution of the founders had practically to be recurred to, and, twenty-eight years after, a head-master to be imported fresh from the fount of education in Britain. The committee had not then the firmness to act rightly, but yielded to the confessedly many obstacles that opposed them. Their infant institution, which had in its aim life enough to extinguish all the petty schools that had so long fed the vices of the community, they built upon these very schools.

But yet they began well and independently. The house still stands (11, Park-street,) where the new institution first met—where the first effort was made to raise the standard of independence, morality and honesty in education. The meeting was held in Mr. Ricketts' house, on the 1st March, 1823, and the classes were opened on the 1st May following. Every thing was in its favour. The respectable part of the community had longed for it, the opposition was of a trifling character, and the desires of its founders were, we believe, sincerely honest and noble. But a third error was committed, more deadly than either of the other two. That most cursed of all kinds of disputation, ecclesiastical controversy, introduced itself into the committee a few weeks after the opening of the classes, and the community presented then, the same monstrous spectacle as Britain now presents, of allowing hungry but immortal souls to go down

starving to perdition, while the onlookers grimly contend with easy satisfaction, who shall have the pleasure of feeding them. Unable to conduct the institution without the help of trained and scholarly Europeans, the committee secured the assistance of two good ministers, who were respectively professors of Classics and Mathematics in the infant college. The Rev. Messrs. Warden and Micaiah Hill were men of thorough Missionary zeal, and we believe of some amount of literary scholarship too, and the latter, but recently gathered to his fathers, is well known in connection with evangelistic and educational labors in India. Both of these ministers were of the independent church, and therefore Dissenters; and it stank in the nostrils of the orthodox episcopalians in the management, that the institution should be abandoned to them. The result was a resolution of seven—a majority, to exclude them from their duties, and they of course left, feeling a dignified contempt for men who could no more appreciate their labours, than they could understand the motive from which they had given them. The result was, that just one month after the opening of the classes, the institution split in two, the minority of five abandoning the premises in Park-street, and carrying with them the name and prestige of the institution. The remaining members established in the same building the fragments that were left, under the becoming name of the "Calcutta Grammar School." What was now to be done? The infant institution was without a building, teachers, everything that constitutes an educational institution, but consistency, honesty, and good intentions. The Professors dismissed by the "Grammar School" party, were requested to resume their duties in the Parental, but declined; a suitable house could not be procured, and the committee were forced to enter into private arrangements with a school already existing, under a Mr. William Sinclair, in Wellesley Square. Here then the "Parental," in constitution, if not in locality, took up its abode, and cast about for teachers to conduct it. The old plan of a head-master from Europe was again agitated and approved of, but one or two, who had afterwards much to do with such a plan, opposed it, and others said that the gentleman brought out, "should be put under stoppages for the amount of whatever expense may be incurred in bringing him out." And the only means of raising the community to a thoroughly elevated position were not taken, and under men who were already teachers of private schools, those very evils were perpetuated, to do away with which the institution had

been especially established. The list of head-masters from the beginning is as follows :—

Head Masters.

- 1824 —A. Robertson.
- 1825-6 —W. Masters.
- 1826-30—M. Rochfort
- 1830-2 —Rev. W. Kirkpatrick.
- 1832-8 —Lorimer and Ferris.
- 1838-9 —G. Hamilton.
- 1839-47—C. Montague and L. Clint.
- 1847-8 —W. C. Fyfe.

Rector.

- 1849-54—Rev. Andrew Morgan.

Principals.

- 1854-5—Rev. Andrew Morgan.
- 1855—George Smith.

After its re-establishment, and having a healthy fear of similar discussions as had already injured the cause of education, the committee resolved to remodel the constitution as we now find it. Though to a stranger it seems odd, yet it is admirably adapted for the circumstances of the community, and for the development of the life of the whole institution. It at once reprobates all idea of a proprietary school, the rock on which the Grammar, and the High Schools have successively split. Why should a body of earnest men make money out of education? The two ideas are entirely opposed, and wherever they are violently conjoined together, the latter will invariably suffer, and, of course, the former along with it has its effect. Let public bodies make money out of commerce and shop-keeping, but let them not line their pockets from the minds of children. The world has never yet presented the spectacle of a public proprietary school in a perfectly thriving condition. Even with the best of men, the temptation is too great, where there is a selfish pecuniary interest, to stint educational arrangements, and educationists. The fate of the school that separated from the "Parental," is also a strong evidence of this.

This, however, was avoided most distinctly, and a payment of two Rupees monthly, or 300 Rupees at once, was required to constitute full membership. To this the only privilege attached, was, that the children of a member, if he died a pauper, might receive free education. Thus the institution was

not degraded by having monetary principles applied to it, and yet sufficient inducement was held out to attract members to take an interest in the management of its affairs. It was thus out-and-out public, and any one who complied with these simple conditions, might have a voice in its direction as a member of the Society, or in its special management in detail, as a member of committee, elected from the Society. There was thus a bond of union most fully given, and a basis laid, which all the mismanagement and non-education of future years could never up-root. A principle is a glorious thing, let a man ever stand on such. It is more powerful than Rupees. It has permanence and life in it, and if it is good and wise, it has the stamp of Divinity upon it. It lives when all else dies, it imparts life, when the most noxious influences seem about to cause death, it converts enemies into friends, and gives to these friends an enthusiasm and a determination to do and to dare all, which a monied interest could never impart.

One great obstacle that stood in the way of educational success was—the denominational difficulty. Already had the infant institution been almost overpowered by that, and, resolved that such should never again happen, the principle was distinctly enunciated, “that Christians of every denomination, without distinction of country or sex, may be members of the ‘society.’” The result is, that at present in the institution, boys of all creeds and denominations receive instruction—of Christians,—Greeks, Papists, Armenians, and Protestants of all sects; of Pagans,—Mussulmans, Buddhists, Hindus, and fire-worshippers; and are all harmoniously educated under the same roof and by the same masters. Never once is a fear felt or a doubt expressed as to the danger of proselytism and conversion. The difficulties that in imagination rise up before controversialists in England, have practically no existence here, and the problem, the solution of which has so long stood in the way of national education there, was long ago settled here, and settled amid more powerfully opposing circumstances, and on a more extensive scale, than it can ever be in Christianised Europe. All Christians attend at the same place and worship the same God, in the same way and at the same time, while the Hindus, Mussulmans, and other pagans generally join the classes when the exclusively Scriptural part of their studies is over. But even with them there are not a few cases where a wish has been decidedly expressed, that the Bible should be regularly read and religious instruction imparted. Nor in all this is there any of that

departure from high principle, that the religionists of Britain seem so much in imagination to deprecate. The one great truth of Christianity as the only panacea for all evils, moral and spiritual, underlies the whole, and rather in action than in profession are the influences of a life-giving religion everywhere and continually felt, even in the most secular studies.

The constitution of the school is thus altogether a unique one, but framed specially for the state of the community, and also for its growing requirements. It is made liberal and all-embracing, it is essentially public, and every parent has a voice in the educational arrangements, though of course excluded from controlling the financial: and yet the prerogatives of all are so well marked out, that no encroachment can take place. All are protected, down even to the meanest servant, by the right of appeal to the full body of the members of the society, against the acts of even the committee. The whole has been found to work harmoniously and well for upwards of thirty years, and to be capable of expansive growth, without any violent additions.

Thus established then, the school went on, on a small scale at first, but soon successfully, for some years. The house in Wellesley-street was abandoned for one much more commodious in Park-street. It ran the race of rivalry for some years with the Grammar School, and although the field seemed a wide one, and success might have been expected in the case of both, yet at the end of the first seven years, in 1830, both, and especially the latter, found themselves in difficulties. The original object of the leaders of the community had been to raise an institution in which their sons could be worthily educated, and now behold the result had been two—one inefficient, the other on the brink of dissolution, even though having a most powerful ecclesiastical connexion. The proposal was made, that both should again unite, and form "an undivided national institution for the education of the Christian youth of this country." But the proposal, while it offered the bribe of a considerable sum of money, involved a sacrifice of independence; and it is highly creditable to those connected with the Parental, that they rejected it. And hence this attempt having failed, the Grammar School died, and was resuscitated in the shape of the "Calcutta High School," while the Parental held on its way, independent it is true, but still mismanaged, running further into debt, and so far forgetting itself as to start an elaborate plan of a proprietary school, which was happily never carried out.

At this time, when debt to some extent had already limited

the operations of the institution, other circumstances occurred still farther to injure its usefulness. So well had it succeeded, that at one time, from the sixteen pupils who had at first applied for admission, when it was in Wellesley-square, it had increased in number to ninety boarders, with a corresponding number of day-scholars. There was surely room then for competition, and so the then head-master abandoned his position, made use of the influence attached to it, to its injury, and set up a private school. Not only so, but in 1843, the Jesuits, ever eager to do the devil's work and undo the Lord's, stepped in and took a large and successful grasp of the field. Wiser than those whom they had to oppose, they knew human nature well, and the nature of the community whom they had come to educate. Beginning at first on a small scale, they soon removed to a large house in Chowringhee, adorned it with new and commodious class-rooms, and made it altogether a place worthy of education. The same building is now used by St. Paul's School. Their cunning arts were soon evident in the trust that was reposed in them, by the weak-minded among the community; and the sons of many Protestant parents crowded to their classes, and believed their promises of non-interference in religious matters, as they do to this day, entrusting their daughters to the tender mercies of a convent. What was the result? We have reason to know how, in not a few cases, the hopes of fond parents were blasted, as they saw the sons, on whom they had built their expectations, led to destruction. So blinded were many that, when the Jesuits were recalled, and St. Xavier's College closed in 1847, some were actually sent home under their charge to be educated there. The fate of at least two of these was sad enough. Ruin and poverty met the one on the streets of London, and the other returned to Calcutta to break his father's heart. We trust that the same cannot be said of St. John's College now, though the principles on which it is conducted are as deadly.

Another opposing influence that was brought to bear on the "Parental," arose from the establishment of "La Martiniere," in 1836. In its objects exclusively charitable, it of course ought to have been confined to a class with which the "Parental" had nothing to do, and which unfortunately it could not reach. But it came within its sphere by two measures, that are entirely opposed to the spirit of its foundation. Practically it received and educated only the rich-poor, and to a great extent passed over the very class for whom it was intended. Such seems to have been the case with all charities of the kind. And also it opened its doors to a class of pay-scholars and

boarders, whom, because of its rich endowment, it could educate at a much lower rate than any other institution. The result was, that all others suffered, and to this day suffer, though a feeling of the injury arising to boys, from their being educated in a charity institution, largely prevents this now. As men become more intelligent on the subject of education, this obstacle will be felt less and less.

In such a state of matters the finances of the Institution suffered, and debt increased. As a public institution, it was always expected that the community themselves should assist it, and they were not backward. But the evil was, that all such assistance was like the filling up of the gulf in the forum—the effect was *nil*. The more money subscribed, the more was wanted, and unless the precious treasure of common sense were thrown in, it would never be closed. That was not done till the year 1849. Whatever the education was, the financial arrangements were entirely wrong, and the collection list of income by no means corresponded with the large list of pupils and boarders. They might pay as they liked, and hence the mournful columns of bad debts and doubtful debts, which were never realized. Still many of the community came forward with large assistance, and one of the most liberal was Captain Doveton, who afterwards bequeathed his fortune to the institution. Government had put forth many efforts for native education, and never more energetically than under Lord William Bentinck, and had gone so far as largely to assist Christian education in the Free School; but the Government did not regard the Parental as a proper object of its aid. Still the heads of the Civil Service were not backward, and in the subscription lists of those early days, we find many well-known names. We have those of all the Governors-General, from Lord Hastings downwards, and of almost all the Members of Council and Chief Justices and Judges. As an illustration of these, and as throwing additional light on the character of a great and a good man, we need only take the case of Sir Charles Metcalfe. At the same time we would express our great regret that a Public Institution, for the manly and honest education of the youth of the East Indian Community, who need these qualities so much, should have been driven to such a course. At the time of their application Metcalfe was acting as Governor-General. To him as such the Directors applied for Government aid. As it was asked neither for a native nor a charity institution, he felt himself bound to decline to agree to the request; but generously paid out of his own pocket the 5,000 Rupees asked. Metcalfe had too vivid a remembrance of the conduct of the Court of

Directors to him and of the missive that they sent him through Lord Moira, reproving him for furnishing the Delhi Residency too profusely from the public money, and ordering him to reimburse the whole, to the extent of Rupees 48,119, and so he himself generously paid what might well have come out of the public exchequer.

The regret expressed on the departure of Lord Metcalfe in 1838, was shared by the committee of the institution that he had so much befriended. The then Secretary was upon a committee that resolved to have a portrait of their benefactor taken. This was done, and done well and truthfully; but too truthfully, for the relatives of the statesman, who had another and *prettier* likeness taken of him when he was gone, and suspended in the Town Hall of Calcutta, in place of the original. That, at once ugly and truthful, was understood to have been made over to the Parental Academy, but all inquiries as to where it is now have proved unavailing; it certainly never adorned its walls. On the departure of Metcalfe, the following statement appeared in the Report, appended to the address which was then presented:—

The Committee deem it their duty to advert, before they close this report, to the irreparable loss which this Institution has sustained, in the departure for Europe of Sir C. T. Metcalfe, one of its warmest patrons, and its most liberal benefactor. The Committee considered it to be obligatory upon them to express to that distinguished individual, before he left India, the warm sentiments of gratitude which they entertained towards him, for the uniform kindness evinced by him in behalf of the Institution. The Committee beg to subjoin the copy of the address to Sir Charles Metcalfe, together with the reply. They have no doubt that the feelings of the Managers, as expressed in their address, respond to those of the whole Indian community, who have to deplore the loss of an able Statesman, a patriotic Ruler, and a humane Benefactor.

TO SIR C. T. METCALFE, BART., G. C. B.

HON'BLE SIR,—At a time when all classes of Society are pressing forward, impelled by a laudable emulation to give expression to the liveliness of their feelings, and to mingle with their acknowledgments for the obligations you have conferred upon them, their sincere regret that this is the last opportunity which is left to them of giving vent to their feelings, we, the Managers of the Parental Academic Institution, feel that we should be wanting in duty, were we not promptly and cordially to come forward, and to evince that we too are influenced by that universal sentiment, which now pervades all ranks of the society of this city. And, Sir, it is not simply as a part of that mass of society who have enjoyed in common the benefits you have conferred on them, that we come forward, but we feel that we have in a distinguished manner been the recipients of your kindness, of which if we were required to adduce proofs, we could advert to the munificent Donations which the Parental Academic Institution has from time to time received from you, and to the prosperity it has enjoyed under your fostering care and patronage. This, we conceive, renders it especially impera-

tive on us, now that you are on the eve of quitting the shores of India, probably for ever, to bid you a final adieu, and to assure you of our grateful sense of your favors, not to be obliterated, we are confident, by your absence.

We have no fear, Sir, of saying too much, when we say that your loss will be extensively felt and deplored in India, and that all classes will continue to cherish a vivid as well as an affectionate recollection of your generosity. As the friend of education and the patron of science, allow us to add, the Institutions of this country will particularly be sensible of the loss they are about to sustain.

We wish you every happiness in your native land, and indulge sanguine anticipations, that, though far removed from us, your influence will continue to be felt in this country—that whether you prefer the retreat of private life after a brilliant public career, or whether you are determined, with characteristic zeal, to mingle in public affairs, in prosecution of your benevolent pursuits, we may have the happiness to hear that success attends your disinterested efforts. Your retirement from this country, which has been for a long period the theatre of your beneficence and the scene of your labors, under the circumstances which have conduced to it, only serves to excite more vividly the affections and wishes of the Indian Community:—of their sympathies you cannot be in need—assured as they are that the exquisite feelings of conscious rectitude carry their own reward.

7, Park Street,
13th February, 1838. }

We have, &c.

To W. DACOSTA, Esq., and the Managers of the P. A. I.

SIRS,—In the hurry of my departure I am unable at present to do more than to thank you for your very kind letter, and to express my heartfelt wishes for the continued success and prosperity of your admirable institution.

It was my intention to forward the enclosed from the ship on her way down the river; but I now beg your permission to avail myself of the present opportunity to transmit it, and to request your acceptance of it as a parting contribution to the Parental Academic Institution.

I have the honor to be, with great respect and esteem,

Sirs, your most obedient, faithful servant,

Calcutta,
14th February, 1838. }

(Signed) C. T. METCALFE.

In 1845 they heard of the illness of their patron, and forwarded to him a resolution expressive of their admiration and sympathy. The reply is characteristic of the state and hopes of the man who was then drawing near his end. It is dated 12th May, 1846, and "on the evening of the 5th September, 1846, with a calm sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker."

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE PARENTAL ACADEMIC INSTITUTION.

SIRS,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 19th March, 1846, forwarding a copy of a Resolution passed at a meeting of the Society connected with the Parental Academic

Institution, and signed by the Chairman of the meeting, the Reverend Alexander Duff.

I beg that you, Gentlemen, and all concerned in this gratifying testimonial of sympathy and kindness, will accept my warmest thanks. I regret to say that I am not sensible of any abatement of the malady with which it has pleased Almighty God to chasten me. I have indeed every reason to apprehend that its progress is leading to a fatal issue. Whatever may be the divine will in this respect, I shall cherish as long as I live the most cordial wishes for the prosperity of the Parental Academic Institution, and the most lively gratitude for the affectionate feeling evinced towards me by its members.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

(Signed) METCALFE.

Malshanger,
In Basingstoke, Hants,
May 12th, 1846. }

Metcalf died, and in his place, the present estimable Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Peel, was appointed Patron.

The evil effects of the want of a proper educational staff became now more and more visible. There were a few *really* good teachers connected now and again with the institution, but they left as soon as better appointments were offered them in the Government service, and the committee had to employ men whose scholarship and qualifications were questionable. The Calcutta High School too began to decline, and was finally taken up by the Bishop, connected more intimately with the church and the cathedral, and resuscitated, under the name of the latter, as St. Paul's School. This was in 1847, about the same time that the Parental committee were driven to the necessity of either at once abandoning the institution altogether, and allowing it to drop out of existence, and with it the only independent education communicated to their body, or in making one great effort to bring out a head-master from Britain. In the midst of trials and difficulties, they had the faith to do now what their predecessors ought to have done from the beginning, and they accordingly applied to gentlemen at home, the chief of whom was Dr. Cunningham, Principal of the New College, Edinburgh.

But that faith was sorely tried, and for two years the expected Rector did not arrive. What was to be done meanwhile? The Missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland laid the community under a deep obligation, by dispensing for a season with the services of Mr. W. C. Fyfe, and allowing him to be placed at the head of the Parental Academy.

But, assuredly, this was placing education in an entirely false position; it was stripping it of its manliness, and throwing it adrift as a beggar at every one's door. Necessary at all

times that it should be of an independent and manly character, it was doubly so in the case of a community that so much requires these very qualities; and however much we may admire the generous assistance of others, we cannot but lament, even as they did, the cause that rendered such assistance necessary. Delay had been shewn in sending out a Rector from Scotland, just because none knew sufficiently about an institution with so strange a name, in so distant a place. Great as is the ignorance on all really important Indian subjects now, it was doubly so then, especially on educational matters. We have letters before us now, in which the most anxious enquiries are made regarding the East Indian community, their character, number, influence, and origin, in answer to the repeated solicitations of Dr. Duff, for a speedy effort to secure a Rector. At home the whole field of labour was represented in entirely a missionary light. Not that education was made the servant of ecclesiastical bodies, or committees, but the stand-point from which the whole question was viewed, was a missionary—a self-denying, a disinterested one.

The man to whom, at last, application was made, and who was solicited to go out to India, was Andrew Morgan. Trained up in all the high moral discipline of a Scotch farmer's family, having parents who were the descendants of some of the old covenanting families, he possessed much of that spirit that accomplished a reformation through the people against the nobles, and long withstood the encroachments of both civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. From his boyhood he was a teacher, first as assistant in his own village school, and then as head-master at the early age of seventeen. With him, during his whole life, teaching and studying went on together, and the result was, that at an age when many other men are but entering the world, he had passed through a course of study under such men as Tennant and Spalding, and was at the head of one of the largest educational establishments in North Britain, from which many a youth went forth to carry off the highest honours in the Edinburgh University, and to labour in the mission field on the plains of India. The great energy, thorough scholarship, professional ability, and more than missionary enthusiasm that he showed, had already marked him out as one of the first of his class in Scotland, a class that it is not easy to be first in. So strong were the representations of Dr. Duff on the importance of the work, that Mr. Morgan was looked upon as the best man to undertake it, and was indeed the only one who had the faith to surrender a high position and

higher prospects, for what was to him an unknown field, and what soon proved a very difficult one.

Full of faith and, perhaps, too full of hope, he reached India in February, 1849. Before that time, the term for which Mr. Fyfe had been lent to the institution had expired, and he had returned to his own duties in the Free Church Mission. It might have been expected, that at that time, of all others, the institution would be at its very lowest point. Not that the committee were careless in sending for a man from England—two years before they had shewn their extreme anxiety in the matter, and to the honour of many of them be it said, they held fast by it at a time when it seemed likely to drag them into difficulties with it. But the fact was simply, that neither in management, in character, nor in scholarship, was any thing satisfactory. Into the midst of all this was his ardent soul plunged, and the difficulties were such as not to quicken his already over-strung energies, but utterly for a moment to appal them. At a glance he saw the difficulties. The non-paying members of the school were cut off, the vicious ones were at once up-rooted, foolish and supercilious parents were soon taught to bend to the will of so wise an educator, and the committee to trust all educational matters, which lay entirely out of their province, to the wisdom of such a determined reformer. He subdued cant and hollow pretensions, he refused to allow such a public institution to depend on the flattering epistles of ecclesiastical examiners, he tried to teach all the lesson of self-dependence, and at least common honesty. And this he did, not only all alone and unassisted, but utterly unsympathised with. He struggled alone, and his correspondence at this time shews the longings of a deep faith ever battling with the feelings of intense disappointment and disgust. He had laboured for years, and still there was no visible fruit. In two letters written about this time (1850) to Principal Cunningham at home, and the Chairman of the committee here, he fully explains his stand-point, and vindicates himself from the consequences that much misrepresentation of his position and duties had brought upon him. He says, writing to Mr. R. J. Rose, in March, 1850 :—

I have all along felt that we have not made the progress that we ought to be making. I don't mean in regard to education, perhaps the boys have done pretty well here. I should not be afraid at least to see them compared with others of their ages and opportunities. I mean that we have not made head in the community. This state of things has a cause. If in the judgment of enlightened and intelligent men, or if even in the eye

of a very plain and common understanding—the school is taught—and the morals of the boys are looked after with as much vigilance as any man can reasonably expect, it is clear that the cause cannot be ascribed to our movements. All the members of the committee, and others, you are well aware, have expressed this, and I have no doubt are quite willing to express the same sentiments again. Indeed, I should have very little respect for the man's judgment—I should say he did not see far before or about him, if he did not on acquaintance declare that the cause was not to be found with us. We must seek for it elsewhere.

All felt this, public and committee alike, but none understood the deep wounding of his moral nature, as his mind and body wrought and his soul longed, day after day, for success—only a little—and still none seemed to come. His position at this time towards both masters and boys reminds us much of that of Arnold, when he became head-master of Rugby; of whose early trials his biographer writes thus:—

The retention of boys who were clearly incapable of deriving good from the system, or whose influence on others was decidedly and extensively pernicious, seemed to him not a necessary part of the trials of school, but an inexcusable and intolerable aggravation of them. "Till a man learns that the first, second, and third duty of a school-master is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school," he said, "will never be what it might be, and what it ought to be." The remonstrances which he encountered, both on public and private grounds, were vehement and numerous. But on these terms alone had he taken his office, and he solemnly and repeatedly declared, that on no other terms could he hold it, or justify the existence of the public school system in a Christian country.

Indeed, there is a strong analogy between the two men, and when we say that Morgan was a very Arnold in spirit, in energy, in method and in aims, we give the best possible idea of him. This may astonish some who never saw him at his work, but it is none the less true. His labours were followed by the same result, intense affection on the part of his pupils, a moulding of their own character on his, and a development of manliness, honesty and true Christian spirit, which it is so difficult for any course of education to produce in a country like India.

If the responsibility of conducting a large educational and boarding establishment is a matter of terrible importance anywhere, it is doubly so in India. If boarding schools are at home necessary evils, they become positive benefits when well conducted here. When, as in Britain, family influences and associations are of an ennobling character, it is indeed an evil to remove any one from under their power; but when they are decidedly of an opposite tendency, it becomes a matter of great importance to provide the best substitute for them. This Morgan strove to do. He could not overcome the obstacles arising from the early training of the boys under the care of native servants,

whose very religion taught them beastliness and impurity ; he could not utterly subdue the influence of a warm and enervating climate acting upon youthful passions that had never been accustomed to a master ; he could not at all times quicken a sluggish intellect to activity, nor free it from the mists of utter inanity and gross dullness. But he could do what his favourite principle caused him to carry out on all occasions and every hour, he could, to use his oft-repeated expression, " impregnate them with the Word of God," and with an energy that was ever exuberant in all seasons, with a force that was infectious and produced like activity in his students, he brought to bear on their hearts that divine hammer, which broke them like the rock in pieces.

Thus he went on, and the effect was soon seen in a gradual increase of success. The numbers were greater, and the appreciation of his labours more hearty. But he knew that he alone was unequal for the task, as the work increased upon him, and he felt that death might snatch him away in his labours, and who would worthily enter into them ? Besides, as he often afterwards said, he longed for some kindred spirit just to understand and sympathize and counsel with him, and so he laid the plan before the committee of getting no less than three masters from home. At first one was granted, and he arrived in 1854, to share his duties, and to love him with an admiration, and a gratitude that few can feel for man.

Immediately upon his arrival, an event happened to the institution that changed its whole aspect, and gave to the community an opportunity of achieving what they had so long wished—a college for themselves. It was with this idea that they had started in 1823, but they had looked upon the realization of it as something very distant. The moment that Mr. Morgan entered upon office, he took it fully up, but in himself he was unable to do more than open a College class every morning, where he lectured upon the higher studies that are of a collegiate character. Still he wrought and laid his plans for it, and in 1853 wrote home for Professors of Classics, English Literature and Mathematics. The former of these had just arrived, when it was announced that Capt. John Doveton, who had assisted the institution in former days, had died, and left his large fortune of about £50,000, for the advancement of education among the East Indian community. The half of the sum, amounting to £23,000, he bequeathed to the Calcutta institution, and a similar sum to an institution to be established in Madras, with the same objects and constitution. There is something noble in such an act

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as this, not merely when we consider it in itself, but when we remember that it is really the first great and definite effort ever put forth by an East Indian, for the elevation of East Indians as men, as men in India, as Christians, as the heirs of a glorious immortality. We have nothing to do with the motives from which it was given, nor with the man who gave it. We have simply to consider an act calculated to confer immense benefit on a class that needed it much, and that too by one of themselves.

Doveton is a name famous in Indian history. The campaigns in Mysore, Central India, and Afghanistan, bear testimony to the exploits of the men of that name. Of some branch of this family was John, who, though cared for in after years by his friends, was in his early days educated at a school in Madras, corresponding to the Calcutta Free School. While here consorting with charity children, his uncle took an interest in the friendless lad, and when fitted by his years for service, entered him in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Here he gradually rose to the rank of Captain, when an unfortunate circumstance, led to his resigning the service. Naturally of penurious habits, both from early education and disposition, he saved a little money in the Nizam's service, and this was much increased by a legacy left him by the uncle who had at first given him a start in the world. On his leaving the service, he went to Madras, where, for a short time, he lived a retired life, caring for none and associating with none. There was but one man there who managed his business concerns, and in whom, from his generosity and honest manliness, Doveton had been led to place much confidence. This man was Peter Carstairs, one who will long be remembered among the Christian community of Madras as their warm friend, who has spent time, money and all his energies in the advancement of their interests. The founder of their "Widows' Fund," their representative on all public occasions, a sharer in every good work, whether of a missionary or an educational character. India would be much nearer the day of her redemption, had she a few more honest God-fearing men like him. When Doveton wavered in his determination to devote his *whole* fortune to the cause of East Indian education, Carstairs urged him still more to earnestness in the matter, with the advice, however, that, as he had made his fortune in the Madras Presidency, he should divide it equally between that city and Calcutta. This advice was followed, and Doveton, after appointing Mr. Carstairs, and Mr. Byrne of Calcutta, with whom he had corresponded for some time, his executors, left India, and

distinguished himself in London by his penurious habits on the one hand, and his ultra-radicalism on Indian matters on the other. As an Indian Reformer, he might have done not a little in Leadenhall-street and the House, but for his noise and too great zeal. On the 15th October, 1854, he died, and his bequest became available for the purposes of the institution eighteen months after. In his character there was much in common with that of old George Heriot, of the time of James VI.

On the receipt of the news of his death, the committee, in a resolution, determined "to establish some monument which shall keep his name fresh in the minds of the public, entwined with the numerous associations of this time-honoured institution."

Thus, Andrew Morgan, after all his labours and strivings, after his own manly and enlightened views had raised the institution to a high educational position, found the means available for giving scope and permanence to his further plans. It was now that he recurred to the old wish of the founders in 1823—a wish that he had never lost sight of—to found a Christian College, to establish for the East Indians by their own efforts that which Hastings had endowed for the Mussulmans, and his successors for the Hindus all over the country. A large and individualised community ought to have its own exponent of ideas and aims and mission, and if these do not exist, or but very feebly, they ought to have that which will create them and elevate them. It is absurd to suppose that to any extent Christian-born European men will ever avail themselves of the means of education, expressly provided and adapted for the circumstances of a heathen and oriental nation. If the idea can be carried out, that a time will come when the European races that have, like migrating birds, remained for a little in India, will amalgamate with the native population, as thoroughly as the Danish and Flemish settlers of old on the East Coast of Britain did with its Anglo-Saxon possessors, then we might look for such a thing. But it is not to be expected by the man of common sense, nor wished for by the philanthropist, that even the East Indian should sit side by side with the white-robed children of the sun, receiving a literary education at "godless" Government colleges, amid youths who, intellectually if not practically, know all the vices that Brahminism teaches her votaries, in a land where passion is as ardent as the rays of its sun are scorching. No—much as we long for the day, when, by the breaking down of caste and immorality, the European shall hail the native as his friend and

brother, and both shall mix with each other as freely as they now do with those of their own class, we yet cannot see that such a desirable state of matters can be brought about by the East Indians looking on Government Colleges as their own. The mission of the white man in India must be to elevate and Christianise its races, to make them become men and rulers, instead of very children and subjects; and having raised them up even nearer to heaven than he is himself; to pass away and let them do their own work with a hearty "God speed you, brother."

If then this be the case, the East Indian community must have a college of its own, not a school merely, not even a collegiate school, not even a school with a college department as now, but a college in every sense of the word, a Christian college, where every European and East Indian may learn, that a man was sent to India, or born in India, for something else than Rupees. This Christian college must not be Sectarian, nor private, nor governmental, nor one-sided. It must educate all for time, and as many as will allow it, for eternity too. We English in India, are still in the very first stage of civilisation. We leave its highest at home for its lowest here. We are out and out Utilitarian, we are in the Azoic strata, purely merchants, fortune-hunters, money-desirers, gold-lovers. Here and there a missionary or a teacher has, like some rare fossil in the Protozoic period, been seen, as a sort of pledge that a time will come when there will be glorious spiritual life, and others will be more desirous to get their sons into heaven, than to make them section-writers, or government keranis, or even surveyors and engineers. The first sign of an approach to the second stage of civilisation is a little manifestation of a love for the ideal, a belief that heaven is better than earth, and souls than gold, and thought than calculation, and the Bible than ledgers and day-books. Why in India have we not got to this yet? Simply because the time has not yet come. There is a law of development in these matters, and so we have gone on, turning soldiers into teachers, and getting our literary men out of the army, and our editors out of its invalided list. When shall we have a body of men, who shall say we are sent into the world to be our own masters and the masters of others, to think, to feel and to write, that others may hear the divinity speaking in us and reverence us because of it. We are sent to work *for* others and *with* others, not under them and because of them. We do think education a vast deal better than money, and the soul more precious than silver or gold. Therefore, we practically

shew it. We want just enough to live, to eat and drink, and for this give us the tank and the paddy-field beside it. And so we'll do God's work in this Devil's land, and our great-grand-children may some day call it "his garden." Now a college can produce this, and, when produced, can increase it, but without a place in which the higher instruction can be worthily given, boys will leave school when they are crammed for some special trade or profession at an early age, and the community will be as bad as ever. What can form the nucleus of such; what does form it already?

This same institution, this *Parental Academic Institution*, Morgan raised it into the higher scale of schools of a collegiate character, and God sent the means to preserve it so and raise it still higher through Doveton. Oh! that religionists would leave their petty animosities, and all the community join together and say, "we shall have our own college, we shall shew the world our manliness." This will be the case fifty years hence, why not now? The community is large, wealthy, with India as a field before it. It should have its faculty of divinity, whence those who know the native character and language, could go forth to Christianise the land;—its faculty of medicine, to rear up, not a race of Æsculapian apothecaries, but true men in their art;—its faculty of law, to produce intelligent ameens and scholarly judges;—its faculty of arts, theoretical and practical, to send the mathematician, the geologist, the engineer, the builder, over the length and breadth of a land that so much needs physical order, and the scholar, the linguist, the philosopher and the poet, to give to it true ideas and lofty gropings after a celestial ideal. But all this must be done by the community soon, *with* them, as just now, but never *for* them. Those who do it must be men who have the true good of their class at heart. But they may educate as they please, and they will have little influence on the future generations, if nothing is done for the other sex.

Those who educate or preach in India, must do two things before they can reasonably expect success. With a wise intelligence and an enlightened judgment, they must survey the field in which they have come to labour, understand its capabilities and characteristics when viewed in itself, and its relations to those that are all around it. Having done this, they must take the high stand-point, of labouring only for good, only disinterestedly, abnegating self. Looking at the East Indian community in this light, the object of the faithful workman, who intelligently understands them, must be to do the greatest amount of good. And he might labour in educating one

class or one sex to a high extent as in the Doveton College, but still fifty years hence the class would be little in advance of what they are now. What will become of the youths thus educated? What is the greatest obstacle now in their education? Just the want of proper family influences. The exhausted teacher, at the end of his day's work, feels, as he dismisses his charge, that the majority of them go home to the society of native servants, and unintelligent, and careless parents, where, both in character and knowledge, all is unlearned. It is in the *family* that we must seek for the seeds of the regeneration of any people, in the marriage-tie, in the equal yoking together, in the home altar, in the mother's prayers, in the father's counsels. In Britain, generally speaking, all this is in favour of the teacher, in India all is too often against him. He gets children familiar from their infancy with abominable vices of heathen servants, who teach their young souls ideas and practices worthy of Milton's Belial. And during the whole course of education these influences continue. They leave school or college, and they are, at a comparatively early age, dispersed over the wide extent of India. What is their fate? In spite of previous influences, at last they may be honest, manly, intelligent men. Where are their companions? They look around in vain, as they test the females of their own class by their own high standard. All fall short, and in despair they either abandon marriage for the vices of an unholy state, in a land where temptations are thick around, or in a moment of temporary excitement and sensual attraction, link their fate with one devoid of substance, of education, or any of these common virtues, that ought to adorn a wife or a mother. Thus the community would go on in a circle of non-advancement, even with the best education for its boys. Thus it has done so.

• How strange and mournfully true it is that education has developed itself in the same way, among both natives and East Indians. *The female has been neglected*, uniformly neglected, even by the latter. Mr. Fordyce, in the Report of his interesting mission, the Female institution and Orphan home, chiefly for Bengalis, shews that the Free Church (and we take it as a more favourable example than any other) educates fifty boys for every girl; and Mr. Mullens, in his statistics of missions, given in a former number of the *Review*, shews that out of *twenty millions* of native females there are not *two thousand* attending schools. But this, you say, was to be expected of orientals, among whom woman holds so inferior a place. Was it to be expected, we ask, that the Christian community

of India should have been comparatively worse, and that with the exception of a trifling denominational effort in Madras, nothing should have been done in any of the cities of India for their advancement? Can any one wonder that they are not higher in the scale of civilisation? The few who could afford it sent their daughters home, and even they were so little cared for that they came back again *accomplished* with all the vices that such a word implies. To their honour be it said, that as a community, they felt this themselves, and often asked others to make an effort to establish an institution worthy of the cause. Others tried and failed, because they did so *for* the community, and not *with* and *by* them. But Andrew Morgan felt, that as he had given up his life and energies to them, the work was emphatically his, and so he watched his opportunity, and rousing all his energies for the heavy work, he in three months succeeded in the establishment of the "Calcutta Young Ladies' Institution." We remember well the moment when his first plans failed. He had resolved first to enlist the sympathy and assistance of the great in power, and the greatest of them all refused to give it. His heart was relieved of a weight, he saw his course clearly; and throwing himself into the arms of the community, he identified himself with them, and said, "You will do this and I will help you," and so they did—for the East-Indians of Calcutta in these few months, raised the sum of £2,000. Funds were immediately remitted to Britain for a lady superintendent and governess, and Miss Scott, one well qualified for the task, was found to offer herself in a missionary spirit for the post. The selection of governesses was confided to a committee of gentlemen of all denominations. In the letter sent to the Secretary on the conclusion of their work, the following remarks occur. Meanwhile, though we anticipate, the noble soul that had laid all these plans had been taken to God who gave it.

The importance of an enlarged scheme of female education, conducted in part by masters, with the supervision and assistance of governesses, an education thoroughly Christian in its character, and suited to the varied wants of the higher classes in India, was fully realized by the far-seeing and devoted man, whom God has now taken to himself; and though struck down while his plans were, it may be, only partially developed, we cannot but feel grateful that he was spared to give the impress of his massive intellect to an undertaking destined, we trust, to be a source of unspeakable benefit to the mothers and daughters of India for long years to come. Guided by his plans, and under the influence of his rare example, the work so ably foreshadowed by Andrew Morgan, will, we cannot doubt, ere long be carried to a successful issue. The legacy he has bequeathed to his survivors is a sacred inheritance. Wrought out in the spirit in which it

was originated, it will prove at once a means of lasting good in India, and a not unfitting monument to a man whose ardent desire for India's educational advancement was the great lesson of his life.

The constitution as given in the report before us, resembles that of the "Doveton College" closely in its public, liberal, and unsectarian character. Already steps are being taken in Bombay to raise a similar institution. Those then who live and labour for India's advancement, may look forward to the time as not very far distant, when the education imparted to the boys of the East Indian community, combined with that given to their girls in the new Ladies' School, shall raise husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, men and women, that shall rear a noble race. Then shall be fulfilled the wish of the old Psalmist, "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, our daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

But with such a plan as this, Morgan did not neglect his own special work. In April, 1854, he undertook a special mission to Madras, there, in terms of Doveton's will, to establish a Doveton college, similar to that in Calcutta. Every where he was received with the utmost kindness, and in many cases with enthusiasm. The East Indians of Madras not only are smaller in number, but also in salary than those in Calcutta. But still, from these reasons, and from the fact of their being removed further from the seat of Government, there is more independence and public spirit about them. The number of schools there was so few and unimportant, that an attempt had been made to raise subscriptions for a Protestant college. There was none of a public and permanent character, all were denominational or private, and all inefficient. The moment that Morgan, with his energetic enthusiasm visited them, they flocked round to support him. A great meeting was held, resolutions passed, and during the short two weeks that he was there, the work was virtually accomplished. A Principal was ordered from Britain, and meanwhile, on the 1st March, 1855, just thirty-two years after the establishment of its Calcutta prototype, the school department of the new college was opened. One or two private schools were amalgamated with it, and also the new Protestant college, for which large funds had been collected, increasing the endowment to £40,000. And all this was done by East Indians for themselves, with Morgan's help. In May he returned to Calcutta, leaving many friends behind him, and raised large subscriptions, chiefly among the native community, for a college library. In November of the same year he began the plan of the Ladies' Institu-

tion, and early in December he closed the session with greater éclat than on any previous occasion, and looked forward to many a year of future success. But it was not so ordered of Him, whose ways are higher than our ways. While spending the few weeks of vacation on the river, disease seized him, and he reached Calcutta only in time to die in that institution, where he had spent six years of God's hard work. On the 23rd December he was no more. A month after his wife left India, and in another month was with him in glory, while his two fatherless children sought a home with kind friends. A biographical sketch of him appeared in the *Christian Observer* for March, from which the above facts are taken.

Many was the sorrowing heart that followed him to the grave, where his students have erected a monument of their grief and his worth. A portrait of him adorns the hall of the institution, and on its walls it hangs side by side with those of Ricketts, its founder, and Doveton its benefactor. The leading features of his character are well summed up in the concluding passages of the biographical sketch already referred to.

Mr. Morgan's energy and powers of management were amazing. He had a remarkable penetration of character, and great sagacity in directing various or even discordant elements towards one end. If in earnest about any matter, he found most effective means of accomplishing it. He could rule his own spirit, and was equally able to *act* or *reserve*. In discussing a subject he was often far from clear; in action he was definite and decided. His mind was a peculiar one,—very manifold; but his heart was single. In study or conversation ideas often crowded on him from different points, and prevented clear statement and logical precision; but on practical matters, if important, he would not speak freely till his mind was made up. Then he shewed an independent judgment and resolute will; and yet he was exceedingly gentle and yielding:—the explanation being that he had not much respect for the *opinions* of many, whilst he had a delicate regard to the *feelings* of all. In matters personal or unimportant, he was ever ready to yield, but where principle was involved, he was immovable as a rock; like a cedar whose twigs and branches bend to the breeze, whilst the root and stem remain firm in the tempest.

The wisdom of his determination to get out Professors and masters from home was now seen, and Mr. George Smith, who had laboured with him and entered into all his plans for a year, was appointed to succeed him as Principal. Soon Mr. Bruce arrived as head-master of the school department, and the committee immediately resolved to strengthen their staff still further, by procuring from Britain another Professor to conduct mathematical and surveying studies, an English master, and a third especially fitted to manage an infant-school department, where the young, early snatched from the vices of home education, would be trained in the fear of the Lord. We

may thus hope that at last the East Indian community will have a college worthily to represent them, and that as one man they will stand around it.

There are many interesting points connected with an English school in India, which we would wish to detail to our readers who have never seen it. Associations the same in character, though different in detail, circle around it. School boys and school-boy nature are the same all the world over. Passion, ambition, emulation, public spiritedness, love of fun, of practical jokes, of open unrestrained liberty, of holidays, of excursions, all these are found here. Games are the same, though not so many nor so manly, because during the greater part of the year, the hot and rainy seasons, out-door amusements are interdicted. But from October to March, the wide plain of Calcutta is covered by white-jacketted youths, who play cricket with as much zeal, and almost as much success, as their fellows at home. And this they do under the great disadvantages of climate and expensive instruments. Round goes the merry band, on the swinging pole, eager in pursuit and rescue at 'prisoners base,' fierce in their contests between French and English—we beg pardon, between Russians and Turks, steady in their aim as they throw the *discus*, excited as leap-frog, or marbles, or ball, or the top happen to be "in," though we must say games, like the climate in India, pay little attention to the seasons. And then when the holidays come round, at Merry Christmas, not bleak and cold, with sea-coal fires in cosy parlours as at home, but cool and bracing, and health-inspiring, off go the boys to those delightful towns of villas on the banks of the Hooghly, where Portuguese or Dutch or Danes once established their factories. They visit the old prior of Bandel or ascend the Imaumbari, or stand around the old moslem ruins of Satgong, or explore the antiquities of Chinsurah, or visit the native silk-looms of Serampore, or ramble with true English glee in the park and beside the menagerie of Barrackpore.

But look within for a moment. The hours of study are the same, and the subjects of study also, as in the large public schools at home. Only pay a little more attention to practical mathematics, and subtract much time from the classics for the vernacular Bengali and Hindustani. Look in at the rooms and you will find the cooling punkah waving over the heads of the sweating class. It is wonderful that they get on so well with so much in the climate against them. All are in white just as on examination days at home. On these forms sit boys of all shades of color, and from all nations of east and west: with them as with their parents,

there is a "mixture of nationalities." Here sits the slim active French boy, vivacious and mercurial as in Europe; there the lumbering heaviness of the Dutch, rendered still more sleepy, alike by heat and labour. There the dark bronzed face of the Portuguese, the D'Cruz or the Gomez, who seems less national than the native beside him. There the active, though melancholy features of the Armenian, there the quiet but massive face of the Parsee, there the dwarf Ghoorka is represented, there the haughty Mussulman, while the quiet Hindoo with his reposing features and lively eye attracts the spectators. The Greek, too, is there, by his forehead you can recognise him, and as the names of Pericles or Aristides are called for, you almost fancy yourself in the "*ludi literarum*" of old. Even Burmah is not unrepresented, for fresh from the court of Ava are Pou-kien and Moun-o-shoo, beside the grand-son of Tippoo and the brother of Jung Bahadur. Indeed, the matriculation-book of an English school in India presents a strange aspect geographically. From the foot of Ararat to the base of Kinchingunga, from the slopes of the Himalaya to the banks of the Irrawaddy, you have representatives side by side, from London, Bordeaux, Ispahan, Lahore, Bombay, Catmandoo, Calcutta, Goalpara, Ramree, Singapore, Moulmein, and even American Boston. In all this, what a field for usefulness, what hope for the educator as he plants the seed in so many fields, although this very fact makes the work more difficult.

We remember that when passing through our classical studies at home, one of the most interesting subjects that filled our imagination, was schools among the Greeks and Romans. We often asked ourselves the question, did young Thucydides, or Livy go to school as we do? Who was their teacher? Were they ever flogged? Was there such a thing as *dux* in these schools of old? Had we visited Rome then, we would have seen the *ludi literarii* all round the forum, and the *literator* drilling his very youthful charge in the three Rs, and the *Grammaticus* initiating them into the mysteries of the Greek tongue, and perfecting them in their own, and the *Rhetor* polishing them with composition and oratory, after the latest fashion from Rhodes, and with pain seeing his favourite *discipuli* leaving him to finish their education at Athens. In other halls were seen very little ones playing at education with their *eburnæ literarum formæ*, and a few further on writing with *styli* on their *cera*. Had you passed up the wide Roman streets leading to the forum, in early morning, you would have seen fair boys and girls tripping

along to school, even like Virginia, in the story so well painted by Macaulay :—

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky,
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by,
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.

There goes the freedman's boy—Horace himself, with his *capsarius* or slave, bearing his box of books, (not a Shakesperian satchel,) and as he trudges along, the *loculi* or counters rattle in it; and beside him there is the richer equestrian or patrician youth, who, in addition to his slave, has his *pædagogus*, a tottering old man, who loves his young master, and first taught him to read and spell. The same thing may be seen in the Calcutta streets, bearers and sycas with boxes, the children, if it be the hot season in a carriage, if the cold, running quickly along to the games of the playground or the excitement of the swing.

Christian education among the East Indian community has an important effect on the natives of the country. Not a few of the chief of these have largely availed themselves of it. As we have said before, the Courts of Ava, Catmandoo, and Seringapatam, have been represented in the classes of the Doveton College. There is a great advantage to be gained by studying in such an institution. Not merely is the mechanical reading of English taught, but native boys are led to speak the pure idiom, with a comparatively good accent, and are, to a large extent, Anglicised. Many of the higher families, such as the Tagores and the Dutts, have already seen the advantage of this, while the Mussulman part of the community, not very ready to avail themselves of English education as provided by Government, on account of its Hindu tendencies, are here in considerably large numbers. They are by no means so eager or successful in study as the Hindus. The ancient pride and obstinacy of their race and faith still adhere to them.

Thus far in reference to "East Indian Education, and the Doveton Colleges." Viewed absolutely and in themselves, they may not seem to have advanced far in an educational way, but viewed relatively, in the light of the present state of India and its future, they are worthy of the intelligent study and attention of all philanthropists and true-hearted men. The neglect shewn towards them by Government, has perhaps, done them good, and nerved them all the more to develop their own powers. But now, if the Government here are as honest as the framers of the education despatch at home were, they may claim as a right

what was denied them as a favour. But let them beware of exalting their own native protégés, Hindu colleges and Presidency colleges, at the expense of other institutions. We now thus prominently draw attention to these educational institutions of the East Indians at Calcutta and Madras, because we feel that, if rightly conducted, a glorious future is before them. There are many schools that are great, not so much in themselves, as in the seeds of future usefulness which they contain. Such was the famous "School of the Palace" in the days of the Great Charlemagne. Successively presided over by the Yorkshire Alcuin and the Irish Joannes Scotus Erigena, and filled with life by the enthusiastic zeal of its great founder, and its active Secretary, Angilbert, its last great patron was Charles-le-Chauve, who, with his illustrious Queen Ermentruda, gathered around his court all the scholars of those days. The influence of this school, in the middle age of philosophy and learning, was immense. Not merely did it chiefly assist in founding those "schools" in cathedrals and monasteries, that give to the scholastic philosophy its name, but from it the University of Paris may be said to have sprung, from it the greatest men of succeeding days. Such was the influence of a "school" on all Europe, in the beginning of the 9th century. In a different way, because in different circumstances, what may we not hope for the future of East Indian education? That future must depend on the East Indians themselves. What they need is unity—a feeling of oneness—a feeling especially difficult to be got at in the midst of petty jealousies, low morality and a mixture of nationalities. But such must be felt ere they can achieve for themselves anything great, ere they can independently place their foot on a high platform, and manfully, and in the fear of God, taking their stand, can defy all the assaults of the Devil, can purify their own souls, and recommend the cause of Him whose name they bear to the idolatrous millions of India.

- ART. V.—1. *The Hooghly Committee's Report.* 1854.
2. *On some method of clearing and deepening the Shoals and Sand-banks of the Hooghly River, by its own current.* By Henry Piddington, Esq.
3. *On the Cyclone Wave in the Soonderbuns—a letter to the Most Noble the Governor-General of India.* By Henry Piddington, Esq. 1853.
4. *Memoir by Messrs. Andrew Henderson and Charles Greaves, illustrating the necessity of forming Wet Docks for the Port of Calcutta, &c., &c., &c.* 1854.

THE commercial importance of Calcutta, its increasing trade, and the incalculable extent to which it may increase, when the Railway, Roads and Canals, now in course of construction, connect it with the rich and populous districts of the North West, render the question of the comparative advantages of the Hooghly and the Mutlah rivers, as a commercial highway, one of national importance. We shall proceed to the consideration of the question, from the information before us, with all the attention which its importance demands.

The Report of the Hooghly Committee, recently appointed by Government, to enquire into the condition of the river, is now before the public; and it appears from this, that the channel is worse, by which we mean shoaler, than ever it has been within the memory of any one. A careful perusal of the evidence relating to its past and present condition, will, we think, be convincing on this point; and the committee are evidently of this opinion.

The majority say plainly:—"If the statement now submitted by the undersigned be the true exponent of the evidence taken, it follows clearly, that the river Hooghly has deteriorated up to the present time; that that deterioration has been gradual, and caused by the shoaling and contraction of its deep channels from accumulations of silt, and that under the present condition of the river, the deterioration will be progressive."

Mr. Piddington, in his separate Report, says:—"I am of opinion, that up to the close of the year 1853, there is no fair ground for supposing that the Hooghly has, *upon the whole*, deteriorated, from Calcutta to the sea." The italics are his. We infer, therefore, that he believes it to have deteriorated, *in part*, so that there is no material difference between his conclusions from the evidence, and those arrived at by the

other members. In this case a part is equal to the whole, and therefore we might accept it as an ascertained fact, that the Hooghly has deteriorated.

Now the question arises—can any thing be done for its improvement? If it be true that the Hooghly is getting shoaler and shoaler, while ships are, as we see, getting larger and larger, it follows that unless the channel can be deepened considerably, merchants trading to Calcutta must soon either forego the advantages resulting from vessels of the largest tonnage, which are believed to be the most profitable, or these vessels must resort to some channel of communication with Calcutta, adapted to their great size and draft. Supposing it possible, as the committee suggest, that the channels of the Hooghly could be improved, we fear they could never be rendered deep enough to receive such vessels as are now in course of construction. The Hooghly, in its best days, could not have admitted such ships as we may soon expect to see. To render the channel safe and easy for vessels of the class which now frequent the port, is all that the most sanguine can expect. We may regard it as certain, that no engineering skill will ever enable Messrs. Scott, Russel and Co.'s *Leviathan* steamer to get up to Calcutta by the Hooghly. If, as stated, she draw 32 feet, she could not even pass through its seaward channel—in short, she could not get into the Hooghly at all. We question, indeed, whether the new American Clipper, *The Great Republic*, which we observe lately made such a rapid passage across the Atlantic, or any vessel of her class, will ever be seen off Calcutta. All such vessels, therefore, (and the same may be said of all drawing more than 23 feet,) however profitable to the merchant and advantageous to the community they may prove to be, must evidently be excluded from Calcutta, so long as the Hooghly continues to be the only commercial highway to it. This is no doubt a very disagreeable truth, and it would be useless to blind ourselves to it, as it will, ere long, force itself into notice.

It is almost needless to say, that even for the present class of vessels the navigation of this river is very tedious, dangerous, and expensive. All vessels drawing above 18 feet must wait for the spring tides; when, with the assistance of a steamer, at £35, and sometimes £40 per day, they may get to sea in three or four days; but without such assistance not for fifteen days or more! Vessels of greater draft could not proceed at all without steam, except during the rains, and even at that season none of 20 feet or upwards could proceed without steam. It often happens that a steamer is not avail-

able, and then deep ships must wait till the next springs, and lose thereby a fortnight after being ready for sea. This cause of detention we hope to see removed soon. There is, not unfrequently too, another cause of detention at the mouth of the Hooghly, where, during the south-west monsoon, ships cannot proceed to sea if the wind is strong and hangs to the southward, which is very apt to occur during that season. At the present time of writing, there are fourteen vessels detained on this account at Saugor and Kedgerree; some for five, others for ten days. But this is comparatively a short period. We know vessels have been detained there sometimes for twenty days by adverse winds. This is irremediable. As for the dangers of this river, they are too well known. We have been informed that all the ships lost last year between Calcutta and England, were lost in the Hooghly. This may be a mistake; but at any rate, seven vessels during the last year were lost in this river. The consequent high rate of Insurance, together with steam hire, pilotage, and unavoidable delay, make up a bill of costs of which every merchant connected with the port is aware. It must be confessed, therefore, that the navigation of the Hooghly is, as we have stated, tedious, dangerous, and expensive, even for the class of vessels which now resort to it. Whether this state of things can be overcome by the skill of the engineer, is entirely problematical, and as it is a question with which we are not competent to deal, we must leave it to others to discuss. But earnestly hoping as we do, that engineering skill, which has worked such wonders elsewhere, may work a miracle on the Hooghly, yet we cannot expect such an improvement of the channel as would adapt it to vessels of much greater draft than those which now frequent the port, and it is to be feared that no material improvement could be made, save at enormous cost.

•Of the success of Mr. Piddington's schemes for deepening the channel, we confess that we entertain little or no hope. If "the feeders of the Hooghly" were kept clear, as he proposes, one effect would evidently be to bring down an additional quantity of silt into the channel of the Hooghly; and unless we are to suppose, that the force of the downward stream will be so much augmented as to sweep this out to sea, together with the sand and mud which now impede the channel, we do not see how it will be improved. But if the current could be augmented sufficiently to produce such an effect, what would be the effect upon the shipping? We venture to assert that no vessel would be safe in such a stream. No anchor would hold. It may be demonstrated by a simple calculation of relative

forces ; but seems so evident that we need not have recourse to figures. We have only to observe the effect of the freshes, to be convinced, that any considerable augmentation of the force of the stream would greatly endanger the shipping. But it is not probable that the stream would be much, if at all accelerated, by the means proposed, and the result would be an increased deposit of sand and mud below Kalpee seaward ; or in the worst part of the channel ; beyond which it would probably never be taken by the ebb tide ; but would remain oscillating between it and the flood, now forming banks here, now there, and rendering the channel much more intricate than it now is, if not very much shoaler. But Mr. Piddington proposes "picks" worked by some simple and very cheap process, by which the silt is to be stirred up and kept on the move. As a bank or ridge forms, this subaqueous "*peeler*" is to be in readiness to keep it moving. It is not to be permitted to stop the way. Such machines, it appears, have been successfully used in the upper channels of the Canadian rivers, but the broad channels of the Hooghly, from Calcutta to the sea, with its ebb and flow of tide, presents difficulties to the successful application of these picks that do not exist in the upper parts of the Canadian rivers, which have a strong and constant downward stream, that sweeps all before it, and gives it no chance of return. Mr. Piddington thinks "stirring is all that is required." We much differ from him, because we are of opinion, that stirring, unless it could be made general and simultaneous, which is impossible, would cause the sands to shift, and would probably injure those channels in which they are now stationary and well defined.

If these pick-boats were adopted, a great number of them would, no doubt, be required, for, we presume, that "*the feeders*" would have a number of them, if they are to be kept clear ; and if so, they would extend from the Ganges to Lloyds' Channel, or more than 300 miles. How many this would occupy we do not know, but however cheap individually, they would, we dare say, amount to a considerable sum in the aggregate, which the shipping would have to defray. This, doubtless, would be cheerfully paid, if the object in view were attained, but we are inclined to think, with due deference to Mr. Piddington's judgment and nautical experience, that these boats would probably add to the expenses of the port, which are already very great, without any benefit whatever to the shipping ; indeed, if our supposition be correct, they would be very injurious rather than beneficial, by causing shifting sands where they are now stationary, and very probably an increased

deposit of silt in the lower channels, which would, in fact, make bad worse. The ebb tide would never, we repeat, take it out to sea, that is to say, altogether clear of the sands; and if it did not, but one result can be expected, it will remain heaped up in the seaward channels.

The Mutlah, on the other hand, seems to possess every advantage that can be desired for all classes of ships, save that it does not flow past Calcutta, with which, however, it can be easily connected by twenty-five miles of Railway.* But the committee point to "the immense interests that would be most injuriously affected by such an event." We believe this to be a mistake. The Hooghly would certainly never be deserted by such vessels as can navigate it easily, and there can be no doubt, that Calcutta, as it at present is, will be found not to have accommodation for the increase of trade, which may be expected as the certain result of Railways, Roads and Canals; and therefore an auxiliary port on the Mutlah will assist rather than affect it injuriously. But when we consider the increasing size of ships, and the impossibility of adapting the Hooghly to their reception, the question is, not between that river and the Mutlah, but between the advantage to the community of employing the largest vessels, and those which would result from an adherence to *things as they are*, out of regard to certain interests connected with Calcutta. The whole question, in fact, will resolve itself into one of comparative expense.

It will be seen by the Chart prepared from Lieut. Ward's late Survey, which we have had an opportunity of examining, that the Mutlah affords every facility for speedy and safe navigation to within twenty-five miles of Calcutta. There is much less danger in approaching it than the Hooghly. The sands do not project so far out to sea; and a Light House on the sand marked "dry at low water," by which the channel is divided, would if a good one, be seen thirty miles, and not only keep ships clear of all surrounding danger, but would enable them to run into safe anchorage, even at night, without the assistance of a pilot;—an immense advantage over the Hooghly, at the entrance of which ships are compelled to wait for pilots sometimes for three or four days, with great risk during the stormy season. This is no uncommon occurrence. Unfortunately we have not the means of ascertaining how many vessels have been lost on this account, but we might mention an instance of it which has just occurred in the loss of the brig *Adele*. A Light House on the eastern point of the Mutlah entrance,

* Vide Major Baker's Report to Government, 26th August, 1852.

which is only eighteen miles from the outermost dangers, may perhaps be preferable to one on the sand. The channel is broad and deep enough for the *Leviathan* steamer, if she draw 35 feet, as there is only one spot with four fathoms at low water; and there is a rise there of 14 feet, which would give 38 feet at high water. Such a vessel may anchor in safety within twenty-five miles of Calcutta, close to the shore, where there is water enough for her or any vessel that any other port will admit, as it appears that the Mutlah, in respect of depth of water, is not inferior to any harbour in the world. There are no whirling and rapid tides, their greatest velocity in the springs being, according to Lt. Ward, $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots; and this, during the freshes in the Hooghly; consequently, if a vessel chanced to ground there, she would not be subject, as in the Hooghly, to roll over by the force of tide, by which so many vessels and lives have been lost. A ship has often, under these circumstances, totally disappeared in a few minutes in the Hooghly. No bore breaks up the Mutlah; nor has it shifting sands like the Hooghly, which is shown by a comparison between the late and former surveys. Lt. Ward says in his report, dated November 15th, 1853—"I find no material change has taken place in the river since surveyed in 1839"—an interval of fourteen years. This is a very great advantage, which can only be fully appreciated by those who know the Hooghly, in which old sands shift, and new ones form, in the most eccentric and unexpected way. A new lump, first discovered by some unlucky deep ship, is not an uncommon occurrence. The accident to the American Clipper *Rambler*, in this way, in April last, which compelled the return of the vessel to Calcutta on her beam ends, from the shifting of her cargo, will be fresh in the memory of many.

From the head of the Mutlah, a distance of only sixty miles from the outside sands, a vessel would probably get to sea easily in one day during the neap or spring tides, with the assistance of steam, and without it in about three, or at most four days, or in the same time as with steam by the Hooghly; and without any consequent risk, or any chance of detention on account of strong southerly winds, which so often happens at the exit of the Hooghly; for it is a singular fact, and one perhaps not generally known, that to the eastward of the Hooghly's entrance the winds are often moderate when they are blowing strong off the Hooghly, and we could name a Commander of a steamer who, upon more than one occasion, availed himself of this knowledge, when being unable to get out of the Hooghly on account of these strong winds, he passed into the Mutlah

through Channel Creek, which connects the two rivers, his steamer being of light draft, and so out to sea, with moderate winds and smooth water, finding upon one of these occasions, on his return, the ships which he had left in the Hooghly still wind-bound there, although twelve days had elapsed.

Such then is the Mutlah. Our information has been obtained from the best authority, and gleaned from sources on which we can entirely rely. When we compare the facilities of this river with the difficulties, dangers, and delays of the Hooghly, it seems wonderful that it has been so long neglected or overlooked. As we shall presently show—it ought long ere this to have been made useful. A vessel could probably navigate it at a third, or less, the cost which the Hooghly demands. Take for instance a vessel drawing 22 feet off Calcutta. To get to sea she must take the top of the springs, and would require during the N. E. monsoon three days' steam hire, at Rs. 350 per day, and during the S. W. five days; which would give for the former Rs. 1,050, for the latter Rs. 1,750, to which add pilotage 700 = 2,450, and incidental expenses, probably Rs. 500 more. Total—Rs. 2,950 or £295 to get her to sea. By the Mutlah one day's steam hire would suffice = 350 + 350 for pilotage = 700. But say 1,000 Rs. in all; and we have the enormous difference in favor of the Mutlah of Rs. 1,950 or £200 nearly for each ship. A vessel of 19 or 20 feet, which is the ordinary draft, would take four days to get to sea from Calcutta, at a cost of Rs. 1,400 or more for steam hire, and Rs. 500 for pilotage.

The same vessel would require to get to sea by the Mutlah, one day's steam hire, or Rs. 350, and for pilotage Rs. 200, according to the rate established for the Hooghly, which circumstances would, doubtless, much reduce for the Mutlah. Thus it appears that there would be a saving of about two-thirds the cost of the Hooghly; to say nothing of the saving on Insurance, in proportion to the diminution of risk, and of course the saving on total loss to the Insurers.

It may not be generally known that this fine river is connected with Calcutta by the canals, which join it with the Hooghly; and there is another in course of construction, which will be completed shortly. By these canals a great and increasing trade goes on between Calcutta and the Eastern Districts, Dacca and other places, which passes through the head of the Mutlah, at all seasons, *en route* to Calcutta; and we have been informed that from 50 to 160 large deeply laden boats have been seen to pass through there in one tide. But during

the dry season, or for seven months of the year, when the Nuddea rivers are impassable, the whole of the goods for exportation from Calcutta come that way! From this it appears that whether the Mutlah be adopted as a port, or not, a Railroad in that direction is desirable. But it certainly seems that it would be to the interest of the merchant, no less than to that of the Ship-owner and the Insurer, to ship their produce there. Much of the transit cost to Calcutta may surely thereby be saved. Rice, for which there is such an increasing demand, could probably be shipped on the Mutlah, at a cost far below that paid for it in the Hooghly, as almost the whole of it comes from the Eastern Districts, and must, of course, be much enhanced in price by the canal dues.

The Mutlah, therefore, has not to wait for a Railroad to Calcutta, ere it can be made useful as an auxiliary port. A light-vessel to point out the entrance, and a few buoys, are all, we presume, that would be required to render it quite safe for ships. Pilots would very speedily be qualified for it, as the channel offers no difficulties whatever; and we venture to say, that after it has been buoyed, a careful seaman could, unassisted, take his ship up or down, with perfect safety, by the chart. The want of pilots therefore would offer no obstacle to its immediate adoption; but, no doubt, on an application from the proper quarter, Government would speedily obtain them by offering to license a certain number who may qualify for it, either from the Pilot or the Merchant service.

Having said so much in favor of the Mutlah, there remains to be considered what has been said against it. It is not to be supposed that the friends of the old and venerable Hooghly, who feel such a deep interest in its welfare and prosperity, have nothing to urge in its defence, and in depreciation of its formidable rival. But friendship should be sacrificed to truth, and therefore any tenderness we may have for this time-honored stream, we feel it incumbent on us to suppress, in pronouncing judgment upon it. We care little for all that may be said in its behalf—whether it be a “noble river,” or a sacred—so long as its channel remains closed to the largest vessels, such as are now being built; and this, we believe, will ever be the case. Improved it might, perhaps, be, but never sufficiently to render it comparable to that of the Mutlah, with which we are comparing it. Tedious, dangerous, and difficult its navigation will ever remain. But we are not dealing with probabilities, but with facts. We must look to the Mutlah, therefore, as it is from nature, rather than to the Hooghly, as it *might* be from the engineer, and will pass

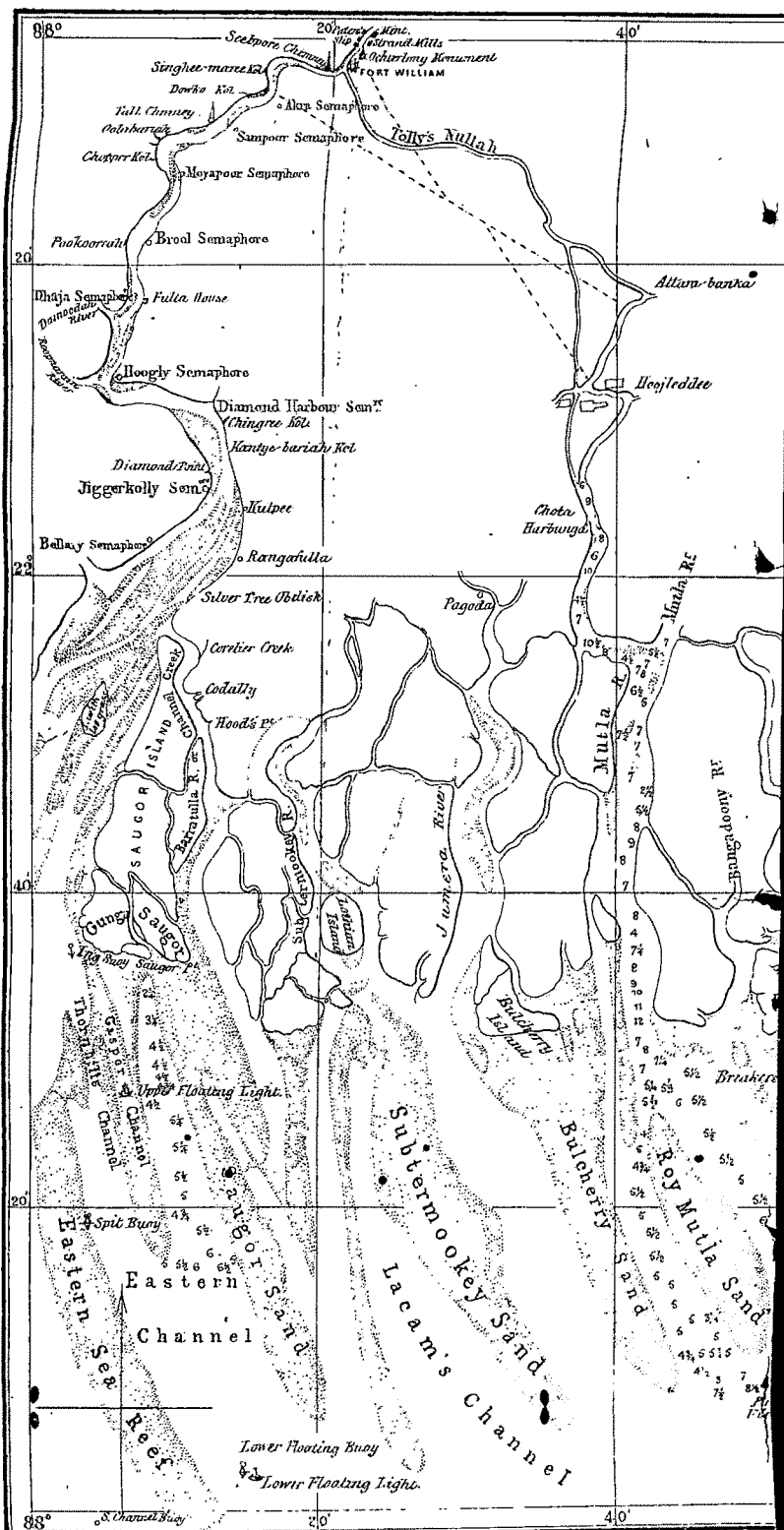
at once to what has been urged against the former. Messrs. Henderson and Greaves, in their Memoir concerning Floating Docks, at Howrah, have made some singular statements in depreciation of the Mutlah, and in praise of the Hooghly, on which they are anxious to establish these Docks. With respect to the advantages of such docks, there can be no doubt whatever, especially in such a river as this, where ships are never safe during certain seasons; and therefore we might admit all the arguments in their favor, but must question the eligibility of the Howrah site, or indeed of any spot on the Hooghly; because we believe that a more desirable one may be found elsewhere. Granting then to these gentlemen that their calculations appertaining to the Docks are unanswerable, we join issue respecting the proposed site; and as may be anticipated, from what we have said, we prefer the Mutlah which they endeavor to depreciate.

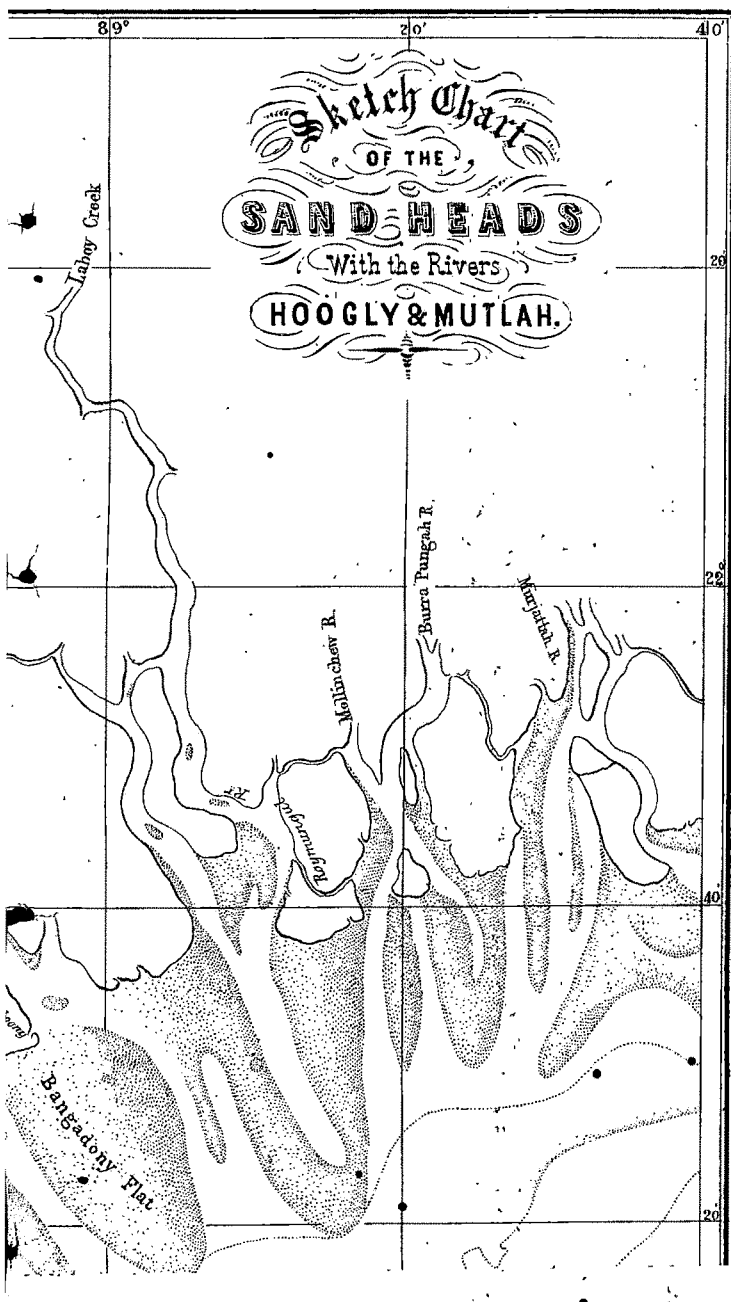
At page 9 of the Memoir it is stated of the Mutlah :—" The sea entrance we fearlessly assert is infinitely more dangerous and difficult than the Hooghly, and lies under this peculiar disadvantage, that whenever the Hooghly does discharge itself of the sand accumulated in it, the greater portion is deposited in the Eastern Sunderbund mouths, and their connected sand-banks." This is new to us. But the only inference to be drawn from it, in connection with recent observations, is unfavorable to the Hooghly, for they demonstrate, that there has been no aggregation of sand in that direction for the last fourteen years; the channel seaward of the Mutlah, as recently surveyed by Ward, being the same as when Lloyd surveyed it in 1839; except, that a middle ground which existed in its eastern channel then, has entirely disappeared. If it be true, then, that whenever the Hooghly *does* discharge its sand, it is deposited there principally, it follows that it has parted with none of it for the last fourteen years at least; and therefore it must be rapidly silting up! But although defending the Mutlah from misrepresentation, we are reluctant to believe any thing so dreadful with respect to the Hooghly. What the natural arrangement may be with reference to the disposal of the discharged sands of the Hooghly, it concerns us not to enquire. Nature, which abhors a vacuum, may, for aught we know, have as great a dislike to deep pits; so perhaps it is sent to the Swatch.

We have the following at page 18:—" We have before remarked, that to a vessel bound to Calcutta, there exist between Balasore Roads and the Floating Lights, certain well known features as to soundings and bottom, which

form a mark, towards which ships in the south-west monsoon may steer with safety for a pilot, who, from the peculiarities of the soundings, can cross the tails of the sea reefs and bear up channel in perfect confidence of finding the upper floating light, even should the lower light not have been seen. On the other hand, a vessel wishing to enter the Mutlah river, between the Mutlah and Bulcherry Sands, would have, in the south-west monsoon, to run thirty miles to leeward, and to cross the tails of the Saugor Sand, the Lighthouse Sand, and the Bulcherry Sand; while, from the absence of the peculiarities of the bottom, there would be no sufficient guide to indicate the ship's position opposite the numerous channels extending to the eastward, most of which, and particularly the Mutlah, have a bar or shoal between the reefs, similar to that formed by the Gaspar Sand between the Eastern Sea Reef and Saugor Sand." There is a remarkable combination of nautical knowledge and ignorance in the foregoing. It will be sufficient to say that a reference to the Chart of the Sand-heads will prove, with respect to the "well known features as to the soundings and bottom," that they are equally well marked for the Mutlah—they are the same in fact, as it would be approached during the south-west monsoon from the westward; and once at the Eastern Channel Light Station, a course about east-north-east for thirty miles before the wind, would bring a vessel to the Mutlah Light Ship, the blue light from which she would see at night before she lost sight of the Hooghly light. If any Commander of a vessel could run her into danger under such circumstances, the owners should be liable to prosecution for entrusting life and property to one so incompetent. There is nothing easier than to find fault; and the Mutlah is evidently in disfavor with Messrs. Henderson and Greaves. "A bar or shoal between the reefs, similar to that formed by the Gaspar Sand, between the Eastern Sea Reef and Saugor Sand," does not exist, as stated, in the seaward channel of the Mutlah. It is perfectly free from all obstructions of the kind; and on the Eastern side has not less throughout than five and a half fathoms.

Here is another objection:—"It should also be remembered that to the sailor the navigation is one entirely of longitude, not easily attainable at the end of a voyage, with a doubtful knowledge of the latitude, and a frequent prevalence of thick weather." This applies equally to the entrance of the Hooghly, and the danger which might result from an error in the chronometer, or in





fore it must be at all times smooth, which would be of great consequence to laden boats.

If our supposition be correct, it appears that a more eligible site for a Railway terminus than the one proposed by Col. Baker, may be found on the ground to the northward of Eedoo Creek, which is about the same distance from Calcutta as the other spot. We depend for our calculations upon the Chart, and the new Map of the 24-Pergunnahs; and our readers will at once understand our remarks by glancing at the accompanying outline Chart, into which we have introduced both the Railway proposed by Col. Baker, and that which we have ventured to suggest in preference. The natural impediments do not appear to be greater than the Rail would have to encounter higher up. They would be very trifling in either case. As the shipping would be abreast the contiguous triangular lot, a light bridge may be thrown over Eedoo Creek, which need not be crossed by the Rail. If Wet Docks be eventually determined upon, they may be made here as well as higher up, at any future day, without the necessity of waiting for them, as in the mean time the shipping will have a roomy and safe anchorage in the river. If the other site be adopted, Wet Docks must be made at once.

We are not aware whether Col. Baker has yet had an opportunity of examining the country adjacent to the site which we here point out; if not, perhaps a personal inspection will give him a more favourable opinion of it. We have ascertained that the crews of the Surveying Vessels did not suffer from the effects of the climate, although they were in that vicinity during the worst months of the year, September and October. The natives about there do not suffer from the climate; and there seems to be no reason to suppose that Europeans would be more affected by it there, than a few miles further up. As for the surrounding jungle, that would very speedily disappear in the neighbourhood of a Railway. The upper site cannot be free from this objection, as the whole country about there is, we believe, uncultivated.

We have now placed before the public the facts with which we are acquainted, and have endeavoured to deal impartially with them; but much more may remain to be said on either side of this important question, which we must leave to others to discuss.

We should be glad to see some experiment tried on the Hooghly, with a view to its improvement. If it be practicable, the question between it and the Mutlah will be decided, and there will be an end to all anxiety upon the subject.

ART. VI.—*Bengal as a Field of Missions. By M. Wylie, Esq., First Judge of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes. London, 1854.*

TIME was, when it was said of every Englishman that came to India, that he left his Christianity behind him at the Cape. Time was, when an officer of the Indian army so far degraded himself as to worship Hindu idols, and perform ablutions, on the banks of the Ganges. Time was, when a Director of the East India Company could deliberately affirm, that the conversion of one hundred thousand natives to Christianity would be the greatest calamity to India, and when Christian statesmen, mitred bishops and reverend reviewers declaimed against Missions, as the promoters of insubordination, and the parents of political convulsions. Those days have happily gone by. A new era has commenced. English gentlemen are not now ashamed to bring their Christianity along with them to India; and some, who had no religion when they left their native shores, have found it in India. More than a hundred thousand natives have been converted, and yet no dire calamity has overtaken us. Christian statesmen speak favourably of Missions, which have now become an established fact. Among these signs of an improved state of things, the publication of *Bengal as a Field of Missions*, by Mr. Wylie, the first Judge of the Calcutta Court of Small Causes, is not the least interesting.

For a Calcutta publication, the book before us is very well "got up." And though the estimable author "regrets that some important errors have escaped correction," yet it ought to be remarked, that these errors are few—fewer indeed than could be reasonably expected in a work bristling with tabular statements and statistical details. In the frontispiece is a map of the Presidency of Bengal, for which the author is indebted, as he tells us in the Preface, to Mr. Woodrow, of the Education Department. The map is so good, that we were scarcely prepared for the singular error of placing Bansberriah above Pundooah, the truth being, as every body in these Railway times knows, that the latter place is at least eleven miles to the north-west of the former.

Mr. Wylie's book is a most valuable compilation. We call it a *compilation*, for it makes no pretensions to literary excellence. It shews no great skill in the arrangement of materials. In a literary point of view, the book has no very great merits. It reads like the Report of a Missionary Society, or rather like an article in a *Review*. It is full of extracts from other men's writings. There are three hundred and eighty-nine octavo

pages in the volume ; of these one hundred and seventy-seven pages, excluding the tabular statements, are the compositions of the author's friends. We wish we had more of the author's own composition. We wish he had given us in his own excellent business-like style, the information with which his friends furnished him. The writer says in the Preface, "a very severe illness, and the prospect of an early departure to Europe for a season, have interfered with my plans of revising the work." Perhaps this accounts for the fault to which we have just alluded. If so, that severe illness and that "prospect of an early departure to Europe," are greatly to be regretted on public grounds.

Nevertheless, the volume before us has merits of no mean order. It is a magazine of all manner of useful information regarding Bengal. The author has consulted every book relating to Bengal ; he has had access to the official records of the Bengal Government ; he has perused Parliamentary Blue-books and the Reports of Missionary Societies ; he has corresponded with and obtained such information from residents in all parts of the country, as is not to be found in any printed book ; and he has embodied all these materials, gathered from so many reliable sources, within the compass of an ordinary volume. We have no hesitation in asserting that the body of information concerning Bengal, contained in the volume before us, is not to be found in any book in any language.

To regard this useful compilation in the light merely of a *Hand-book of Missions in Bengal*, would be to do it an act of injustice. It contains a vast mass of information concerning the physical aspect, the products, the population, the revenue, the religion, the education of every district of the Bengal Presidency, together with the Tenasserim and Burmese Provinces. It is therefore as useful to the magistrate and collector, the indigo-planter, the educationist, and the general reader, as to the Missionary.

But though the book is replete with all sorts of information, its chief object is to shew the singular facilities which Bengal affords for Missionary operations ; the great disparity which obtains between the Missionary machinery, so to speak, and the mighty object to be accomplished ; and the consequent necessity of more vigorous exertions on the part of British Christians ; in a word, to present to the Christian church the claims of Bengal as a field of Missions. At the outset our author wishes it to be understood that, in urging the claims of Bengal, he does not mean to insinuate that other parts of India have no similar claims to prefer. We give his own words :—

I proceed to consider, in detail, the case of Bengal as a field of Mis-

sions—not that I wish to claim for Bengal any exclusive attention ; or that I wish the facts I have already stated to be overlooked, and Bengal magnified into all India. I have endeavoured to speak of India at large, in order that we may be the better prepared for the consideration of one of its parts ; and the more important and urgent the claims of Bengal may be proved to be, I hope that the truth will be remembered, that these are only a portion of the claims of India—a specimen, in fact, of India's demands on the sympathy and devotion of the Church of Christ. Every district in Bengal, of which I shall write, has its counterparts in other Presidencies ; every neglected city in Bengal is but a type of a class of cities elsewhere. For great as the size of this whole Presidency may be, and lamentable as its destitution will appear, its case has only to be multiplied, to represent the case of all British India in the magnitude of her deplorable spiritual famine.

The Presidency of Bengal comprehends the provinces of Bengal Proper, Behar and Orissa ; the Tenasserim Provinces ; and the districts which are called the South Western Frontier Agency. It is comprised within seven degrees of northern latitude, and ten degrees of eastern longitude. From Darjeeling on the north, to the south point of Tenasserim, it is 1,430 miles broad, while from Sirgoojah in the west, to Debrooghur in the north-eastern extremity, it is upwards of 1,500 miles long. The physical aspect of this vast area is of varied interest. It is intersected by noble rivers, which afford great facilities for internal communication ; the eastern portion of Bengal Proper being literally the “land of the flood.” It is diversified with so many eminences, that it has fair claims to the counterpart of the poet's description—the “land of the mountain :” while only forty-seven miles beyond Darjeeling, the highest mountain in the world, Kanchinchingah, rears its superb head 28,177 feet above the level of the sea. It abounds in extensive woods of all descriptions, from the low bushes of the jungle mahals, and the pestiferous thickets of the Sunderbuns, to the teak forests of the Burmese Provinces, and the fir forests of the Khasia hills. It possesses wide-extended plains, bearing on their bosoms the food of nations—plains which for richness and fertility baffle all competition, and which have earned for Bengal Proper the *soubriquet* of the “Garden of Asia.” Innumerable acres of land, waving with the homely paddy and the rich indigo ; forests of the cocoa, the palm, and the betel, with their long shafts rising gracefully above the ground, and their leafy heads basking aloft in the sun ; plantations of the sugar-cane neatly trimmed and carefully fenced, to guard against the nightly attacks of the plundering jackal ; orange-groves loaded with golden fruitage, diffusing fragrance far around ; and ten thousand clumps of the plantain, the mangoe, the jack, and the tamarind—all these diversify the scenery of this highly favored country. It is rich in all manner of agricultural productions,

in rice, cotton, silk, indigo, sugar. Nor is it entirely destitute of mineral products. Coal, iron, copper, gold, and of precious stones, the diamond are found in Beerbhoom, in Assam, and the divisions of the South Western Frontier Agency.

Various peoples, languages, and tongues are found within the limits of the Bengal Presidency. Here is the vivacious and quick Bengali, whose physical organization is feeble to effeminacy, who "lives in a constant vapour bath," whose mind is as weak as it is notoriously supple and acute, and whose morals are by no means of the best description. Here is the stupid but honest Oriya, simple and gullible to a proverb, delighting in the performance of menial offices, and unvisited with the idea of raising himself to a higher platform of rational existence. Here is the blustering Khotta of Behar, largely given to shopping and cheating. Here is the sensual Assamese, ruled by woman, and exhibiting in his moral character traits of disgusting impurity. And here, too, are to be found, on the rugged hills of Bhagulpore and Chota Nagpore, the various aboriginal tribes, the hard-drinking and dance-loving Santals, true to their oath taken by the tiger's skin—the unpolished Coles, rude and inhuman in their dispositions, and the barbarous Dhangurs, serving as beasts of burden. The languages used in the country are as various as the races which inhabit it. The Bengali is the language of Bengal Proper; the Hindu and Urdu, of Behar; unpolished monosyllabic languages of aboriginal hill tribes; and the Burmese of Pegu and the Tenasserim Provinces.

Nor are the religious faith and practices of these races less various. Hinduism, with its endless rites and ceremonies, is the religion of the majority. Islamism has a large number of followers. A diluted Buddhism is the faith of the myriads of the Burmese Provinces; while a sort of fetichism (for such it must be called) exercises domination over the consciences of the border tribes, for whose conversion to Brahmanism strenuous exertions were, it would appear, made in by-gone days.

In a financial point of view, Bengal is not the least interesting of the provinces comprehended in the British Indian Empire. Considered in this light, it has been justly termed the "milk-cow of India." On this subject, our author, after giving various statistical details, remarks as follows:—

The total revenue of the Presidency for 1850-51, including the revenue of the Straits' Settlements, and the subsidies which I have mentioned, is stated at £10,083,275; deducting those items it was about £9,800,000. But calculating as strictly as the Finance Committee appear to have done, those receipts only, which especially rise from Bengal, the amount probably may be reduced to about £9,500,000. The charges proper to Bengal, or

this large revenue, including, of course, the cost of the production of the salt and the opium, amount to more than £3,000,000, leaving a surplus of £500,000 more than there was in 1841, that is, of £6,300,000 a year, applicable to the general Government of India.

*Such is the country, the claims of which, as a field of Missions, are urged in the book before us.

It will, we suppose, be acknowledged on all hands, that British Christians owe a debt of obligation to the people of Bengal. Bengal is one of their earliest conquests. In Bengal was laid the foundation of that magnificent empire, which rouses the envy and cupidity of distant rulers, and excites the admiration of the world. And it is Bengal which of all other countries, perhaps, has made the largest accession to the wealth of Britain. Surely it stands to reason that Britain, as a return for the vast material goods which she has received from Bengal, should impart to its degraded inhabitants, not only the benefits of a higher civilization, but the blessings of purer morals and a diviner faith. And it can scarcely be doubted, that Providence has, by a series of most striking events, subjected this beautiful country to Britain's sway, chiefly that Britain may reclaim it from barbarism and superstition. And to the honour of Britain it ought to be borne in mind, that she has not been forgetful of her debt, she has not been regardless of her noble vocation as the benefactress of the millions of Bengal. Ever since the year 1794, when the venerable Dr. Carey first touched these shores, hundreds of Missionaries have been sent, with the sole view of making known to the myriads of this dark land the enlightening verities of the Christian religion, and of thus making them a happier and better people. Through their instrumentality a vast deal of good has been effected. In Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, there are 103 Missionaries, located in eighty-nine different stations, and superintending 237 Vernacular and English schools, in which upwards of 14,000 boys and girls are taught. There is, besides, a native Christian population of about 15,000 souls, freed from the contaminating influence of superstition, and enjoying the benefits of Christian instruction. For all this Britain has her due meed of praise. But we hold, notwithstanding, that the number of Missionaries (about 130 in all, including the twenty-six American Missionaries of Pegu and Tenasserim) is utterly inadequate to the necessities of the country. This inadequacy will appear deplorable, when we consider the millions to be brought under the influence of the Gospel, and the difficulties to be overcome. Look at the teeming population of Bengal. Owing to the absence of a correct census—and this absence is not very creditable to the Government—it is impossible to ascertain accurately the population. Our

indefatigable author, however, by having recourse to all available means of information, has arrived at a result which, we think, cannot be far from the truth. The population of the whole Presidency he estimates at 45,166,638. We perfectly agree with the writer, when he says, that this estimate probably falls considerably below the truth. Assuming, however, this estimate to be sufficiently correct for our purposes, and comparing it with the number of Missionaries in the country, we find that no less than three hundred and fifty thousand souls (in round numbers) are committed to the charge of a single Missionary! This fact needs no comment. It speaks volumes regarding the spiritual destitution of Bengal. It is not to be supposed, however, that these one hundred and thirty Missionaries are equally distributed over the country. In Calcutta alone and its immediate vicinity there are twenty-nine resident Missionaries. This circumstance is by no means to be regretted. The Metropolis of British India and of all Asia—the focus whence radiate ten thousand influences around—the resort of men from all parts of the country should be supplied with a large staff of Missionaries. We could wish to see their number doubled. But the concentration of so many Missionaries to one spot necessarily increases the disproportion we have already pointed out between the numbers of those who teach and of those who are taught. Hence there are extensive districts, the millions of which do not obtain the benefits of spiritual instruction from resident Missionaries. The following table of our author places the destitution of which we are speaking in the clearest light:—

	<i>Population.</i>	
Chittagong	949,000	One Missionary.
Tipperah	1,371,260	No Missionary.
Backergunge	787,765	One Missionary.
Jessore	893,038	Two Missionaries.
Baraset	485,827	No Missionary.
Pabna	862,083	Ditto.
Furreedpore	556,949	Ditto.
Dacca	542,540	Two Missionaries.
Sylhet	1,083,720	One Missionary.
Mymensingh	1,634,183	No Missionary.
Rungpore	1,214,275	Ditto.
Bograh	321,000	Ditto.
Moorshedabad	969,447	Two Missionaries.
Rajshaye	800,000	No Missionary.
Dinagapore	2,298,200	One Missionary.
Malda	311,895	No Missionary.
Purneah	1,961,532	Ditto.
Total, ..	17,042,714	Ten.

From these figures it appears, that several districts containing upwards of a million inhabitants, and one nearly two millions, have not a single Missionary ; and that the average number of human beings entrusted to one Missionary, in the ten districts of the above table, is upwards of one million and seven hundred thousand ! When facts like these are viewed in connection with the ratio existing, in Christian countries, between ministers and people, the spiritual destitution of Bengal will appear to be most appalling. But let us not have recourse to extreme cases, as those of the districts in the above table may be supposed to be. Let us take a more favoured district like Burdwan.

"There are in it," says Mr. Wylie, "two European Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, one of the Baptist Society, and nine native Catechists—for how many people?" Not for a parish, nor for a great city ; but for a district equal, in nearly every respect, to one of the most important English counties. The area of Lancashire for instance, is 1,905 square miles, more than 300 less than Burdwan. Its population, according to the most recent census, is 2,031,236, the largest number in any county in England. Middlesex, again, has an area of only 281 square miles, but its population is 1,886,576, very nearly the same as Burdwan. For each of these counties, the supply of ministers of the Gospel is confessedly inadequate ; and even with all the addition of Scripture Readers and City Missionaries, there is still a just complaint of spiritual destitution. Yet the number of Protestant Churches in Lancashire is 1,489, and the number of ministers (the clergy and their curates, and dissenting ministers) must be about 2,000 ; and in Middlesex there are 896 Protestant Churches, with about 1,200 ministers, besides the priests for numerous Jews, and the very numerous Romish priests for the Roman Catholics ; and these have all the aids which hundreds and thousands of lay Christians can afford them. The county of Perth, the largest in Scotland, contains a rather larger area than Burdwan, namely 2,588 square miles, but its population in 1851, was not nearly one-tenth the population of Burdwan, it was only 1,39,190 persons. For these there were provided about 160 Protestant ministers of the Gospel. Let us think of facts like these, and *then* think of Burdwan, with nearly two millions of people, and only *three* Missionaries and nine native Catechists !"

But it may be alleged, that it is not fair to estimate the destitution of a heathen country by the standard of Christian lands, and further, that in the times of the Apostles and the palmy days of the "Society of Jesus," glorious conquests of a spiritual kind were achieved against greater odds than at present obtain in Bengal. We confess we do not see why it is unfair to institute a comparison in the matter before us, between heathen and Christian countries. The object to be effected in both sorts of countries is exactly the same—the conversion of souls to God. The conversion of a soul to God (so far as human instrumentality is concerned, for the Holy Spirit alone is the efficient cause of regeneration) the conversion of a soul

to God in a Christian country, cannot be, as such, a work of greater difficulty than it is in a heathen country ; it may be, humanly speaking, easier, but certainly not more difficult. We say *easier*, for in a Christian country, a parish minister has the advantage (not to mention other things) of a profession of Christianity among his parishioners ; whereas, in a heathen country, a Missionary has not only to impart to his hearers the elements of Christian truth, but to dislodge from their minds the preconceived notions of a false faith, as well as to combat hosts of deep-rooted prejudice. Agreeably to this principle, we should say, that if a minister in a Christian country were equal to the task of providing spiritual instruction for a thousand persons, a Missionary in a heathen land would be capable of instructing a much less number. So that the comparison our author institutes between Christian and heathen countries is, to say the least, in no way disadvantageous to the former.

The case of the Apostles is not to the point. Those first propagators of our holy faith, were endowed with miraculous powers. They performed miracles wherever they went ; and if those miracles did not convert the souls of those who witnessed them, they served, at any rate, in most cases, to arrest thought, to excite enquiry, and to produce a latent conviction in their minds, that the performers of those superhuman works must have the commission of heaven. Were the Missionaries of Bengal possessed of miraculous powers, the churches of Britain would not have been troubled with appeals like the one we are reviewing.

As for the Jesuits, it would be well not to adduce their case in connection with the subject in hand. For who does not know of the nefarious methods to which they had recourse, for the conversion, if such it can be called, of the heathen to whom they were sent ? Who does not know of their perversions of the Gospel to suit the taste of the heathen and the Mahometan—of their pious frauds—of their lying wonders—of the infamous character of many of their converts—and of the fact that many more of those alleged converts existed only on paper ?

The inadequacy of Missionary agency will also appear manifest, if we think of the magnitude of opposition against which the Bengal Missionaries have to contend. In estimating the amount of force requisite to capture a stronghold, we take into consideration not only the number of the garrison, but the strength of its fortifications. If the garrison be of a limited number, or if the battlements be weak, or both, the fort yields an easy prey ; but if the garrison be numerous and capable

of being reinforced to an indefinite extent, or if the fortifications be formidable, or if both these conditions obtain, as in the case of Sebastopol, we say not the stronghold is impregnable, but its capture must be a work of long time and great labour. Applying this to the case in hand, not only is there a disproportion between the number of Missionaries and the number of the people whom, under God, they are to convert, but the difficulties which these disproportionately few Missionaries have to surmount, are most formidable. Not to speak of the depravity of morals, which is a very great obstacle to the reception of truth, but which is not confined to Bengal alone, the system of religion professed by the major part of the inhabitants of Bengal is a source of mighty opposition to the beneficent operations of the Gospel Missionary. As we have already devoted one Article in this Number to the consideration of Hinduism, we cannot afford here to speak largely of its pernicious influence, and the firm grasp it has of its votaries. Suffice it to say that no form of false religion ever exercised so powerful an influence on its adherents,—no system of heathenism ever boasted of so high an antiquity—no religion ever made such ample provision for all classes of men. For the vulgar it has gorgeous rites and imposing ceremonies; for the philosophical and the cultivated it has a system of absolute monotheism; for the sentimental and poetical it has a transcendental pantheism. For the sensual and the worldly it has the carnal delights of Indra's heaven, and to the contemplative it holds out the prospect of absorption into the essence of the Supreme Divinity. Potent, or rather omnipotent, is the magical influence which it exercises upon the Hindu. It haunts him by day and by night; it regulates his every practice, modifies his every thought, and moulds his every feeling. It is no small achievement to disentangle a Hindu from the folds of this hydra of a superstition. The institution of caste too, with its absurd restrictions and its pernicious consequences, presents no little opposition; indeed it is felt by every Bengal Missionary to be the greatest obstacle to his benevolent exertions. Thus does no other country, perhaps, in the 'wide-world' exhibit so deadly an antagonism to the progress of Christianity. And hence to ensure the establishment of the Gospel in this land, so far as human means are concerned, the Churches of Britain, of America, and of Germany too, must make great exertions, and largely increase the number of the heralds of the Cross.

But if the opposition be so great, say the cold hearted and the faithless, why not, like the Abbé Dubois, pronounce the

Hindu unconvertible, and give up the contest. Give up the contest! One might as well counsel the Allies in the Crimea to raise the siege of Sebastopol. How can British Christians give up the spiritual conquest of Bengal? How can they see millions of their fellow subjects grovel in the mire of sin and superstition, without helping them to get out of it? How can they, as honest men, leave unliquidated that immense debt of obligation which they owe to a country whose fields they have ravaged, and with whose spoils they have garnished the fabric of their greatness? How can they—how dare they, be unfaithful to that august cause which God has put into their hands?

But the Hindu is not unconvertible. There has been joy in heaven over many a repentant and believing Hindu. Neither is the contest hopeless. The labours of the Missionaries for the last fifty years have produced great changes in Bengal. The circulation of thousands of copies of the Scriptures, Christian tracts and books, and the preaching of the Gospel in bazars, in market-places, and the fields, have deposited a large amount of evangelic truth in the general heart of the community. The noble Missionary institutions, some of which contain nearly fifteen hundred pupils, have imparted Christian instruction to tens of thousands, and have, in various ways, shed salutary influence on society in Bengal. Secular education is making marked progress, and refining the sentiments and humanizing the manners of the people. Railways, the Electric Telegraph, and other material improvements, have been productive of beneficial consequences. The Press, too, both English and Vernacular, is actively engaged, and is making, on the whole, a move in the right direction. All these causes have concurred to make wholesome changes in the country. Hinduism, though mighty even in its decline, is tottering on its basis. The system of caste is daily relaxing its fetters. The priesthood are evidently losing their dreaded authority. Some of the most horrid customs of the country, like *Sati*, infanticide, and human sacrifices, have been put down by the strong hand of British authority, and others are awaiting its interference. Female education is making silent progress. The prohibition of Hindu widows to marry again, and other kindred institutions, are rousing the indignation of the thoughtful and the educated. Ten thousand prejudices are being dissipated. And the religion of Jesus with its tri-coloured banner of "glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to the children of men," is attracting the attention of the millions of Bengal. Our author thus speaks of these signs of coming good:—

In this country, notwithstanding all deficiencies and short-comings—I am persuaded that there has been decided and remarkable progress. In

all the places where the Missions are known, the conviction has been growing, that Christianity will prevail. There has been indeed a long course of trial and discouragement; there have been few things to kindle enthusiasm among the friends of Missions at home; but from the time when the illustrious band of Serampore began their memorable labours, to the present time, there has been a breaking down of Brahmanism, and now the blight of God is on it, and it is waning and fading away. Already much is known by the people, though it may not be well considered; already much is heard, though all may not be yet fully understood; and vague convictions respecting the Gospel are gradually acquiring distinct and definite forms, and soon they will produce decided and conspicuous results. "The eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken." (Isaiah XXXII. 3.) The Hindu mind is greatly perverted and corrupted, yet, it is, nevertheless, in a measure prepared. The ideas of an incarnation of the Deity, of a Triune Jehovah, and of atonements for sin, are already partially received by the Hindus. And the Mussulmans are drooping under the decay of their political power, and the cessation of their military ardour. Education is uprooting ancient prejudices and superstitions, and I would fain hope, that the day is near at hand, when there will be such an out-pouring of divine grace, as will vivify the dormant convictions of those who now appear to be halting between two opinions, and are almost persuaded to become Christians. Changes, great changes, have already taken place even in the period of my own residence. I have seen and known them. But the signs of infinitely mightier changes are apparent all around, and India, as the young of the present generation come forward into action, will lead the vanguard of Christianity in Asia. In the very centre of this vast continent—commanding the seas—bordering on China on the one side, and on Persia on the other,—under the only powerful Government in the East—with a hundred and fifty millions of people,—India may and very probably is destined to influence all the neighbouring nations, and to share with England and the United States the trade and the power of the world, in the days when the righteous judgements of God are falling on the old Roman earth, and overwhelming the countries of the Papacy. There is nothing in India to withstand the progress of Christianity. Hinduism is effete;—even civilization by itself would overthrow a system in which so much folly, and so much corruption join together to deify a heartless and sensual priest-hood. The idols are already a shame and also a reproach; and the Brahmans are conscious that their supremacy is doomed. There is neither political power nor popular enthusiasm, now, to uphold their ascendancy; they trust simply to the continuance of delusions, which are becoming less and less prevalent every hour. That which is required of Christians, is such earnest love and faith, such a manifestation of personal zeal, and such patient but fervent prayer, as will renew the exhibition of primitive Christianity, and bring with it copious effusions of the life-giving spirit.

Though some of the statements in the above extract certainly require qualification, they are substantially correct. There are abundant signs of coming good, and it is high time for the Christian Church to be up and doing. Let but the Churches of Britain be roused from their lethargy—let them but be awakened to a due sense of their responsibilities and their obligations—let them but gird up their loins and double their diligence—let them but send us here Missionaries of stout

hearts, firm faith, and strong minds, and these not in units but in tens and hundreds—and let measures be taken to turn the natives of the country into active preachers of the Gospel—let all this be done, and Bengal, and with it all India, shall soon be the Lord's.

Having thus very briefly considered what may be called the argument of the book, we now proceed to present to our readers a few specimens of the good things it contains.

Amongst the inhabitants of the Bengal Presidency, none are so little known as the rude races that pass under the general name of aboriginal tribes. Dwelling in tracts of land abounding in rocky eminences and extensive forests, sunk in the depths of primeval barbarism, and destitute of those material goods which allure the greedy adventurer, they have not attracted public attention, and their existence has been almost ignored. Yet they are by no means an uninteresting class. It is generally believed that in days gone by they were the only inhabitants of the country, that they were dispossessed of their native plains by a stronger and more polished people, who came from the north, and that they were forced to seek shelter in the woods and rocks of the surrounding regions. Their simple habits and unpolished manners, in the midst of encompassing civilization, are objects of rational curiosity; while their unsophisticated minds, and their freedom from the baneful effects of a fully organized superstition, invest them, in a Missionary point of view, with no ordinary interest. For the following description of the South Western Frontier Agency and of its inhabitants, our author is indebted to Major Hannington, "who has long been distinguished as one of the most able public servants in the territory."

The South Western Frontier Agency is bounded on the east by Bengal, on the north by Behar, and on the south by Orissa. It contains portions of each of these provinces, and has an area of about 44,000 square miles, with a population that may exceed four millions.

This extensive district is parcelled into six divisions.

1. The Hazaribagh division, which includes Ramgurh.
2. The Lohurdugga division, which includes Chota Nagpore.
3. The Maunbhoom division, which includes Pachete.
4. The Singbhoom division.
5. The Sumbhulpore division.
6. The Tributary States of Sirgooja, &c.

All these places may be readily found in the ordinary maps, taking as a point of reference Hazaribagh in 24° North latitude, and 3° West from Calcutta.

Within these wide limits, many varieties of climate and of physical aspect exist. Here are mountains covered with forests, grass-clothed uplands, spring-watered vallies, and low alluvial lands fertilized by tropical

rains. Here, as in Sirgooja, are winter frosts ; and here, as in Sumbhulpore, heat that is at all seasons oppressive.

For the most part the appearance of the country is beautiful : picturesque groups of hills, deep groves, clear and rocky streams, all things that are graceful in landscape, in varying succession, meet and charm the eye at every turn. The products of the country are manifold. Of metals, gold, copper and iron ; of precious stones, the diamond. And here are the ample coal fields from which unlimited supplies will, in time to come, be drawn. The agricultural produce at present consists chiefly of rice and of seeds containing oil, but the soil is generally fertile and capable of yielding every kind of cereal crop. Recent experiments have also shown that coffee of the finest kind may be grown on the newly cleared lands, and the tea plant, though not cultivated for any practical purpose, flourishes. The greatest obstacle to the extension of agriculture is the want of roads. Even now large quantities of grain are carried on bullocks to the North Western Provinces, and were better means of transport available, the supplies afforded by this district would be a valuable addition to the external markets.

The Hazaribagh division is hilly and has much uncultivated land. On the Eastern border is mount Sikhar, better known as Parasnath, the resort of Jain pilgrims. The inhabitants are chiefly Hindus, and their language is Hindee. Sometimes a village of Santals may be seen among the dense jungles. This remarkable tribe has probably the same origin as the Mundas and Singbhoom Coles, their language having many words in common. The Santal chooses an eligible site, clears the land, cultivates it for a few years, and then quietly removes, to go through the same course in another place. These men reverence the tiger, swear on a bit of his skin, and generally speak truth. They are found in many parts of the agency, and in Cuttack.

Chota Nagpore is a table-land elevated 2,000 feet above the sea. The people are divided into various classes, as Urans, Moondas, &c. They are, without distinction, commonly supposed to be the aboriginals of this part of India, a supposition to which the Uran traditions give no support. They believe that they came from the North, and found the Moondas in possession of the country. Both races, from wherever sprung, are active and intelligent. Under the name of Dhangurs or Hill coolies, they are known in various distant parts of the world. At Calcutta they are looked on as mere beasts of burden. Yet they are men of a fine stamp.

The Maunbhoom division is on the plateau just above the alluvial plains of Lower Bengal. The people are Hindus, and their language is Bengali.

The Singbhoom division has much the same aspect as that of Maunbhoom, but the people are very different. These are the Lurtra Coles who call themselves Hos. They eat cow's flesh, and are much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors. It is supposed that they have the same origin as the Nagpore Moondas.

In the Sumbhulpore division the people are chiefly Hindus, and the prevalent language is Ooria.

The Tributary States are under native rule. Little is known of the people who inhabit them. In the extreme south the ' Merig' sacrifice, in which human victims were offered, was in very recent times supposed to have been practised. And it is a fact that in the mountain tracts of Sirgooja and Palamou, there are tribes that scarcely ever descend to the plains, or hold any intercourse with the low-landers. One or two specimens

only of these have been seen by Europeans; such people are not indeed numerous, but they do exist.

Any minute description of the manners and religion of the tribes above imperfectly indicated, would, within moderate limits, be impracticable. Among the Hindus, to use their own saying, 'some name Ram, and some name Hari.' Their divisions are endless. Other tribes worship the sun, besides a multitude of demons, to whom sacrifices are offered 'on every high hill and under every green tree.' That gross immorality prevails among all classes need not be told. Of crimes that fall under the magistrate's notice, it can scarcely be said that they are worse than those reported in more civilized countries. Perhaps there is here less regard for life. Murder is often committed on trivial causes. Disputes about land lead to bloody frays. The belief in witchcraft is universal, and this has sometimes produced tragical consequences. Otherwise, the moral depravity of the people is undoubtedly great. Its extent, no pen can disclose. But the greater the moral darkness, the greater is the need of Gospel light. Advocating the cause of the heathen in India generally, and urging the claims of all, —to speak of particular classes is unnecessary, but it may be proper to mention that the Coles of Chota Nagpore appear willing to receive the Gospel. And among them, thanks be to God, the first fruits have already been gathered.

For the gratification of our readers we subjoin a more detailed description of that singular people, the Santals, to whom allusion is made in the above extract.

Now that the railway is opening a ready means of communication into the heart of the Santal country, to the north-west, it would seem not an inappropriate time to draw attention to this numerous and interesting race of hill-men, in the hope that they may not be among the last to derive benefit from this wonderful improvement of modern times. Beginning with the Moharbanja, in Orissa, as their southern boundary, the Santals abound more or less, through the tributary mehals, lying west of Balasore, Jellasore, Midnapore, Bancoorah, Beerbhoom, Rajmahal; and thence westward through Bhagalpore and Monghyr, in Behar; including a territory not less than 400 miles in extent, north and south. How far they extend to the west, it is not easy to say. They appear to have entered Orissa from the north, but at what period is unknown. That they are one and the same race, speaking a common language, there is abundant evidence to show.

*** In Orissa, the Santals are a hardy, industrious people, generally short, stout, robust, of broad features, with very dark complexion and hair somewhat curly. They are particularly mild and placable, of a very social turn, especially with persons speaking their language. While, on the one hand, the Santals are less cringing and complimentary to foreigners than their Hindu neighbours, they are, on the other, decidedly more civil and courteous among themselves, and more hospitable to strangers. No sooner does a visitor approach the door of a Santal house, than he is offered a seat, generally the *párkom* or rude cot,—numbers of which are usually seen out-side the house. Both in their labours and amusements, there is a far greater mingling of the sexes, than among 'respectable' Hindus; nor is this without its legitimate influence on their manners and customs. True, the Santal wife may not presume to take her food in company with her husband; but she is allowed a large share of influence

in all the domestic arrangements; and the general bearing of the men towards the women, is much more respectful, kind and conciliatory than is seen among orthodox Hindus. Santal women are frank and open, ready to converse even with strangers, being happily destitute of that squeamishness so general among most eastern females. The rites of hospitality are usually performed by the wife, and often with a scrupulousness and kindliness of manner which would do credit to an enlightened house-keeper. The Santals are noted for their large families. Their villages swarm with troops of hardy children, generally seen in a state of nudity, or but very slightly removed there-from. * * *

There can be little doubt of the Santals being aborigines of the country. Their traditions, though very much mixed up with the mythology of the Hindus, mark them as a distinct race. According to them, the first human pair, a brother and sister, whom they call Pilchu-hanam, and Pilchu-brudhi, sprang from duck's eggs, and were brought into the marriage relation, under the influence of *handia*, by Lita, or Marang Buru, one of the gods, and not unlikely, the same as Siva or Mahadev of the Hindus. A few traces of the Mosaic history are to be met with in these traditions: such for instance, as the original nakedness of our first parents; a supply of clothing subsequently being furnished them by the gods; the dispersion of mankind; together with some faint allusions to a general deluge. The division of the Santals into clans or tribes is not wholly unlike that of the ancient Israelites. All eat and associate freely together, there being neither high nor low castes among them. They are, however, in this part of the country, a caste by themselves, and with the single exception of the Krumbis—a tribe very like the Santals, and often found living in the same village,—refuse food cooked by any except their own people. As to inter-marriages, a Santal is not allowed to marry in his own clan, but must seek a wife from another tribe. The exact number of tribes is not known. * * *

The Santal's inveterate fondness for strong drink is a great evil. Such as it is, however, it is a part of his religion, and is likely to stand or fall with it. They lay claim to divine authority for the preparation and use of the *handia*, and no important ceremony, whether festive, matrimonial, or religious, can be duly celebrated in the absence of this favourite, universal beverage. It is a very simple fermented preparation from the rice, and, taken in moderation, seldom intoxicates. But moderation in the use of stimulants, is not a common virtue amongst the Santals, any more than it is amongst many people much better instructed. They are especially fond of sitting by their pots of *handia*, drinking and gossiping the whole day; during which, a hard drinker manages to dispose of several gallons! Distilled spirits of any and every kind never come amiss to a Santal; though, at present, their high price operates as a salutary check to indulgence.

The Santals are an agricultural people, and when not grievously oppressed by their petty Hindu rulers, as is generally the case in Orissa, often acquire a respectable competence. They appear to have a decided preference for the new and jungly parts of the country, and are rarely found in the vicinity of large towns. They very seldom engage as servants,—though a few have been known to go as *coolies* to the Mauritius—apparently preferring the wild freedom of a forest life, before the luxuries of the city, if these are to be purchased at the expense of servitude. During the dry season, they are much engaged in the preparation and sale of timber, fire-wood, charcoal, leaves, gums and other crude materials from the jungle. Parties of men, women and children may often be seen,

of a morning, bending their firm, elastic steps towards a market, ten miles distant, in order to barter their loads of wood, leaves, &c., for a few simple necessities,—it may be, for plain rice. A strong man usually obtains from four to six pice—seldom two annas—(three pence) for his load of wood; women and children less, in proportion,—often not more than a single pice. Little girls, not more than eight or ten years old, often accompany these trading parties, with only a rag of clothing about their loins, while they walk along under their burdens, straight as an arrow and nimble as a deer. They are usually in a very cheerful mood, either singing, or talking and laughing as they go.

Unlike the Hindus, the Santals appear never to use their bullocks as beasts of burden; but scruple not to yoke cows as well as oxen to the plough and cart: a practice for which they are much despised by their neighbours, the Hindus. Buffaloes are much used by them in the cultivation of their lands. Sheep, goats, pigs, and hens usually abound in a Santal village. Cock-fighting is a very favourite amusement, and often carried to great extent.

The Santals, both male and female, are excessively fond of music and dancing: one can hardly pass an evening, when the weather is fair, near one of their villages, and not hear the fife and drum. * * *

It is to be hoped that these interesting people will soon engage the attention alike of the Government and of Missionary Societies. For the education of the Bengalis, at least for the higher classes of the Bengalis, the Government has established schools and colleges. It has provided means of instruction for those who have already partaken of some of the benefits of civilization; but it has left the uncivilized and the ignorant to grope in their native darkness. It has cared for the rich and the partially enlightened, but it has left the poor and the wholly ignorant to shift for themselves. While English and vernacular schools are rising fast, and inspectors and sub-inspectors are being appointed for increasing the efficiency of education, in such highly favoured districts as Burdwan, Hooghly, and Nuddea, the barbarous inhabitants of Chota Nagpore and Bhagulpore are left to the tender mercies of a debasing ignorance. We are by no means jealous of the establishment of schools in the above-mentioned districts. We could wish that their number were increased a hundred fold. But what we plead for is, that in making provision for the less necessitous, the case of the more necessitous be not forgotten. We fondly cherish the hope that, under the new arrangements of the education department, the case of the Santals and other aboriginal tribes will be taken into consideration, that the policy of Lord Dalhousie in providing instruction for the wild natives of the Cossia hills will be liberally carried out, and that the noble education despatch of the Court of Directors, which aims at the enlightenment of the entire population of India, will not remain a dead letter. Missionary Societies, too, should

direct greater attention to the Christianization of these tribes than they have hitherto done. Who can tell but that by the blessing of the Almighty the labours of Missionaries may be crowned with better success among those children of nature than amongst a sophisticated and priest-ridden people?

As a sample of the sort of information which the book affords of every part of the Bengal Presidency, we annex the following account of the Cossia hills, furnished to our author by the Rev. Mr. Lewis of Cherrapoonjee :—

The tract of mountain territory, inhabited by the Khasias, is described in Pemberton's Report on the Eastern Frontier, as bordering on Cachar to the east; the zillah of Sylhet to the south; the Garrow Hills to the west; and the valley of Assam to the North;—and as forming an irregular parallelogram, the length of which, from North to South, may be assumed at about 70 miles, and its *average* breadth at 50, giving an area of about 3,500 square miles. And this tract may be correctly considered as Khasia Proper. Joining to this, is the tract, also of mountain territory, called Jyntea; the capital town of which is Jyntea-pore, at the foot of the hills to the east, as the town of Sylhet is on the plains to the south, contiguous to the hills of Khasia Proper. This territory borders also upon Cachar, and extends along the whole line from Assam to the plains of Sylhet. It is estimated to contain an area of about 3,850 square miles, and consists of three principal divisions. The Jyntea country became annexed to the British territories in 1835.

PHYSICAL ASPECTS.

The slopes on all sides are extensive and closely wooded tracts. As viewed from the plains below, they appear to the gratified observer as springing up almost perpendicularly to an elevation of about 5,000 feet; though they rise and stretch upwards by a succession of gentle undulations. They are boldly sectioned from the plains on all sides, up to a limiting point in the interior of the Hills, by numerous valleys, of a most magnificent and romantic appearance. At these limiting points the geological composition of the hills can be examined, owing to large masses frequently becoming detached, during the terrific rains of the south west monsoon; these fall down to the immense deep below with a deafening noise, leaving the various strata of the rocks quite bare—cut as if it were by an immense scalpel—literally in a perpendicular form. Among other objects worthy of notice, the valleys are ornamented by nature with numerous cataracts, the most celebrated of which is one, where the crystal stream makes a noble unbroken perpendicular descent of 1,000 feet upon the rocky masses below. Here also are caves and curiously constructed native bridges, among which are living Caoutchouc Tree bridges, used by the natives during the south-west monsoon, to escape from the foaming mountain torrents. The tourist, having passed the limits of these stupendous valleys, comes suddenly on a kind of table-land, which embraces all the hilly tract between the southern plains and those on the north, and of course those on the other points as well. This tract may be termed the central portion, and is supposed to contain an area of 2,340 square miles; the elevation of which is supposed also to be quite as high as the country about Cherra, viz., between 4 or 5,000 feet. This portion is very thinly inhabited. The soil in most parts is very poor, and, consequently, is almost an entire waste, and in general covered with short herbage, and scanty vegetation. There

is a mountain-stream, called the Boga Pani, which flows from north-west to south-east, and thus naturally divides this central tract into two portions. The Northern portion consists, almost exclusively, of granite masses, which protrude through the soil at every step; and immensely large boulders, as well as innumerable smaller ones, are scattered over the surface of the country in every direction. This barren view is, however, considerably relieved by thickly interspersed clumps of trees and more extensive woods of noble firs and other trees, which crown the summits of the numerous knolls, and which are scattered also over all the slopes of the little hills, and in the very many wild glens and hollows, which lie luxuriantly between them, and give it a most picturesque and beautiful appearance, resembling an extensive English park. These beautiful features of the face of the country increase, as the observer approaches North-eastwardly to the Jyntea country, which possesses a good soil and is considerably cultivated, aided by a few smiling streams. The soil of this portion of the hills is not carried away by the torrents of rain during the south-west monsoon, the clouds having expended themselves on the southern verge.

POPULATION.

The statements on this subject are very conflicting and contradictory—even those given by authority—and, therefore, are not by any means to be depended upon. Indeed, it must be very difficult to approximate to anything like a correct census (by the usual means) of the population of these hills, owing to almost insurmountable obstacles, arising from their depraved social habits—the great difficulty of approaching to the position of their villages, which, in many cases, are not seen at all until close by, and also in many instances, lie in scattered positions of six huts here, and twelve there, and twenty in another secluded locality; from their deep jealousy and suspicion of all innovations; and the rife superstition, with which they fence themselves round about on every trivial occasion, &c., &c. It must be admitted to be a very difficult task indeed to take a census in these wild and romantic mountains—tossed up, as it were, at random by nature, and, moreover, among an uncivilized race of people. Difficulties against a *correct* census are even admitted on the plains. However, from various conflicting statements, bearing in mind at the same time a few facts connected with the actual state of the population for the past twenty years, a tolerable conclusion may be come to, that the population of the whole of the hills may be assumed at 300,000. The population in the Jyntea country is increasing; and such is the case too in the fruitful valleys to the south and west. Upon this subject it may be stated, that it is a very strange fact, and somewhat paradoxical, that these sturdy and generally athletic mountaineers do not increase in number much more rapidly; for they are excessively fond of their offspring, and a female-child is estimated by them as of much more value than a male-child. Indeed the whole *point* of their debasing religion—which is a low demon-worship—bears closely upon this very matter, in which both sexes engage most ardently. In fact, the females are its *very backbone*. The whole inquiry, and the whole efforts of these poor people, both in their superstitions and in their other vocations—in which the females are more laborious than the men—through the whole of their vain and miserable lives, are to provide the necessary sacrifices and other materials, in order to appease their many demon-deities, to consult their oracles, to implore them to increase their offspring, and ultimately to multiply abundantly their respective tribes; between whom there is naturally a hot rivalry in this matter. Here, moreover, there are few of those

causes, which are at active work on the plains and in other pagan countries, in decimating the populations. It must be deemed, then, a surprising fact that the population of these hills is found to be so small. Epidemics are not so frequent and not near so fearful as on the plains. Sporadic diseases are numerous among the population, which prove fatal in very many cases. The chief cause, which so lamentably checks their prosperity in every sense, arises rigorously from their degrading superstition. On this account, they are filthy in the extreme, sordid with all its accompanying corrupting vices, and stoically indifferent to every *real* good and improvement. In short, it painfully degrades its ardent votaries physically, socially, and morally!

We are confident our readers will give us their best thanks for inserting the following rich *morceau*.

As to caste, perhaps the severest blow it ever received in Calcutta, was from Lord Hastings. At the time of his arrival there were, as there are now, many people from Orissa, who had come to act as servants. Their number is now estimated at 20,000, and they are employed chiefly as house and palanquin bearers. Lord Hastings had one of them for his head bearer, and there were many more in the Government House. They were all superstitious to the last degree. They could not be persuaded at first to pull a punkah over a dinner table, if there were meat on it, and would not, unless there were a basin of hot water there; and then the pulling of the punkah was understood to be designed to cool it! On one occasion Lord Hastings having washed his hands, ordered the bearer to throw away the water. He refused;—to touch the wash-hand basin with dirty water, would, as he thought, have caused the forfeiture of caste; but Lord Hastings well knew that even Hinduism did not sanction this degree of absurdity, and therefore he was firm. He ordered that the water should remain, and that if the bearer did not throw it away, in a certain number of days, the whole body of Oriya bearers in the Government House should be discharged. The tale soon spread. The bearers assembled in crowds on the plain, and discussed the matter for two or three days. Eventually it was agreed that the water might be thrown away; and the whole body of Oriyas in Calcutta learned a lesson which has never since been forgotten.

Though Missions are supported by not a few pious laymen in the country, yet it is to be lamented that by far the great majority of European residents in India, and especially those of the higher classes, are woefully indifferent to them. Let such ponder the following earnest and well-considered exposition of our estimable author.

There are many who pride themselves on a superior wisdom, which elevates them far above all concern for such trifles as the evangelization of the world. Bible Societies and Christian Missions, are, in their judgment, the efforts of deluded enthusiasts. They are so busy with such wonderful matters as the party tactics of this or that political section, or some election in some corrupt borough, or with some new arrangement of patronage in Europe or Asia, or they are so perplexed and absorbed with the intricacies of diplomacy, and studying such delicate creations of human statemanship as "the balance of powers," that they have no time for any thoughts of the spiritual condition of mankind. And thus as Mr. Locke says, "They canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where the light, as they think, clearly shines, and the day blesses them. They have

a pretty traffic in their own creek, and they are dexterous managers of the products of that corner; but they will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge to survey the riches that other parts are stored with; but admire the plenty and sufficiency of their own spot, which contains, as they judge, all that is desirable in the universe." They ignore the influence of multitudes, of the pulpit eloquence of men like Rowland Hill, and will only acknowledge a Chalmers to be an influence, because he writes on the Poor Laws, or a Wilberforce, because he has a seat in Parliament. All such institutions as City Missions and Ragged Schools, must attain to popularity before they will notice them, and then, if the effects of such machinery surprise them, they never think, that, peradventure, those who established them were wiser men than themselves. Or it may be that Missions are disregarded by another class. They are so absorbed with the pleasures of time, so occupied with trifles, and Missions are so vulgar and uninteresting, that they can afford neither attention nor sympathy for them; and so, from year to year, from "season" to "season," there is the constant round and whirl of excitement and gaiety. Vive la bagatelle! Pleasure parties of all kinds,—vanities accompanied and followed by vexation of spirit,—"revelries and such like"—fill up their time. They have no leisure for serious thought, but are conscious of an increasing disrelish for everything more weighty than scandal and a novel. Thus "the heart of fools feeds on foolishness." Thus the butterflies of fashion contrive to waste their lives. Such a thing as self-denial, and all serious reflection, appear to be forgotten. "Gay dreamers of gay dreams," they flaunt along, dreading to look forward, and sinking yearly, lower and lower, in the estimation of a rising generation, which is gradually taking their places, and often showing them by a more thoughtful conduct, "a more excellent way." Alas, that such should be the course of reasonable beings any where: above all, here, where responsibilities of a special kind, press heavily on all who profess and call themselves Christians!

"Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
 I less would blame this criminal delight:
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
 And, thought to fly, consent to be undone;—
 We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
 And give eternity to murder time!"

And just so with the low grovelling habit of others, intent on personal advantage,—wealth, rank, and fame. It is a miserable thing to see men living to themselves, with an unthankful spirit, in the full tide of prosperity. For such men to live here, in India; to have the power to aid, and yet to refuse their aid; to hold aloof through petty selfishness from every enterprise of religion and philanthropy; or to dole out their assistance with a reluctant hand—is a course of existence more lamentable (if that be possible) even than the life of the heartless votaries of pleasure. But the cause of Christ in India has experienced the opposition of all these classes; and it has been almost fatally effectual. For the contradiction of the lives of professing Christians to the doctrines proclaimed by the Missionaries has been palpable. To this day there are not many who even pretend to do all they can. Some go so far as to patronize Missions in a condescending way; some co-operate for a time, and then faint and grow weary; some assist in India, and then return home to their wealthy retirements, and straightway forget this land of their early mercies. Some have no public spirit at all, but from first

ART. VII.—*The Bungalow and the Tent ; or a Visit to Ceylon.*
By Edward Sullivan, Author of Rambles and Scrambles in
America. London, 1854.

THERE is a technical phrase of our craft that we are not quite sure that we perfectly understand—the “Philosophy of Literature.” It seems to be an idea entertained by some critics, that it might be as possible, if we only knew how, to predict the appearance of a work on a certain subject, and to tell by anticipation, how the author, and the printer, and the binder, and the book-seller will discharge their several functions in its production, and what number of copies will be sold, how many of them will be read, and what effects the perusal will produce on the mind of each reader, as it is possible to predict when a solar eclipse will begin and end, at what places on the earth's surface it will be visible, and what portion of the solar disk will be concealed. For ourselves, we confess that we are not quite sure that the solution of this problem will ever be realized ; nor have we quite made up our minds as to the magnitude of the good that would result from the achievement. To us it appears, at all events, that so much good as might result from such a philosophy, would depend on the very prosaic principle of a correspondence between demand and supply. To us, and to most other men, it were of little consequence to know on what theme the genius of Mr. Percy Algernon Orlando Byron Jones might choose to vent itself, were it not for an assumption—which, however, is not always a legitimate one—that several hundreds of other Joneses, and Smiths and Robinsons, and Browns, and Wilfites and Hopkinsons may read what Mr. P. A. O. B. Jones has written. Now on the “Homo sum” principle, it is neither uninteresting nor unimportant to learn what is the characteristic of the mental food that our fellow-men affect. It is thus as a gauge of the mental habitudes, and appetencies, and powers of the reading many, that the productions of the writing few acquire a value, which does not always intrinsically belong to them. Now, if we may judge from the frequency with which books, of the class of which that before us is a specimen, issue from the press, we must conclude that there is no small demand for them ; and from the fact of this demand, we might derive several inferences, of which we shall mention only two. The first is, that the respectable classes in England do not generally go to bed before nine or half-past nine o'clock ; and the second, that they find considerable difficulty in maintaining themselves in a state of insomnolence

up to the standard hour. It is this difficulty that creates a demand for a class of literature, whose chief characteristic is *briskness*,—that is the word that comes nearest to the description of it. This brisk literature is not new; but we think we may safely say that Mr. Kingslake has founded a new school, and that his disciples are the main manufacturers, at the present day, of the goods so much in demand. When we say that a book belongs to the Eothenic school, we convey a tolerably vivid idea to men able to generalize. They know at once that we speak of a book to whose composition there has gone a great deal of miscellaneous information, a great deal of cleverness in description, a considerable amount of enthusiasm for the words of the classical authors and of the Bible, without much appreciation of the great human truths that lie under the words of the one, or much veneration for the Divine verities that are conveyed in the language of the other—a happy or unhappy “knack” of mixing up the manly phraseology of an English gentleman, with the slang of the stable-boy, or the London street-boy, and the grotesque provincialism of our Trans-atlantic brethren—the power of passing judgment, with perfect confidence, on subjects respecting which the author neither has nor can have any knowledge, and the faculty of seeming equally at home on all subjects of science in all its branches, literature in all its phases, religion in all its forms, history in all its periods, fashion in all its frivolities, and sport in all its varieties. Such, in various degrees and combinations, are the characteristics of the writers of the Eothen school; but we know of no one of them who possesses so large a proportion as their master, of the better class of these qualities, and so small a proportion of the worse. The others are, as Lord Bacon hath it, of the same vein with Mr. Kingslake, but there is far less blood in their veins than in his.

Mr. Sullivan belongs to the Eothenic School, and holds a respectable place in his “form.” His descriptions of persons, places and things, are lively; his decisions on all questions of science, literature, religion, morals, politics, political economy, agriculture, cookery, and æsthetics in general, are given forth with the air of conscious infallibility. His command of slang is unlimited, and the mode in which he introduces it is often so grotesque as to be amusing. His allusions to classical subjects and phrases, and his frequent quotations of sentences from the Bible, all mark him out as an average, or rather favorable specimen of his class.

Intending to give our readers a taste of our author’s qualities, we know not where we can better begin than at the beginning.

The following account of Point de Galle is graphic enough, and would, to our thinking, be all the better, were it weeded of those slang phrases, which probably constitute its chief merit in the estimation of its author.

I know of no spot in either hemisphere, where tropical nature indulges in more marvellous redundancy than Point de Galle; and after the sun-dried regions successively brought under the notice of the overland traveller, this luxuriance becomes still more remarkable. Malta is less vegetable than Gibraltar, Suez more sapless than either; and excepting the Oasis of Cairo, and a distant view of the serpentine valley of the Nile, there is actually not a green spot from the Needles to the Straits of Babelmandel. When after ten dreary, stifling days in the Red Sea, the passenger is landed at that culminating point of desolation (in this planet, at least, the Crater of Aden, the bias of his mind, as regards the gorgeous East, will have been disturbed, the current of his imagination dried up, and he will probably return to his steamer with the disagreeable conviction that he is the victim of misplaced confidence, that tropical luxuriance is a humbug; and that he and his companions are the only green things that he is likely to see, until he finds his way back to less husky and more aqueous climes. I don't suppose any two places on the globe's surface illustrate more strongly than Aden and Point de Galle, the partiality with which nature has distributed her blessings. One might imagine the former to have been totally overlooked when vegetation was being served out; while it seems as though Pan, Pales, Flora, or Pomona, or whoever was entrusted with that duty, had, in a frolicsome spirit of exuberant generosity, emptied the cornucopia of vegetation intended for a whole continent, on the summit of the latter. It is literally smothered in verdant luxuriance, which heaped, massed, jumbled together in indescribable profusion, is barely restrained within its natural limits by the envious waves of the opposing ocean. At the entrance of the harbour are three or four detached rocks, on which some cocoa palms have established themselves, and there, without any nourishment, apparently, but the salt brine, they flourish and bear fruit, and remind the scholar of the Isolated Rock of Charybdis, on whose "crown," as Palinurus in blank verse poetically informed Æneas,

A fig's green branches rise
And shoot a lofty forest to the skies.

After a residence of two days at Galle, our author set off for Colombo. On the way he experienced some of those vicissitudes of fortune which are the heritage of all travellers in Ceylon, through means of bad roads, bad horses, bad carriages and bad drivers. His account of a Cingalese "turn-out" is graphic.

Travelling, doubtless, disabuses one of certain vulgar, narrow-minded prejudices concerning the invariable use for which certain objects are intended. We have an idea in England, for instance, that the driver of a vehicle is placed on the box for the purpose of guiding that vehicle, and that the reins are placed in his hand to enable him to direct the exertion of the horse; but such is by no means the case in Ceylon. He is there merely as a betel-chewing, expectorating peg, on which the reins are suspended, but on which he exercises no control; he sits immovable, except as regards the whip-hand, which he uses most liberally, going up

hill, or through very deep ground : he never, for a moment, entertains any notion of guiding the horses, that office being undertaken by a miserable horse-keeper, who changes at each stage, and sits during the transit either on the foot-board behind, or on the step of the carriage ; and whether the vehicle comes to grief by going up a bank on one side, or down a bank on the other, or into a train of waggons in front, appears, to all whom it most nearly concerns, a matter of utter indifference.

In the course of this seventy miles' journey, our author made sundry observations on men and things. Amongst the latter, we may instance his assertion, that the cocoanut-tree always bends towards the sea. We have often heard that the cocoanut will not grow except within a certain distance of the sea ; but we suspect that the idea is one that has originated in Bengal, and is founded on a too narrow induction. The tree is essentially a tropical one, and we suspect that its cessation, as we proceed "up-country," in Bengal, is due to our having passed the tropic, rather than to our having left the sea too far behind us. But that the tree has any tendency to incline towards the sea, we do not remember to have heard or read before. Mr. Sullivan's statement, however, is very decided. "The invariable tendency (he says) of the cocoanut to bend 'sea-wards, is very remarkable on this road ; notwithstanding the strength and continued prevalence of the sea-breeze, at least nine-tenths of the trees have a most decided inclination towards the ocean." Assuming the fact to be as here stated, we presume that it must be accounted for somewhat in this way. The sea-breeze striking constantly on one side of the tree, dries up and hardens the sap-vessels on that side. The opposite side therefore grows more rapidly, and of course the tree grows into a curve, the concave side being towards the sea.

The following note on sanitary matters in Ceylon is not without considerable interest :

A large fresh-water lagoon, of a most green, slimy, tropical appearance, producing in abundance a lotus of almost *Victoria Regia* magnificence, stretches away to the back of the fort, and around it are situated the bungalows of many of the Colombo merchants. The propinquity of this lake would, in any other tropical country (in the West Indies certainly) be considered, as ensuring a considerable amount of fever to the neighbourhood ; in fact, I doubt whether any advantage would be sufficient to induce a West Indian to locate in such a position. However, Ceylon, in the matter of climate, stands *per se*, and offers a total antithesis as regards the healthiness of certain districts, to most other tropical countries. Whilst the vicinity of tanks and lagoons of the most fœtid and aguish character, is perfectly healthy, that of rivers is equally deadly. This apparent contradiction of the usual laws of nature is accounted for by two reasons. The tanks are covered with various aquatic plants, which, by a kind Providence, are made to serve not only as filterers and purifiers of

the water itself, but even as consumers of a considerable portion of the noxious exhalations, that would otherwise poison the neighbourhood. The banks of rivers, on the contrary, are rife with fevers; the cause assigned for it is, that during the rainy seasons they swell to a great size, and collect the vegetable matter of a large extent of country; but owing to the rapidity with which they fall at the commencement of the dry season, and the winding and intricate nature of their course, the streams are unable to clear themselves, and this accumulation is left to decay in the bed, and infect the surrounding country. There exists also another reason—the beds of the Ceylon rivers are almost invariably composed of sand, and the stream, instead of sweeping down the decomposed vegetable matter it holds in its waters, as must be the case in hard-bedded rivers, penetrates through the sand, leaving the poisonous matter on the surface, exposed to the burning rays of the tropical sun.

Apart from our general confidence in the uniformity of nature's laws and operations, and the natural anticipation that the same causes will produce the same effects in Ceylon that they do elsewhere, we happen to know that such is really the case; and while people generally seem to imagine that tanks are the great polluters, and rivers the great purifiers of the atmosphere, it is not unfrequently found that the reverse is the case. We believe it may be stated as a universal rule that vegetation is never in itself the cause of unhealthiness in a district, but that the decay of vegetable matter is uniformly so. This being the case, it will follow that the *growth* of plants in a tank will not do any injury to the neighbourhood. And then the decay of aquatic plants cannot produce any great amount of mischief. They contain very little vegetable fibre, in fact, very little except water. The decay of *such* plants in tanks can therefore do little injury, as the watery portion mixes with the water of the tank, and the earthy portion sinks to the bottom, and the decay of it goes on very slowly, as long as it continues submerged.

But when a tank is dried up, or when the earth, that has been accumulating for years at its bottom, is taken out, then the case is materially altered. Every one in India knows the deadly effects that often attend the cleaning out of a tank. Nearly the same effects would, doubtless, attend the drying up of a tank from natural evaporation, were it to take place after an interval of many years. But as tanks are either so deep that they are never dried in any season, or so shallow, that they are dried in every ordinary season, it will generally happen that only the accumulation of a single year will be exposed to the sunshine at a time, and this is not likely to produce any serious results. So much for tanks. Then as to rivers; it certainly is the common idea, that they are the great purifiers of the atmosphere of the districts through which they flow.

But it has been frequently noticed that cholera and other epidemics often follow the course of a river. It has been attempted to account for this, by the supposition that the river forms a sort of conducting channel for the malaria. We think it much more likely that the explanation is to be sought from principles similar to those stated by our author, with respect to the Ceylon rivers;—that, in fact, the malaria is not generated at one point and conveyed along the course of the river, but that it is generated all along the river, through the decay of the vegetable matter which it has left on its subsidence after periodical or occasional floods. Upon the whole, we venture to be of opinion, that neither pure water, nor living vegetation, nor even vegetation decaying under a considerable depth of water, will give rise to malaria; but that the great cause of it is the decay of vegetable and animal matter under the action of moisture, the atmosphere, and the sunshine.

There is nothing that brings out more distinctly the character of the book before us, and confirms more fully the statement which we have ventured to hazard, as to the purpose which books of its class are mainly designed to serve—that, namely, of keeping their readers awake till the conventional hour of retirement—than the prominence that is given to the author's pony. Of all the readers into whose hands this volume may fall, how can there, by possibility, be one to whom it can be of the smallest moment to know the doings of this vixenish brute? Mr. Sullivan knew perfectly well that there was not one of his expected readers who had any good reason to take the smallest interest in the matter; but he knew, at the same time, that his pony might be made a telling character in the drama which he was concocting, and therefore he scrupled not to introduce him again and again, to keep him constantly on the boards. In good sooth, however—for we may as well go into the spirit of the thing while we are about it—"Punchy" was no ordinary pony. He seems to have had a forty horse-power of mischief in him, day and night he was at his pranks; and the ingenuity which he displayed seems to have been beyond the ordinary standard of brute intelligence.

Certainly, the goddess Até must have presided in person over the birth of Mr. Punchy, and endued him, *quintâ parte*, with the quintessence of her disposition, for it is impossible to conceive any animal, biped or quadruped, in whom the love of mischief was more irresistible: he was always at it, and could not be quiet for a single instant. If not engaged in biting some other horse, or chasing some unfortunate cooly to make him drop his load, he would amuse himself by trying to bite my foot and leg when I was not looking out. The only person he would do any thing for *con amore*

was his horse-keeper, the most patient and long-suffering of pariahs; and the incessant means of annoyance he practiced on him, nipping his back, pulling his turban off his head, (a grievous insult to a Hindu), treading on his heels, or dragging him at full speed across any open ground that presented itself, was enough to have enraged any other mortal. The man used occasionally to look at me with a piteous imploring air, as if enquiring "what *am* I to do?" but I never once saw him strike or revenge himself on the pony in any way; and I feel convinced a considerable amount of affection existed between the two.

According to the Cingalese doctrine of Metempsychosis, the spirits that have behaved badly in the human shape, are shifted into the form of some domestic animal, and those that have done well, into that of a wild animal; the most dreaded of all changes being that into a woman! If ever, in the course of these transmigrations, the spirit of *Punchy* animates the bulk and might of an elephant, he will be a "rogue" of the worst description, and I can only pity those sportsmen or villagers that chance to fall in his way.

To this we demur. According to the representation given throughout of the character of *Punchy*, the worst he was chargeable with, was an uncontrollable love of fun and mischief; but in so far as we understand the matter, the spirit of a "rogue" elephant is as different as possible from this. With the one it is merely the desire to be employed, the mere love of exertion; with the other it is a deep-rooted, sullen hatred and animosity against all persons and things. Both may be destructive enough, but the one destroys through an exuberance of animal spirits, and a desire for active employment; the other destroys from deep-rooted malignity. The two are as different as the fox-hunter is different from the Guy Fawkes incendiary. We confess, however, that our author contrives to enlist a certain degree of sympathy with and interest in *Punchy*, and his adventures are frequently amusing enough. For one reader who "skips" the various narratives of *Punchy's* proceedings, we may safely predict that half a dozen will turn over without reading the leaves that relate to Lord Torrington's Administration. Our author manfully stands up in vindication of that nobleman, regarding him as having been the victim of mock-philanthropy. Without entering upon the discussion of the question with reference to Lord Torrington, we must admit that there is a good deal of truth in our author's description of the conduct of a too influential party in England.

The fact is, there exists in England a party, strong in talents and weighty in counsel, Pecksniffian in their professions, *dénigreurs* in their actions, who, like the Athenian of old, who ostracised Aristides, merely because he was tired of hearing him always called the "Just," attack and condemn all those who in distant lands, and in perilous seasons, exercise to the best of their powers that independence of judgment, without the

free use of which, responsibility can only be a farce. What purpose does it serve to appoint a man to a situation of trust and importance, if, the moment he exercises the energy and decision for which he has been selected, his conduct is to be animadverted upon, and blackened, by a number of carping, envious demagogues?

There is something so very un-English in the conduct of these men, and their philosophy is so palpably meretricious, that it is almost incredible, that amongst a straight-forward people, as we are supposed to be, and in a land where fair-play is accounted a national jewel, such conduct should be tolerated for one second. However, the British public, endued, doubtless, with a more than average amount of national stability and common sense, as regards ordinary topics—are, in the case of personal accusations, too much inclined to drop that golden maxim of our judicial code, viz., that every man is innocent till he is proved guilty; and resigning their own right of private judgment, to follow pell-mell some immaculate bell-wether, who thinks himself called upon to accuse.

We decline taking up the application of these principles to the case of Lord Torrington, because we frankly confess that we have not sufficient data to enable us to form a satisfactory conclusion respecting it. Ceylon is such a little place, that personal matters are sure to get themselves mixed up with public questions. Men of equal character and credit contradict each other directly on matters of fact; and those who have not the means of testing the comparative accuracy of conflicting statements, are reduced to the necessity of reserving judgment, or coming to the conclusion, which is generally a pretty safe one, that there are faults on both sides.

Since we have been thus led to allude to one controverted subject, we may as well advert to another, on which we are better able to give a decided opinion. Our author gives a very disparaging view of Missionary operations and success. We let him speak for himself.

My experience, gathered from visits amongst the Indians of North and South America, the Arabs of Asia, and the Natives of Ceylon and India, and supported by the opinion of unprejudiced persons, whose long residence amongst them had made them acquainted with all their habits, leads me to believe, that scarcely one real convert, whose belief is sincere and lasting, annually rewards the labours of the hundreds who are engaged in the spiritual warfare. This opinion may appear incredible, and too frightful to be believed, and Exeter Hall would decidedly crush any one who ventured to assert such a fact; but two instances will prove that it is not entirely without foundation. The Abbé Dubois, who was for upwards of fifteen years the most energetic and enlightened of Roman Catholic Missionaries in India, declared, when leaving that country, that during the whole period of his labours, he had not made one sincere Christian. A Baptist Missionary I visited in the Sioux country, told me that during thirteen years of uninterrupted residence and labour among the Indians, in which time he had educated scores of children, and translated two or three of the gospels, he could not say that he had made one single convert whose profession was sincere. If the humane and Christian population of England would only

enquire into these things, and instead of wasting their energies and their means in useless attempts to convert the heathen, whose time is not yet come, would unite to convert the heathen at home, they would find their labour crowned with certain success instead of as certain disappointment. Should we consider that man wise, who, deserting a fruitful soil at his own door, where every instant of labour would be repaid a hundred-fold, should expend his energies and his life in vain attempts to cultivate the sands of the Desert, or the icebergs of the Pole? Should we not rather look upon him as foolishly wasting those talents which were intended to be turned to better account? Yet such is the actual case of most of our Missionary establishments. I know this assertion will be denied and scouted at by many interested persons, and by hundreds and thousands whom benevolence, and a too confiding Christianity, will not suffer to be convinced; but travellers will not deny it, and be only too ready to affirm its truth.

This statement is made with that air of confidence, not to say dogmatism, which may generally be taken as an indication of sincerity; and we have no doubt whatever that in point of fact Mr. Sullivan is sincere in his belief of what he states. But sincerity of belief is one thing, and the truth of the thing believed is another. Let us then examine our author's statement in detail.

First of all as to the authority on which the statement rests, —the author's experience, gathered from visits amongst the Indians of North and South America, the Arabs, the Cingalese and the Hindus. As to the extent of his experience elsewhere we have no means of judging. But it appears, so far as we can make out by a careful process of comparison and investigation, that his sojourn in Ceylon extended over about four months, three of which were spent in the jungles and forests, as far away as possible from the scene of Missionary labors. Of the remaining month, we may very safely conclude that an infinitesimally small portion was devoted to investigations into the results of Missionary labor; and therefore we do our author no injustice in declaring that what he calls his "experience," in so far as Ceylon is concerned, is utterly and absolutely valueless.

But his experience is supported by the testimony and opinion of unprejudiced persons, who have long resided in the midst of the Missionary field. How does our author know that these witnesses were unprejudiced? Did he reside long enough among them to form any idea of the various ways in which their interests came into collision with the success of the Missionaries? We venture to say that he did not. He did not even suspect that the planters, and others with whom he associated in Ceylon, had formed an idea of the normal state of the relations that ought to subsist between the natives and them, as that of entire subjection and dependence on the one side,

and protection, or oppression as the case might be, on the other, and that every instance of a man presuming to think for himself, or to stand up for his rights, was a violent jar upon their prejudices. How it may be among the planters of Ceylon we do not know but from analogy. But we do know that amongst the Indigo-planters of Bengal, whose position with respect to the natives is precisely similar, while there are many who are anxious to treat the natives with justice and kindness, there are very few indeed who would not regard the elevation of the natives to a condition of independence in thought and action (which must be more or less the effect of their Christianization) as a virtual invasion of their own vested rights. We speak of natural feeling—in other words, of prejudice—and by no means intend to deny that there are individuals whose convictions of duty and truth are sufficient to overbear these feelings—but these are the exceptions.

But Mr. Sullivan's assertion is proved to be not entirely without foundation, by the experience of two Missionaries. Let us see how the logic hangs together. The Abbé Dubois declared that during fifteen years in India he had not made one sincere Christian, and a Baptist Missionary in America could not say that in thirteen years he had made one single convert whose profession was sincere :—THEREFORE scarcely one real convert, whose belief is sincere and lasting, annually rewards the labours of the hundreds who are engaged in the spiritual warfare. We venture to say that Mr. Sullivan would not be satisfied with reasoning like this on any other subject whatever. As thus ;—I have the testimony of two men—good shots too—that they had pursued the sport of elephant-shooting for twenty years in the forests of Ceylon, and had never secured a single "tail," *therefore* I am led to believe that scarcely an elephant a year is shot really dead by the hundreds of sportsmen who are employed in the pursuit of them. As to the positive value of the experience of the Missionary among the Sioux, we have of course no means of judging ; but it is otherwise with that of the Abbé Dubois. This has been well examined by Mr. Hough in his letters, which are well worth the perusal of Mr. Sullivan. But we shall refer to a testimony as to the value of that experience, which Mr. Sullivan will probably deem more unexceptionable. It is that of Mr. Sullivan himself, who,—within two pages of the place whence we have taken our extract, writes thus—"The Roman Church recognises the doctrine of allowing the end to justify the means, and does not hesitate to tolerate and even patronise a certain admixture of idolatry in her worship—by that means inducing a belief among her

‘ converts, that the dissimilarity is not so great after all, and that
 ‘ by transferring their faith from Buddha to some other saint,
 ‘ whose image is offered to their worship, they are merely wor-
 ‘ shipping him in another form.” If this be the way in which
 the Romish converts are “made,” is it to be expected that
 their belief should be either sincere or lasting? We trow not.
 But it does not seem to us to follow that that of those who are
 “made” on other principles should not be both.

But after all, how stands the fact? Thus: The Protestant Native Christian community in India consists of about 100,000 souls. Of these a few are good, up to the full height of Christian attainment and character in any part of the world. A few are bad, down to the lowest level of hypocrisy and falsehood; but the great majority are probably very much on a level with Christian communities elsewhere. Probably many would expect that the native Christians, who have by a positive act of their own embraced Christianity, should be greatly superior to the members of Christian Churches elsewhere, many of whom have never been called upon to avouch their Christianity by any decided step. But this expectation will scarcely be entertained by those who consider what heathenism is, and how enfeebling it is to the mind, and how destructive of the best feelings and affections of the heart. Taking this into consideration, we think that every reasonable expectation is fulfilled, if the first generation of Christians in a heathen land can stand comparison, in respect of mind and character, with those who have breathed from their childhood an atmosphere impregnated with Christian ideas and practices. And from this comparison we firmly believe that the Native Christians of India will come out, man for man, with credit.

The numbers indeed are small. Our author more than once insinuates that the Missionaries are accustomed, from interested motives, to give too glowing an account of their success. To us, on the contrary, (and we are probably as much conversant, or nearly so, with Missionary literature, as is Mr. Sullivan himself,) they seem too apt to take a desponding view of the matter, and to complain of want of success commensurate with their desires, when they ought rather to rejoice over any measure of success at all.

As to our author’s opinion that the labour and money that are expended on foreign missions would be more profitably spent at home,—it is a mere opinion, unsupported by facts. Is it true that amongst the heathenism of our great cities and our manufacturing towns, and our railway and agricultural labourers, “labour is crowned with certain success,” and “every

instant of labour is repaid a hundred-fold?" Would to God that it were so! But the simple fact is that it is not. Lord Shaftesbury could tell a different tale. Mr. Vander Kiste has told one diametrically opposite, and we take leave to say that they know quite as much of the matter as does Mr. Sullivan.

Perhaps our readers may think that we have spent more time upon this matter than it is worth. We do not think so. We know not how a Reviewer can better fulfil the duties of his vocation than by vindicating the cause of those who are gratuitously attacked, and exposing the impertinence of those who presume to write a subject respecting which they know, and can know, nothing. But upon the whole, fault-finding is not pleasant to us, and we gladly turn over the leaves of the volume before us, in search of matter, in respect of which we can be on better terms with our author. Nor have we far to seek. The chapter which we have already extracted contains an account of the Kandian ladies, whom our author does not greatly admire. On the "from grave to gay" principle, we may as well extract a paragraph:—

I congratulated myself on having been present at this grand Buddhist feast, as it afforded me a very fair opportunity of judging of the beauty of the Kandian ladies, of whose personal attractions I had heard rather fascinating relations. I must confess, the reality woefully disappointed me, neither features nor figures are pleasing, the former being coarse and vulgar, the latter very plump and inelegant. Their conceit is most amusing; and the wriggling gait they assume, is made doubly ridiculous by the excessive tightness of their comboys or petticoats, which confine the free movements of their hips almost as completely as tight straps do, or did, (for perhaps the fashion has changed) the shoulders of our fashionable ladies in England. Although this description of plainness is very general in its application, there were some few young ladies who really were not hideous, and who, but for their beastly and universal habit of chewing betel, would have been quite tolerable. The women appear to be even more inveterate chewers than the men; they literally pass their time "twixt betel and chunam," and carry their roll of betel leaves and their little silver or bronze box of chunam or prepared lime, much as a lady does her handkerchief or reticule in England. Their method of forming a quid is to place a small piece of lime and Areca nut in a leaf of betel, and roll them up into the shape and size of a large walnut. This is inserted in the cheek, and an active masticatory process commenced, which never ceases, but for the act of expectoration, till all the flavor of the mixture is consumed. The lime acting upon the Areca nut stains the saliva a deep red color, almost like blood, and imparts to the lips, teeth and gums, a most filthy and disgusting aspect. The repulsive appearance of the mouth, both in man and woman, may account for the fact of their never kissing. This innocent diversion is unknown in Ceylon, to the natives at least. A lover meeting his mistress applies his nose to her cheek, and gives a snuff or a rub, much in the Laputan style of salutation. So utterly disgusting do I hold this betel-chewing propensity, that if *Venus philomaidys*, the laughter-loving goddess herself, decked with the most bewitching of her wreathed smiles,

were to appear with betel-stained lips, I really doubt whether the most impassioned of her admirers would not experience some slight disgust.

Our last transition was "from grave to gay;" be our next, at least in respect of subject, "from lively to severe." Our author represents Polyandry, or the marriage of a woman to a man and all his brothers, as being much more prevalent in Ceylon than we had any idea of its being there or any where else. According to his account, it is "almost universal in the Kandian provinces." We suspect that this is an exaggeration, but undoubtedly it prevails extensively, and one of its natural effects is described in the following extract:—

There is another custom, which the lessened demand for women has introduced, viz., the destruction of female children, which till within a very short period, was a maternal right, fully recognised and very generally practised. There is no doubt that the practise prevails at present, though it is now considered advisable to conceal it. It is a well-known fact in human statistics, that the male births exceed the female; but that, in consequence of the loss of life attendant on exposure, excess of food or other dangers, the number of adult females in all countries exceeds that of men, by, I think, 3 or 4 per cent. In Ceylon, however, in a population of some 8 or 900,000, the males exceed the females by some thousands; and so lately as 1821, the population of one district was as fifty-five women to 100 men. This fact at once proves that female infanticide still exists.

Not quite. We at first thought that the date was a misprint for 1851, but having occasion to refer to Mrs. Heber's Journal, we found that the statement is extracted from it. The most that it proves, therefore is, not that infanticide still exists, but that it *did* exist within a generation before that date. Moreover, we can never place full confidence in any census of an oriental country, and least of all in respect of this very matter, the number of females in a community; for this is one of the points on which, above all others, an oriental is most likely to falsify. That infanticide still prevails in Ceylon, we do not mean to deny; we are only pointing out that our author's conclusion is scarcely warranted by his premises. One thing seems to us as certain, as it is satisfactory; that if polyandry exist as extensively as our author represents, and if infanticide be at all as prevalent as he supposes, the customs must soon die a natural death, through the extirpation of the race who practise them. Supposing the average number of living children that a married woman any where produces to be three, and suppose that in the Kandian provinces the average number of husbands of a woman is three, then it is evident that four parents have only three children. Such would be the effect, undoubtedly, of a system of polyandry so general as our author represents it as being in those provinces. But again; there ought to be 103 women alive for 100 men,

and there are only fifty-five. The conclusion of our author therefore, is, that forty-eight out of 103, or more than forty-six and a half per cent. of the female population, that is, more than 23 per cent. of the whole population, are killed in their infancy. It thus appears that each generation ought to be three-fourths or 75 per cent. of the preceding one, and that of each generation 23 per cent. are killed in infancy, and only 77 per cent. left alive. Hence it would follow, that each generation would be only 77 per cent. or 75 per cent. of its predecessor, that is $57\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. exactly. If then Mr. Sullivan's representation of the state of matters were correct, the race must have been extinct long ago; but it is not, therefore, &c., Q. E. D.

Our author's chapter on *snakes* is a very readable one, and contains some reflexions that strike us as original, as for example, that snakes may probably encrease rather than diminish in number from the proximity of human habitations, as there may be more of their natural enemies killed than of themselves. Man, indeed, kills snakes, but then he kills also "hawks, pigs, peacocks, mangeese, &c.," which if unkilld, would kill more snakes than man kills. Thus it may be that man, the natural enemy of the serpent race, is, by a compensatory process, the best friend of that race. A less original, but not less assent-compelling reflexion is the following:—"A snake in the grass is bad enough, but a snake in bed would be doubly disagreeable." The following extract is startling:—

I took a good deal of trouble to enquire the size of the boa-python, as found in Ceylon, but though I heard of several, that within the memory or tradition of men had been killed, measuring 30 feet, I never heard that size exceeded; but this by no means proves that their growth is limited to that length, or that they may not exist in large numbers. Game of all kinds is so plentiful in Ceylon, that they need never be forced into the neighbourhood of man to procure their food. In India, I know from eye-witnesses, of their being killed 45 feet long and 6 feet in circumference; and the one killed in the Sunderbunds some years ago was credibly reported at 60 feet. Moreover, in proof, that this need not be an exaggeration, we may remember that the snake that stopped the army of Attilius Regulus, in the river Bagrada, was 120 feet, and that its skeleton was preserved in Rome till within some three or four centuries.

The usual rule for judging of tradition is to believe one-half of what we hear; but Mr. Sullivan reverses the process, and believes a great deal more than he hears. Of course, it is impossible to refute this. Unless we had traversed every place where snakes can possibly subsist, we cannot prove that there nowhere exist snakes 60, or 120, or 600, or 1,200 feet long. But we do not know that it is quite Baconian to presume their existence, merely because we cannot prove that they do not exist. For the rest we may state that there is no such serpent

as boa-python, the boas and the pythons being different genera, and we have the authority of Mr. Blyth, whom, without offence to any, we may safely call the first zoologist in India, for stating that there is no authentic account of any snake longer than 30 feet. As to the mythical python in the Bagrada, it is of some importance to observe that it was not the skeleton, but the skin that is said to have been sent to Rome. Now so elastic is a snake's skin, that we do not think there would be any difficulty in stretching one of very moderate length to 120 feet.

As a matter of æsthetics, we cannot quite agree with our author, when he says, that "of all snakes the cobra is the most beautiful." But this is the less wonderful, as he agrees a little with himself, inasmuch as he had said just before, that "the eye-snake, so called from a supposed habit it has of striking cattle in the eye when grazing, is, without exception, the most beautiful and least repulsive of all snakes." Such contradictions as this can scarcely be avoided, if men will write in superlatives, which is a characteristic of that school of authorship of which Mr. Sullivan is a representative. We have just seen that our author is somewhat easy of belief in regard to the size of boas, but we were not quite prepared for his taking in the following fact, [?] "It is said, *and I believe with truth*, that it [the cobra] loses a joint of its tail every time it expends its poison." It would require one of Mr. Sullivan's own boas to "swallow" this.

The following description of Ceylon hospitality is pleasing:—

Hospitality is genuine and unrestricted among the planters in Ceylon. You ride up to a bungalow, put your horse into the stable, enter the house, and if the owner be at home, introduce yourself, or if you have a companion introduce him, and he performs the same kind office for you. If the owner is not in, you nevertheless introduce yourself to his butler, as the house-keepers are called, light a cheroot, call for beer, &c., and make yourself at home till his return. The conversation on entering a planter's bungalow, whether friend or not, is usually on this wise: "Master at home?" "No, Sar." "Beer got?" "Yes, Sar." "Beer bring, — Cheroot got?" "Yes, Sar." "Now then, you nigger, bring a light, and get something to eat." "Yes, Sar." This free and easy way of proceeding is expected, and universally practised. It is a sort of communism of the pleasantest description, and is necessitated by the state and extent of the population; for where bungalows are twelve and twenty miles apart, roads barely passable, and weather, during six months of the year, inclement, the wonted ceremonies and formal introductions of more civilized society would be out of place, and highly disagreeable to the hungry moistened voyager.

We presume that it is only in bachelors' houses that such

a style of things prevails. In India now it is only in remote districts that miscellaneous hospitality of this kind is necessary, and like many other things, good and evil, it will retreat further and further into the jungle before the rush of Railway cars. Reading our author's description of the monotony of a coffee-planter's life, we can easily imagine that hospitality is its own reward, and that the host is as much pleased to receive a guest, as the way-worn hungry traveller is pleased to partake of rest, food and refreshment.

Such being life in the *bungalow* in Ceylon, we can fancy that few things are more agreeable than an exchange of it now and then for the *tent*; and hence, more than from all other causes put together, is the origin of elephant-hunting parties—just as a similar cause gives rise to tiger-shooting excursions in India. Our author's sporting reminiscences are not to us particularly attractive. Mr. Sullivan, we would say, is no sportsman; although he is continually insinuating that he is, only that his tastes incline toward fox and partridge, in preference to elephant and peacock. But we suspect that his ideas of sport are defective and erroneous. He is willing enough to chase foxes or shoot elephants, in order to be able to *say* that he has got so many brushes or so many tails: but with the genuine sportsman this is a very small consideration. With him the main thing is the direct and immediate interest in the sport itself, which he would enjoy equally if no one were ever to know of the result. There is much truth, however, in the following reflexions:—

Maréchal Saxe said no man ever snuffed a candle with his fingers without experiencing the sensation of fear; and I don't think many get over their first interview with an enraged elephant, without realizing the same sensation in a greater or less degree. "Fear," with whatever amount of ludicrous pertinacity men are wont to repudiate its existence, is quite a natural feeling, and has existed and will exist, in all ages of the world. The Athenians and others deified it, as they did all the passions that were implanted by Nature, and I think that the propinquity of an awkward customer, like the one I have mentioned, might well give a green hand a sufficient excuse for sacrificing to that deity. In nine cases out of ten, fear arises from the want of habit and confidence; and with the frequent recurrence of the original cause of alarm, the sense of danger diminishes, till it almost becomes one of indifference. The sailor, for instance, will go aloft with perfect composure in a gale of wind, while the soldier, who is bent upon seeking the "bubble reputation" at any hazard, on shore, would most decidedly decline making the experiment. It is the same with the delicate business of "popping the question." A man's first proposals are made with excessive timidity; he is bolder the second time, and having escaped so far, and convinced himself how little danger attends the experiment,

he will afterwards, with perfect non-chalance, go through a scene that brings a much braver man's heart into his mouth merely to think of. It is the same with elephant-shooting; the first time it is certainly nervous work, the second less so, till with a little practise a man with ordinary nerves approaches an elephant with very little more dread or excitement than he does a doe or a pig.

Rather philosophical reflexions these, and more truthful than some others of our author's cogitations. We have said that we cannot discover in our author any large amount of the genuine enthusiasm of the sportsman; but he has a fair share of the John Bull courage of the Englishman, and it is the consciousness of this that makes him not afraid to plead guilty to the soft impeachment of fear, in circumstances in which it is no discredit to any man to be afraid. The following long extract will shew our readers a good deal of the nature of sport in Ceylon, and "how *tails* are won."

After we had tracked about ten minutes longer, the Moorman suddenly stopped, as if shot, and pointed out a huge mass, at a distance of about sixty yards, which I could not at first quite discover to be an elephant; however, on creeping nearer, I made out my friend. He was standing with his back towards me, fanning himself with his long ears. It is not always wise to attack an elephant quite alone, especially when you cannot depend upon your gun-carrier remaining by you in extremity. From this man's bumptious and swaggering manner when in camp, and from his having displayed unmistakable symptoms of alarm when engaged with the "rogue" some days before, I felt convinced that "my pretty gentleman," as the gypsies say, would run at the slightest appearance of danger. However, I had not much time to consider; for the elephant turned lazily round, and commenced moving in my direction. This was a great deal too tempting to be resisted, so, following the bent of my inclination, I advanced to meet him. He did not see me, I think, till I was about six yards from him, when he stopped and prepared to turn—rather a long business sometimes with individuals of his species. I immediately gave him a shot in the centre of the forehead, about three inches above the root of the trunk. The effect was instantaneous. He subsided like a great hayrick, without a groan or a struggle of any kind, falling exactly in the position he was standing, with one leg advanced, in the act of turning. I had never seen an animal die so immediately, and I felt almost startled at witnessing the power of one small ounce of lead in destroying so effectually the vitality of such a huge mass.

My tracker, who had retreated as I advanced, now came up, and while he was engaged in securing the tail—the only thing a sportsman has to shew for his danger and trouble—I was contemplating my handiwork, really more than half sorry for what I had done, and more than half ashamed of having destroyed one of the most sagacious of God's creatures without any object whatever, but that of saying I had done so. I had, indeed, half resolved to return to camp, and not wantonly commit any more murder, when suddenly I heard the jungle crashing quite close at hand, and had just time to turn, when I met another elephant "mooning" right,

up to where his deceased friend was being deprived of his caudal honors: he had evidently heard the shot, and was now about to fall a victim to his curiosity. All my humane regrets, phil-elephantine sentiments, I am ashamed to say, vanished in a second, and I advanced to meet him with much more excitement than I did the first. He did not see me till I was quite close, when he stopped short, and without shewing any desire to retire, eyed me in rather a fierce manner, at the same time lifting his trunk, as if implying that he *could*, if he *chose*, "chew me up in considerable less than no time." Expecting a charge, I glanced round to look for my second gun, but my friend the tracker had disappeared. He seemed to regard elephants much in the same style as Ulysses was advised to regard Circe—

"Oh! fly her rage, thy conquest is thy flight."

And he certainly acted on that advice, for he vanished whenever an elephant shewed any pugnacious symptoms, and always returned sprightly and elated when the danger was passed, as if he were himself a victor.

My gun-carrier having disappeared, I was left in the agreeable position of standing face to face with an elephant in anything but an amiable mood, with only one shot to rely upon. I ought properly to have retired, as attacking an elephant single-handed with only one barrel is too dangerous an amusement to be often attempted with success. My first impulse on perceiving the failure of my second gun, was to retire from the scene of action; but then I thought of the tail, and determined to fire first, and trust to being able to accomplish a retreat afterwards, if necessary. All this passed in one second, and as the elephant at that moment gave a shrill trumpet, a sign either of rage or fear, (in this instance I think it was the latter), I found there was no time to lose; so I hurried up to within ten yards of his head, when, just as he was going to charge or retire, I cannot say which, I shot him in the forehead, in the identical spot I had struck the other. His death was quite as instantaneous as that of his lady companion—[whom in previous paragraphs our author described as being of what the Latin Grammars tell us is the more worthy gender]—and, poor brute, whether his intention had been friendly or hostile, did not much signify, for he was cut off in the flower of his youth, and pride of his strength, by a comparative pigmy, whom, had he been conscious of his power, he might have destroyed and crumpled up with far greater ease even than Mr. Cobden could the Empire of Russia.

This conclusion is a rhetorical flourish, which, like some of Mr. Cobden's own, has more eloquence than truth in it. There is no evidence to show that "the poor brute" was deficient in consciousness of the power that he possessed; but that he actually lacked the power itself. However he might have been an over-match for the pigmy alone, he had no chance with the pigmy and ounce of lead in alliance; and when that lead had effected a lodgment in his brain-citadel, he had clearly no resource but to die. Moreover, we must confess, that the *hit* at Mr. Cobden does not seem to us so well aimed as was the lead in question; for we are not aware that he has ever been particularly boastful of our prowess. We had thought

that his error was rather in teaching that 'Russia' does not require to be crumpled up, than in over-estimating the facility of accomplishing that achievement.

Had this extract not been so long, we should have gone on extracting in continuation, and shown how the attacker was forthwith in his turn attacked—the hunter was hunted, and was "fain to get him up into a tree." But we forbear, and content ourselves with quoting the philosophical reflexion with which he winds up the recital of a hair-breadth 'scape. "However, ' she was perfectly right to pursue and kill, if possible, those ' who hunt, torture, and destroy her race, merely for the sake ' of sport. If I was an elephant, I should have very little ' compunction in flattening any European sportsman I could ' meet with."

And now we think it is full time to conclude our notice of the *Bungalow and the Tent*. Our last extract shall be our author's advice to those who are meditating a sporting trip to Ceylon. This advice may be summed up in the emphatic sentence—"Don't."

What picture can be more delicious and enticing, and who would not give up the stale enjoyments of a smoky city for an hour of such an existence? But before the enterprising and enraptured cockney *does* give up the comforts and sports of his native land, let him first consider the reverse of the picture, and then decide. In the first place, three, probably, out of the four individuals thus reclining, are suffering from fevers, dysenteries, agues, leeches, or land-lice! The refreshing tea is probably sucked from a beery bottle; the chicken, from too close contact with the heated body of some nigger, has become disagreeably lukewarm; the cheroot, having been sat upon several times during the ride, can be made to answer no other purpose than that of exhausting the temper and lights of the smoker; the tree is still umbrageous, but every shaking twig or leaf causes one to glance furtively upwards, to see that no snake or scorpion is crawling above you, ready to plump on your nose at any moment. You may, indeed, close your eyes—in fact, that you probably would do—to keep out the eye-flies that swarm around you, but as for sleeping, or ruminating on any thing peaceful or agreeable, the red-ants, almost as large as wasps, or the soothing hum of Brobdignagian hornets, of bat-like dimensions, entirely put that out of the question. It is my humble opinion that the annoyances, and heat, and dirt of an outdoor existence in a tropical country far exceed any pleasure or benefit to be derived from it. I would rather shoot a grouse on a hill-side in Scotland, or follow the fox across any *tolerable* country in England, than return a second Gordon Cumming, in the matter of wild sports. Then Oh! ambitious Briton; "crede experto," trust one who has tried, and stay at home.

Now we think that there are higher avocations than field-sports in their best estate, and we regard as worthy of incig-

nant reprobation those who pass over—as we think Mr. Gordon Cumming has done—the line of demarcation between sport and butchery, but we confess that we have little or no sympathy with the reasons that Mr. Sullivan employs to dissuade his countrymen from forming acquaintance with the Fauna of Taprobane. What are field-sports good for, but to train men to the endurance of labour and discomfort, to energy, decision and perseverance? And will not these qualities be more surely evoked in the jungles of Ceylon than on the moors of Inverness-shire, or even the downs of Leicestershire? We suspect so.

Mr. Sullivan's last sentence is ;—"My companion proceeded; via Singapore, to the scene of present wealth in the Gold Regions of Australia, whilst I took ship for the land of past luxury and present lethargy, H. E. I. C. dominions." So we shall probably meet with our author again.

ART. VIII.—*Report on the Administration of the Salt Department of the Revenue of Bengal, for the year 1853-54. Calcutta, 1855.*

How much invective and abuse, how much of bitter and angry feelings, have been occasioned by THE SALT MONOPOLY. The foreign and the Indian merchant, the retailer and consumer, one and all, cry out against it. The merchant says, "let me import it. I can sell better salt and cheaper than you." "Your supplies are uncertain," say Government. "Yes, because to sustain your unjust monopoly of the manufacture in this country, you fix such a high duty on it"—and "down with the monopoly," resounds through mercantile England. The Indian merchant says not that the monopoly is in itself so bad, but the lower authorities connected with the details of its management are unbearable, so the native merchant joins in the cry of "down with the monopoly." The retailer again says, What are your complaints compared to mine? You have only the higher agents to deal with, and once having passed them, you are safe. We have patrol darogahs, division mohurirs and chappassis innumerable to propitiate, and which we must do or give up our trade—if you had these to deal with, you might with more propriety echo the cry of "down with the monopoly." In the mean time the poor consumer cries out, What are your losses to mine? We are the real sufferers; it is we who repay you all you give to the authorities, and the salt which we find absolutely necessary to our existence, reaches us at the enhanced rate of three or four times the price of its manufacturing cost.

Thus we see that the ruling cry of all is, that the monopoly is unjust or injurious, and ought to be done away with. Radical reformers go further and say, *must be done away with*. Yet few of these have more than a superficial knowledge of the subject, gained from general information, or perhaps some one or two particular complaints. They do not really know where the saddle galls, or how. Their argument is, the Indian Government have the monopoly of the sale and manufacture of Salt. It can be sold cheaper, *therefore* the monopoly must be done away with. We agree with them in part, and say that the monopoly, *on its present basis*, must be done away with, the system and details, as existing in this country, must be remodelled and improved, and many of the evils pressing on the retailers, both *ferriers* and actual *dokundars*, must be

done away with as far as possible, or the cry against the monopoly will never cease.

What is a monopoly and what its evils? It means in reality, if not lexicographically, a *heavier* tax for an article of common use, than could or should be imposed, if the sale of that article were open to fair competition. Now no country exists without taxes, and it is the local pressure of them, which renders them fair or unfair, heavy or light in the estimation of the people. It has generally been found, too, that those taxes which stand the test of time and experience, are the best and fittest that could be imposed, public reason and public opinion *allowing* them to exist unreformed. It must not be admitted, that because a body of men, however influential and enlightened, raise their voices against such taxes, that therefore they are unjust and oppressive: still less must the admission be allowed, when that body consists principally, not of the native residents of a soil, but of foreigners, who argue on the ground and principles of "*Free trade*," and say, that as they can sell or supply a certain article of use cheaper than existing causes allow of its being sold, that therefore the natives are injured and Government despotic. So far good; but here they stop short just where the arguments on the other side begin to tell: they should continue the question and say, "we admit, however, that certain funds for the proper management of the Government are necessary"—and then let them go on to say what tax or equivalent they are ready to give, that would be received by the people with as little complaint *or less*, than the objectionable tax, or which from reasonable deductions they think would stand the test of time and experience equally well. Government may say, and fairly, "we require so much money; we pay our servants handsomely, that they may devote their whole time and energies to the care and welfare of our subjects; the salt monopoly has been an existence ever since we have had the country; we do not continue it for the fun of the thing, but from absolute necessity: If you, the champions of the people, or the people themselves, will give us a fair and certain equivalent for this monopoly, we consent to its abolition; if it has been oppressive, we shall be glad of its extinction, for it is our interest, as well as our wish, as all the records of our Government will show, to foster their comfort and happiness by all the means in our power." If afterwards it appear that though they can indemnify themselves, by less obnoxious means, they still continue this, then indeed not a section, but the whole people of Britain

and India may rise with some reason, and cry "down with the monopoly."

Government has done a great deal, by checks and penalties on bribery and corruption, to circumscribe the power and inclination of its subordinates to oppress the people. If it has failed, partially or entirely, it must be admitted that the task was one of vast difficulty. We need not assume that it is more greedy of gain than any other Government, and we suppose, that it wants no more, than sufficient to carry on the expenses of its duties, remembering like all enlightened rulers, *that the superfluous wealth of a nation, belongs to the nation*, not to it. If it gives up the salt tax, where can it turn to for the funds it will lose? It cannot increase the land tax; the guardians of the agricultural interest, with good reason, would appeal against this. It cannot force higher contributions from native protected powers, or curtail the pensions of those dependent on them. We should, in a very short time, have a wild cry of broken treaties and *Punica fides*, rolling not only over all England, but all civilized Europe. It cannot force more ships to come and go between India and foreign lands than Providence allows. There are some who say that it is time to tax the artizan and mechanic, tradesmen and bankers. Those who say so have paid little attention to the social constitution of the natives, or they have taken too easy and light a view of the difficulties of such a step, especially in the Mofussil. What! the carpenter would cry out—tax me for following the trade I was born to, and which has been handed down to me through my fore-fathers, from very distant times? Tax me! I won't work.—And then where shall we look for another carpenter? None but a bazar mistri, who takes up a tool from the time he can hold it, is capable of such work without danger to his fingers from the chisel, or to his toes from the adze. Besides, *caste* forbids them. People may question whether a native would strike work, considering him too timid: that's a mistake. We do not consider them capable of taking their hammers and axes in their hands and calling loudly for reform, or rather the abolition of any measure that they may think presses on them, but as far as that negative resistance goes, which is shown by patient endurance, or obstinacy, we will back them to out-brave their European confrères: it is the phase assumed by "*combativeness*" in Bengali phrenology. A *strike* then would be much more effectual and coherent here than in England; and we run the risk of that if we were to attempt to tax mechanics now. The time for that is not come; whether it ever will, is a question.

We see then that the salt tax or monopoly, is of necessity

one of the few sources of income that the Government has; it is not a singular one, for let us look back to the time, when man first began to emerge from the condition of a half-civilized slave, such as he was in Egypt and Assyria, into that of an independent and self-governing agent, as was the Roman, the maker of his own laws, and we shall find that even among them, the most enlightened and perfect in jurisprudence, a salt duty was in force; even now Austria works her mines, and maintains a most complete monopoly. Go to the heart of Africa, and you will find that salt is not only an article of mere consumption, but is, in many of its countries, the "*legal tender*" of commerce, and one gives a bar of it as the circulating medium in exchange for other household commodities. The monopoly, or, perhaps, we ought to say, the income derived from it, cannot be given up without some equivalent: such being the case, let us ask for something that can. We can ask for further modifications and improvements on the laws and rules that guide the monopoly; and, doubtless, if such improvements can be pointed out, and if they are feasible and consistent with Government interests, they will be granted; we will use the language of the anti-monopolists, and say, *must* be granted. When we say "consistent with Government interests," we mean such as will not infringe upon their income.

We will commence by allowing that a certain quantity of salt must be used annually throughout the country, or perhaps it would be more proper to say, that a certain amount of money must be raised each year as the share of the salt tax, towards defraying national expenses, and you may consume or dispose of as much salt as you like then, fairly.

Last year, for instance, there was so much Government salt sold and so much tax paid, why should not that quantity be sold annually in future, with of course slight variations for the seasons? The use of salt does not depend on fashion or fancy, it is a necessity; the quantity used this year must and will, in all probability, be used next, except we have decimation by pestilence or a ruined harvest. We see but two causes to prevent this consummation, and they are "smuggling" and "illicit manufacture;" to the prevention of these two opponent causes, to the free and untrammelled traffic and trade in Salt, the ends of all Government Regulations must tend; if any law or custom does not promote this view, it is superfluous, and from the venal inclinations of the lower authorities, becomes injurious.

Let us review the precautions considered necessary by Government, to keep up the sale of the proper quantity of salt annually. The salt arrives in a British vessel. The merchant goes to the Salt Department in the Revenue Board, and gets a

rowanah, that is, he states his intention of purchasing so much salt from such a vessel, to be sent into the interior for sale. He pays the duty at the rate of Co.'s Rs. 2-8 per 100 maunds. Here the complaints commence, we mean in getting the rowanah, but often most causelessly. A man cannot get his pass as quickly as he requires it (it is perhaps delayed by some cause or reason, good and beyond controul,) and straightway he comes out with "bribery and corruption." Not that all complaints are groundless; the fact is, the complaints and justifications on either side, are about fairly balanced. Having got the rowanah, he goes to the ship, and everything as to price, &c., having been previously arranged—shewing his rowanah, without a sight of which the skipper will not give out a spoonful of salt in the way of bargain, brings his boats alongside, loads them, and takes them to the Balleaghatta khal, where we will leave them, till the merchant gets his chullan of country-made salt from the golahs. The preliminaries are the same, he has to get his rowanah, with which he goes to the golah, and shewing it, the quantity of salt protected by it, is weighed out; he fills his boats and starts them to join those containing imported salt, waiting for him in the khal. This last operation is not nearly so speedy as the other. Having collected his argosies, the merchant makes a start for his destination. Reaching the Baguncee division, he must stop at the Khood Ghat to have his passes and boats inspected and tested by measurement; this costs time, and probably, money. He has to undergo this testing at the Koolneah and Backergunge division Khood Ghats also. At last he reaches his warehouses, and empties his boats into them. Before doing so, however, it is necessary to inform the chowkey mohurir, who deposes a chupprassi to see the salt weighed and stored. After storing, the salt is beaten into heaps, over which the "adul" or official seal is stamped. The whole of the merchant's troubles are now over or nearly so, and the ferrier or atraffee merchants now come in. The ferriers obtain from their respective chowkey mohurirs, atraffee rowanahs, with which they go to the merchant. These atraffees attest the quantity required, the place of vend or storeage, mode of conveyance, &c., and any deviation from these bonds, renders the atraffee merchant liable to penalties for breach of contract or of the regulations. On presenting this pass, the wholesale merchant informs the chowkey mohurir, who again deposes a chupprassi, to see the required quantity cut from the heap, after which the stamp is again put on. No atraffee merchant can take more than 100 maunds. After getting his salt, he starts for his golahs, where it is weighed, stored and stamped by a chupprassi; the ferrier has now played his part, nominally, that is, but not really, and the retailer now

comes on. This man is frequently the paid servant of the ferrier; he sells under the protection of what is called a "charchitty;" in this is stated the quantity of salt the retailer originally purchased, at what market place it is to be sold, in how many days: and how it is to be kept. Any breach of such stipulated condition renders the dokundar liable to punishment: a glance at them will show how entirely a dokundar is at the mercy of the salt officials, of whom there are a mohurir and four or five chupprassis at each chowkey. One of these latter has in charge to attend about eight or ten market places on each market day; he ought properly to be going about constantly, but he has his understanding with the salt-sellers. Now all this looking after is required to prevent the sale of illicit manufactures, and does not prevail in those districts where there are no chowkeys. What is the consequence? Salt is sold at eight pice the seer in chowkey districts, whereas in the neighbouring ones, Tipperah, Dacca and Furreedpore, for example, it sells for six pice: and the residents bless their stars, that it is supposed no salt can be manufactured in them. Of course we know that this enhanced price arises from the fees paid to the subordinate salt officers, and it is only necessary here to say, that there is an established scale of them. Now all this is imposed and endured to prevent smuggling and illicit manufacture, the two grand causes by which the legitimate sale of salt is affected. It remains then to be seen, if no measures can be adopted to do away with such strict terms, in the manufacturing districts, or better still, if means cannot be devised, through which a new source of trade will be opened out in them, by encouraging the lawful manufacture of it, by all inclined to enter it. This would doubtless lead to such sufficient competition, that the price of the article would be considerably reduced; the income of Government remain as good as it is, and in the end allow them to do away with the heavy expenses entailed by the agencies and golahs, save them very much trouble, not to say anything of the odium attending a very objectionable measure, however much it may have become a necessary one. Of course Government does not care about sales, wholesale or retail, if they are aware that the salt consumed has paid its proper customs or excise duties.

Smuggling is of two kinds, that by sea, and that by land across the frontiers. We fancy that any dread of smuggling in British vessels is out of the question, and perhaps the same may be said of vessels in the country trade that go direct to Calcutta. The only smuggling that takes place in Bengal is by means of Mygh boats going up the Megna to Naraingunge.

They are quick, active looking craft, and it is said, that for one caught, three or four escape. They discharge their smuggled cargoes into country boats about Hatteah, Sundeeep and those parts, or perhaps run the gauntlet of the whole range of chowkeys. We believe this system of illicit trade has greatly decreased of late years, and the reports of its continuance originate in the salt chowkey officers, darogahs, &c., who do not wish the search system to be entirely abolished. Search is now only made, if what may be considered accurate information is laid before them by goindas on oath, but we remember the time when all Mugh boats, we may say all boats passing to and from Calcutta, had to pay "toll," not only to salt darogahs, but often to the abkaree, and if police darogahs could get a finger in the pie, they did not stand aloof, be sure. We recollect some years ago, information was laid in the Abkaree and Salt Offices, the same day, to the effect that their respective darogahs had received intelligence, that both salt and opium were to be found on board a Mugh boat, returning home, and coming from Calcutta, that on their wishing to search the vessel, they had been forcibly resisted, so that they had been obliged to call in, to their aid, the police darogah. The abkaree assistant superintendent was sent out to make the seizure. He did it, and brought the boat in. The abkaree superintendent made a search early next morning, and of course found nothing, he was a sensible man, and knew at once the "*booniad*" of the whole affair, and let the Mughs go. They were handed over to the Salt Office, and between that and the police the unfortunate Mughs had to kick their heels about the station nearly two months. In the meantime it was perfectly well known, that they had fallen into this trouble merely because they had refused a toll of 200 Rupees to be divided between the Mofussil authorities. They had never forbidden a search, till the darogahs wished them to anchor their boat for an indefinite time, and turn every thing in it topsy-turvy, which they would not stand. The improbabilities of the whole affair are plainly to be seen on the face of it. Is it likely that those Mughs could have brought opium to sell in the Company's territories, (and from Calcutta) when they could get better prices for it at home; or that they would take salt there, when it could be had for nothing? It would be taking coals to Newcastle with a vengeance. Such a thing, happily, cannot occur now, and all such abuses, when brought to the notice of Government, are instantly and strictly put down.

To guard effectually against smuggling in the rivers of the Soonderbuns, and also up the Megna, there should be placed a station and look-out in the south of Hatteah,

Dukkur, Shabagpore or Bansdeah. This should be in charge of a European officer, who should reside at one or other of the stations. At one or each there should be a fast pulling and sailing English lugger, with a strong crew. The lugger should not have standing mast and rigging, but such as could be up or down in five minutes, and a small cabin aft for shelter. From the look-out, all sloops and Mugh boats could be descried, and the moment they were, the officer should run out, and see if all was correct, and if so, he would give them a certificate, which should exempt them from all further search. He should keep a book in which to copy all certificates he gave, as : date —, Mugh sloop —, Nacoda —, from — to —, laden with —, pass free. An establishment of this sort kept up, wherever there is a suspicion of smuggling, would soon bring things right, and render it as difficult and dangerous, as the attempt would be in the Hooghly. We are certain it would answer at the mouths of the Megna and Ganges, and if it answered everywhere else, one object or cause of the strict supervision of the inland trade in salt would become useless.

It remains now to consider how illicit manufacture can be checked, and if it can be checked without interference with the merchant and retailer. Here we believe greater difficulties are to be overcome, than in the prevention of smuggling. Inadequate and vexatious as the present means are, it must be admitted that they are absolutely necessary : without them illicit manufacture would spread over the whole sea-board of Bengal, and seriously affect the legitimate sale of salt. The establishments for the protection of this in manufacturing districts, consist of a superintendent, a sudder office, two, three or four patrol darogahs, a number of chowkey mohurirs, and no end of burkundazes ; when we say manufacturing districts, we mean such as can produce salt illicitly, not those in which it is made for Government, which are "agency districts." The patrol darogahs get seventy-five or ninety-five Rupees monthly. Chowkey mohurirs are not paid so well : they and their burkundazes have to look after the venders and see that they commit no breach of the regulations : they can interfere so injuriously with these people, that a regular scale of fees is established in, we believe, all districts, which is paid to them without hesitation. The prevention of illicit manufacture appears a secondary consideration with them. Of course if it comes in their way they snatch it up eagerly as a rich waif or stray. Government raised the pay of a few and called them patrol darogahs, hoping that they would be efficient in putting a stop to illicit manufacture. We do not know if the end has been attained ; if

good men they must be useful, but the scale of fees has certainly not diminished, that we can vouch for. Illicit manufacture however is comparatively trifling. What cases are brought to notice are half true and half false, or to say the least, half suspicious. Can Government imagine that the mere hope of a trifling reward will induce a man to turn informer, when he will be hurried away miles from home, to give deposition, &c., it being quite uncertain how long he may remain absent? It is out of the question. A man may, if he has a spite against a neighbour, not a tenant of his own landlord, or at the instigation of his zemindar, bring on a case, but he will not on the chance of reward. Say a case is true, a long trial, far from home, would be in most instances sufficient punishment: but if an accused be innocent, consider what he has to go through before release, and then look around on every side to find some means, of more readily punishing the guilty, and quickly releasing the innocent. To do this, there is but one way. An immense sum is expended on the salt chowkey superintendency, abolish them and lay out the money in encreasing your magistrates, a small sum in addition to that received by police darogahs will replace the latter by a higher and better educated class of men. Give these the power to check and punish smuggling and illicit manufacture. Make them, with the aid of the police, and the salt burkundazes, who should be transferred to that force, their own one or two detectives, and the village authorities, look especially to the latter duty of checking illicit manufacture, and then cut away the trammels that cling round the salt trade. If, as we before observed, Government is aware that no salt is consumed, but what has paid its lawful customs or excise duty, what object on earth is to be attained by rowannahs and attraffees, charchittys and sale accounts, rendered the more trying by the constant and vexatious interference of the salt subordinate officers, whose sole object appears to be to find a flaw in some account paper or pass, for the purpose of exacting from the unfortunate shop-keeper a few annas in excess of the privately arranged fees now given unhesitatingly. And Government may further throw open the manufacture of salt to all wishing to engage in it, by authorizing the thannah magistrate to grant permission to manufacture in any quantity, on receiving the stipulated duty, before hand—so much per maund. The advantages of this plan, not only as regards the salt trade, but the whole country, are obvious. We want a few judicials, with moderate powers, scattered about the country. Being comparatively so close, the probability is, that informers will be more on the alert: at any rate, the hopes of extraneous aid will be greater.

for the suppression of illegal manufacture, even if we trust only to the licensed manufacturer, who, depend upon it, will not permit interlopers to interfere with his profits. Lastly, there can be no doubt that it will be made so abundantly and cheaply, that it will sell at considerably reduced rates, to what it does now. Government will in time be able to do away with its agencies and golahs, as well as its chowkeys, and the saving thus accruing may be given to the people in the shape of reduced customs duty and tax on manufacture, and we think all or many will agree with us, that it will find its reward in whatever it may yield in attaining this reform.

We have said nothing, it will be perceived, about the regulations protecting the salt monopoly, except to remark generally that the vexatious impediments thrown by them in the way of the dealers in salt, place these latter greatly at the mercy of the lower officials in the department. There are two Sections however of Regulation X. of 1819, which deserve a more prominent notice, as they form the grounds of a very general and decided reprobation. They have been canvassed on all hands, and have been generally regarded as most unjust and oppressive. The Sections alluded to are 32 and 33, Regulation X. of 1819, which hold zemindars responsible for all illicit salt-manufacture on their lands, and liable to a penalty of Rs. 500 in default.

- Zemindars may advance, plausibly enough, the injustice and oppression of such a measure. Say that one residing in Calcutta, has an estate in Backergunge, you cannot persuade him, that it is not most unjust to fine him 500 Rupees because one of his tenants takes it into his head to make a few seers of salt for his private consumption. By no other law, in any *civilized* country, is one man rendered liable for another's acts, and that other a distant, and independent agent. Suppose a tenant to have a spite against his landlord, what is to prevent him from making a seer or two of salt, and getting information of it forwarded to the salt-officers. The man must make up his mind to suffer in person, and therefore, if on that account this means of revenge be not general, yet there are men capable of it. Or suppose a neighbouring zemindar has a spite against him, what is to prevent his putting up one of his tenants to do so. It would not be difficult, they say, for a neighbour to make one of *his own* tenants do so, and prove that he was the other's ryot. This argument, however, is not a happy one; it cuts both ways, for the officials say, if you zemindars have such power, you certainly must have power to put down illicit manufacture. There are many other reasons; but they have been so often heard and argued on, that it is needless to adduce them here.

Now for the arguments on the other side. Government

determined on keeping up the monopoly, as one of the sources of their income. This settled the question of right or wrong, so far that, right or wrong, it was not to be given up. Having gone to this extent, all petty considerations were, reasonably enough, cast aside, and it was further determined to make the most of the monopoly, for what would have been the use of upholding an obnoxious measure nominally, and virtually allowing it to be disregarded? It would have been taking all the blame and foregoing all the profit.

Every one conversant with zemindari matters, knows not only the immense influence of a landlord, but the intimate private understanding subsisting between him, or his officers, and the people. We believe that a zemindar could know every time a dog wagged his tail within his lands, if any thing was to be got by it; and no wonder; they have their naibs, gomastas, tussildars, meerdas, and finally their chowkeydars, who are, to all intents and purposes, their private servants. The zemindari kutcherry is the lounge of all without work on their hands, and the gup and gossip of the whole neighbourhood for miles around is there retailed. The Government must have been aware of this, and naturally determined to make use of this influence to assist them. There is nothing extraordinary in this, nothing but what all Governments look for at the hands of their subjects. Where else could they look? Their own means were very limited; their superior officers few and far between. Uncovenanted judicial officers were not thought of, except for the Dewani Adalat. The police, besides being a very inadequate force, had quite enough work on their hands, which they considered legitimately their own; and they were, moreover, not to be trusted. It is useless to say that Government ought to have had a sufficient force, for the protection of its rights. It had not: and the reason may be conjectured: the East India Company had seen their predecessors, the native rulers, manage the country with much smaller means, and they concluded that where those who were disliked did so, they themselves, with every inclination to do justice to the people, and treat them with all kindness and forbearance, would be equally successful; but they forgot that to be so, they must be equally despotic; for justice, substitute expediency, self-interest for paternal rule, and, reversing the golden rule, which says that it is better that ten guilty should escape, than that one innocent should suffer, they would have to act as if it were better that ten innocent should suffer than one guilty should escape. Not considering all this, they thought they could manage to rule the country with small establishments. Those they had were not able effectually to attend to every thing, so they turned to the land-lords. But they

were putting trust in the untrustworthy,—men born and bred in the school of deceit, whose sole aim, for years and generations of foreign submission, had been to deceive their rulers; and whose only safety, in fact, had been in deceit. They could not become honest all of a sudden, and we do not know that they had much inducement. After a trial of many years, it was found that land-holders—far from assisting,—connived at the infringement of the salt laws; consequently in 1819, the laws against connivance were ordered to be more strictly enforced, and the penalty to be uncompromisingly levied, for Government, seeing that love of order and the laws was not sufficient inducement to keep them in the right path, wished to try what a dread of punishment would do; and both have been, we believe, without a solitary exception, unsuccessful. There is not a land-holder in India, who does not know that he is liable to a heavy fine if salt is manufactured illicitly on his estate; and that he is liable, all the same, even if he be not a resident, but have only a gomasta there. If they want this law to be abolished, why do not they come forward with a few cases of illicit manufacture? Do they wish the Government to believe that of all the hundreds of cases tried annually, they or their naibs were not cognizant of one even? Let them go about getting the repeal of this obnoxious Act, in a more honest, straightforward manner—let them give notice to Government of a few illicit cases, and then, when it sees that they are really inclined to assist, it will readily repeal a law which its officers cannot but themselves see to be an extreme measure, justified only by the necessity of the case, the urgent necessity which calls for it. We doubt, if even the most pressing necessity for such a law existed in England, whether the people would allow it now-a-days. Zemindars may say, that it ought not to be made or considered their business to look after criminals, and this is doubtless true in the general; but circumstances may impose obligations upon a man, which do not ordinarily lie upon him. Every good man will repay confidence with integrity, and every honest man will feel it his duty to uphold his Government and its laws, and those who are so obtuse as not to feel this moral principle, were very deservedly made to know it, by a degrading penalty. It is certain that the zemindars could suppress illicit manufacturing, if they would. Let them do so, and the Government will have no objection to repeal the obnoxious sections.

There is one class of land-owners to whom the act may be a peculiar hardship; those who having given out their lands in talooks and howlahs, have as little connection with it as the Government itself; they collect from these talookdars, &c., who are the real maliks; and such should be the responsible

persons. But what does it all come to in the end? Does any one imagine that the fines come out of the purses of the zemindars? In every case, we believe, they are taken from the ryots; and in many they are made a pretext for levying an impost which yields a great deal more than the amount of the fines.

Let us now review the system prevailing in the salt chowkey superintendency, and the reforms that may be introduced. It will be necessary to enter into the reasons and causes which make the salt monopoly, though perfectly warranted, very trying, not only to all connected with it, but to all India. The monopoly, although a hard measure, may be justified: but being a hard measure, it is all the more reason that every effort should be made to lighten the details of it. It is in two particular points that reforms are most especially necessary, and to these two points we will at present confine our observations.

How is it that salt sells considerably dearer in the salt chowkey districts, than in the neighbouring ones? There is no difficulty in answering the question. It is to enable the salt merchants and retailers to cover the extraordinary exactions levied by the salt amlah of the mofussil, and the chupprassis deputed to watch the sales, and report on and seize all salt-sellers who infringe the regulations. These latter are so various, that no man can be certain that he will not break them sometime or other: and so, instead of making a settlement for each infringement, they enter into a general compromise, or contract of remission, and so live in peace. The great aim of the division mohurrirs, appears to be to interfere on the most trivial occasions, and they think that such conduct shows their particular activity. They cannot, or do not, discriminate between unintentional and wilful contravention of the laws, the trifling and the serious penal act. Now we know that native officials generally are by no means deficient in shrewdness, so the conclusion one naturally arrives at is, that they *will* not distinguish. One or two cases will illustrate our meaning. A salt merchant of the district of B—, had purchased a quantity of salt at the golahs; which he brought to his own for sale. As usual, he gave notice to the division mohurrir of the import, and delivered up the protective document for cancellation. It appears that the officer who used to countersign these documents at the golahs, was the darogah, and in his absence, the mohurrir; but this was signed with a new name, that of a man, as the merchant explained, who was duly authorized. The division mohurrir on this “krooked” the salt, and reported the suspicious circumstance; the amlah, who read the report to the officiating superintendent, said it was necessary to take it up seriously, keep the attachment on the salt, write to the super-

intendant of B—— salt chowkeys, &c., &c. How long will all this take? the superintendent asked. About a month or so, was the answer. And the merchant's salt, he continued, and the capital he has expended on it, are they to remain lying idle all this time? And suppose further he is guilty of no illegality. I consider every thing is in his favor, he said, except the new signature. The document is genuine, with the B—— salt chowkey superintendent's name on it, and seal: the man comes fairly and honestly to have challan landed and stamped, the salt is Sudder Ghat salt, and the man is an old and acknowledged merchant, respectable in his way; surely all this ought to outweigh the solitary circumstance of the unknown name.— You will immediately order the mohurrir to release the salt. The monopoly, he continued, is hard enough, without these frivolous interferences; and it was not the intention of Government to throw such difficulties in the way of the honest salt-merchant and trader; it wished rather to give them all facility, consistent with a fair and legal traffic—the precautionary laws were enacted more to prevent open smuggling, than to hamper the licensed man, who should have every allowance made for him. It is evident here, that the mohurrir would have stopped a merchant's sales for an indefinite time, without sufficient cause. Another instance is this: A merchant on reaching his store, notifies his arrival to the mohurrir of his division, who deputes a chupprassi to stamp the heap, without which a merchant cannot commence his sales. On one occasion a superintendent found the sales in a certain chupprassi's circle of inspection short by sixty maunds; his explanation was that salt sales were uncertain, being some months more and some less than the average; the superintendent considered this natural enough and satisfactory; some time after, in reading the patrol darogahs "rajnamchah," he ascertained that the daroga had visited a market-place, at which a ferrier had landed and stored his salt some ten or twelve days previously, but had been able to make no sales, as the chupprassi of the "haut" had not thought proper to go and stamp the heap; on comparing notes it appeared that this was the chupprassi whose sales had been so deficient, and that it was not so much the uncertainty he alleged, as his neglect, that caused this deficiency, and great inconvenience to the merchant: of course the latter would make no complaint. We believe that if a chowkey mohurrir or chupprassi were to say to one of his merchants, "you must sell no salt this month," the man would not dare to disobey him.

We have however left behind the object with which we started, and must return to it. We believe it is under consideration to introduce various improvements in the management of the salt monopoly, but there are two minor points that

require immediate reform, and in which reforms can be introduced summarily. These are :—1st, to devise means by which to put a stop to the illegal exactions of the salt authorities of the *mofussil*, (*i. e.*, the *chowkeys*) which may be done by legalizing the payment of certain fees, and so saving a large sum to merchants and retailers, or perhaps, we should say, to consumers, as it will have the effect of reducing the price of salt: and, 2nd, that Government should take more directly under its supervision, the weights, &c., used by retailers, which too, at times, would be a saving of one pice in the seer to the poorer class of consumers.

We will commence by assuming that the salt monopoly must of necessity be continued.

Being retained, it is necessary to guard it strictly by rules and regulations, or it becomes a dead letter.

To see that these regulations are not contravened, it is necessary to have a preventive establishment.

It comes then to this, that the officers of this establishment must be so paid, that the performance of their duty will entail no extra expense on them, otherwise they must indemnify themselves, in an underhand manner; and the continuance of such an establishment on such terms, is an indirect sanctioning of the taking of such fees.

Now how does the case stand? We do not of course include the judicial officers, *viz.*, superintendents of *chowkeys*, in these remarks, but will commence with the patrol *darogahs*. These are pretty well paid, but not too highly for the trust reposed in them; their duty ought to be essentially the prevention of illicit manufacture, and nothing else: at present, besides this duty, they go about to look after their juniors.

Next comes the *Khlood Ghat darogah*, and we think his office may with safety be abolished. What object is attained by *khoothing* salt boats? It is done, we suppose, to guard against the merchants passing more salt than their *challans* or *rowannahs* cover. How can a merchant have more? There are but two means, he must have picked up illicitly-made salt on the road, or with the connivance of the *golah* people, or preventive officer of the ship from which he loaded, smuggled more on board than he was entitled to. We do not think it probable that a merchant, having some thousands of Rupees worth of salt in charge, would risk it all for the sake of a few maunds of illicit manufacture. Besides, where is he to get it? It would show a very lax supervision on the part of the preventive officers of the districts, through which he would have to pass, if such a thing was feasible. Certainly, it might happen once or twice, but not oftener without *connivance*, and it may be considered very hard to put salt merchants to expense and trouble,

because the Government cannot trust its own officers. We think it would be a quite sufficient safeguard against the introduction of illicit salt *by a merchant*, if his salt was stamped and weighed, and a direction given him to leave the rowannah at the last chowkey he might meet on his way home. If Government officers are not to be trusted now, take steps to make them so, but not at the merchant's expense; and then the office of Khood darogah may be abolished with safety. Government assumes that all is right, provided the seal on the salt in a boat is not broken; let them go a step further, and not even look if the seal be broken, without information lodged on oath.

Next come the chowkey mohurrirs. They give attraffees, and receive them back for cancellation. They give charchittys for the cutting of salt from heaps to dokundars: and receive lapsed ones. They certify to sales by merchants, &c.; they ought to receive challans, but as the stipulated fees are always paid, they depute a chupprassi to do this work. A mohurrir's pay is Co.'s Rs. 15 per month: let us leave him for the present and go on to the chupprassi.

This officer gets Rs. 4 per month. The duty of a chupprassi is to go about the *hauts* under his charge, to see that no laws are contravened: as to looking for illicit manufacture it is out of the question, as he has no time. He may have probably ten markets, and as each is held twice a week, he has to visit about three per day, and he *is expected to visit them*. He ought to be ubiquitous: but the fellow attempts no such thing, he goes to those most convenient, and lets the others take care of themselves. A friend told us, he once arrived at a haut, while he was officiating superintendent, and as the salt people understood it was a Deputy Collector Saheb, they took no notice: when, however, the salt mohurrir came up, the scramble was amusing, eight or ten men running in all directions with salt. The fact is this, a man takes out a charchitty for, say one maund, which he undertakes to sell in so many days, at a certain haut; finding it difficult or inconvenient to do this within the stipulated time, he employs friends to hold other shops in other parts of the market-place; and why should he not? The salt has paid its fixed tax or duty: and is his fairly, to sell in the way most convenient to him; but as a charchitty protects but one shop, he comes to an understanding with the chupprassi, who for a consideration winks at the illegality.

We have stated that a chupprassi's pay is Rs. 4 per month; now to go about from haut to haut requires a boat, and a boat requires boatmen: moreover, moving about constantly, leaves no time for cooking, and as he must eat, that is "*s'il faut vivre*," he has of course a man to cook for him. The

man must be more than a wizard who can do all this on Rs. 4 per month. We have seen salt chupprassis with three boatmen and a cook!—they seldom have less than two: but there are circles that afford but one. The fees paid to mohurrirs range between Rs. 100 and 40. We mean this literally, and further, that these fees are paid without one demur or haggle. Say, that the amount over a district is Rs. 2,000 per mensem. This must be recovered from consumers, and it is proportionately that the salt is dearer here than in the non-chowkey districts.

We think the above holds out a fair means of so reforming the establishment, that Government may materially benefit the salt trade. Let it tell the rowannah merchants that it will be content to believe them honest and inclined to trade honestly, and will therefore abolish “khooding,” “attraffees,” “charchittys,” and all vexatious interference on the part of the lower officials: that having brought up their salt, they may store it, and sell it in any way most convenient to themselves, no stamping, no superintending the cutting chars: all that will be required of them, will be to deliver up their rowannahs on reaching the last chowkey in their route, or in person, or through their mooktyars, to the district sudder, at which time they shall pay a fee of Re. 1-8 per hundred maunds on all they import into the chowkey districts for sale. Tell the ferrier he may purchase as much salt as he wishes from the wholesale merchant of the district, without a document of any sort; but that he will still have to take out one, if he purchase from the Company’s golahs. For the former, however, he will have to pay a fee of Re. 1, and for the latter Re. 1-8, as rowannah merchants will have to do, on every 100 maunds purchased; that he may store and keep this salt as he pleases, and sell as suits him, without supervision. Let the dokundars know that they may buy, sell and move salt, as they choose: only giving full measure: call in their charchittys and tear them up, and let them go about their business.

It may be asked, how is Government to know, when all these checks are removed, whether illicitly manufactured and smuggled salt is used or not, and we concede that their removal *does apparently* open out great facilities to this effect, but if we consider how and in what way, we think we can shew, that by remodelling the establishment, and *its duties*, with the introduction of other precautionary measures, such a fear may be rendered perfectly groundless; at any rate the supervision in the way of *prevention*, will be much more effectual.

We have before observed that the only means of frustrating the legal sale of salt is, 1st, by merchants contriving to introduce into the interior more than they have paid duty on: and 2nd, by the sale of illicit manufacture: as for the first, Govern-

ment assume that no smuggled salt is introduced by importers (into interior districts) by not weighing what is brought up. It merely passes the Khood ghaut: let Government go still a step further, and abolish stamping also, which the stringent measures to prevent the addition of illicit manufacture hereafter to be mentioned will, we consider, enable them to do—there remains then only illicit manufacture to subdue, and subduing that, the constant inspection of legally purchased salt will no longer be required.

To do this, the re-arrangement of the salt force will be necessary. The officers of all grades should be strictly preventive officers, and their duty should be to look after illicit manufacture, and not after the stamping and cutting of salt, or the contravention of some petty and vexatious law for the protection of the monopoly. Let the patrol darogahs be constantly patrolling the places where salt *can* be easily manufactured, say some ten or fifteen miles inland of the sea coast. Let chowkey mohurrirs, instead of issuing attraffees and charchittys, and keeping accounts of sales, become also patrol officers, having stations in most suspicious localities; further, let their pay be increased from 15 to 40 Rupees per month; and lastly, let the chupprassis be turned into a coast guard, and look after the smuggling and illicit manufacture, instead of stamping and cutting charchitty salt, and prowling about to pick up their dustooree and whatever else luck may throw in their way, to enable them to keep up a boat and two or three servants—which, however, as far as a boat and one man go, they absolutely require, and let Government, instead of being blind to the utter impossibility of their doing this on their present pay, acknowledge it, and place them above the necessity of illegal exactions, by encreasing it.

We will now show how all this encrease of pay may be made up, without a further call on the Government purse. We will take one district as an example, and will place in juxtaposition the existing establishment, and the one we would recommend: it is only the *purely* executive with which we have to do, and to that we confine our statement.

		ESTABLISHMENT.			
<i>Present.</i>				<i>Proposed.</i>	
	RS.		RS.		RS.
1 Patrol Darogah.. at 95 Rs.	95	1 Patrol Darogah .. at 95 Rs.	95	1 Patrol Darogah .. at 95 Rs.	95
1 Ditto ditto at 75 "	75	1 Ditto ditto at 75 "	75	1 Ditto ditto at 75 "	75
1 Khood Ghat ditto at 30 "	30	6 Chowkey Mohurirs at 40 "	240	6 Chowkey Mohurirs at 40 "	240
8 Chowkey Mohurirs at 15 "	120	50 Chupprassis at 8* "	400	50 Chupprassis at 8* "	400
3 Ditto ditto at 10 "	30	6 Guard Boats at 18† "	108	6 Guard Boats at 18† "	108
50 Chupprassis at 4 "	200				
5 Guard Boats at 25 "	125				
1 Khood Ghat ditto at 7 "	7				
Total, Co. s Rs.	682			Total, Co.'s Rs.	918

* Rupees 8 includes, pay 4 Rs., Boatman 3 Rs., Boat 1 Re., = 8

† One Boat for each Chowkey, Manjee and Boat 6 Rs., men (4) 12 Rs., = 18

It will be seen in the above statement, that a sum of Rupees 236 will be required to cover the increased expense, and this sum we would propose should be raised by fees as above stated. Say that 16,000 maunds are sold monthly in the district; it follows that so much must be imported into it by rowannah merchants monthly, and so much must be sold monthly by the ferriers; and if these people will not readily give their respective fees of Rupee 1-8 and Rupee 1 per 100 maunds of salt, to be released from their present harassing inspection and controul, and the exactions consequent on them, we do not think they would deserve pity: but we have reason to believe they would not refuse. The only objection they would make, is this, "how are we to be assured that, after giving these fees, the exactions would cease?" Very easily we conceive: call in the merchants, tear up the attraffees and charchitty, and break the aduls before their faces: tell them all supervision is done away with, except as regards illicit manufacture, when caught in process, and we do not think the salt officers will have much chance of getting anything.*

With the patroldarogahs and the chowkey mohurrirs constantly on the move, the coast guard scattered about in suspicious localities, and all these officers looking after illicit manufacture, we would defy it, and can only say in the spirit of that Spartan morality, which made successful thieving meritorious and detection culpable, that if a smuggler or illicit manufacturer did succeed, he would deserve to do so: in fact, if the salt officers did their duty, it would be almost impossible; and we then again repeat, if Government know that no salt is consumed but what has paid its stipulated customs or excise tax, what object is to be attained by attraffees, charchittys, and all their concomitant evils?

Our article has already taken up more space than we intended, but fortunately the remaining question of reform may be despatched in comparatively a few words. Weights and measures are very properly under the protection of all Governments, and with how much more propriety they should be controlled in relation to salt, is manifest. The monopoly has been the means of enhancing the price of it; all the more reason the consumer should not suffer from the chicanery of the legalized trader. We cannot answer for all districts, but we can for one or two, that a common system of fraud among the "dokundars" is to

* The system of fees might be made to include all salt used in Bengal; it would materially reduce individual payments, making them so light, as scarcely to be felt, but the "non-chowkey" districts might say, they did not see the justice of enhancing the prices in them even ever so little, for the sake of keeping up preventive establishments in those where they were needed.

keep lumps of stone, which they call weights; most of them have *two* to make up one quantity; for instance, for the half seer, they have a stone of seven chittacks pukka, and a smaller one of *one* chittack. When selling to one not to be played with, they put both stones in the scales, but if to a common chasa or woman, they give only the seven chittacks. We have seen many instances of this, and on asking why they kept two weights, or rather why they did not keep one of full weight, they asked where they were to get them. This is all very well, but every one knows the object is to defraud, where they safely can.

Conceding (which, however, we do not without a stout argument), that the Government is right not to interfere to influence the price of salt, we think, considering the monopoly enhances these prices, Government ought not to allow their subjects to be taxed more than necessary. Let the trader fix his own price, but having done that, see that they give full weight. To that end, let Government make and stamp metal weights from one seer down to a quarter chittack, and issue them at cost prices from the offices of their salt chowkey superintendents, making it incumbent on every salt-seller to use these authorized weights, and these only, under a penalty. It may be said that there are the proper courts for the due punishment of this fraud; why do not the people go to them when cheated in this way? Men in the Mofussil, however, know better. Holding up the courts to a *poor* Bengali of the interior is about as consolatory to him, as it would have been to Sisyphus to point out the hill top, telling him he had only to reach it; the one is as much up-hill work as the other.

Much more might be written on the subject, to show that a more modernized system of supervision of the salt trade is necessary, or the monopoly will never be let alone. We believe that our plan of amendment would not be unsuccessful, to give it only negative merit. It would enable Government too, to abolish the obnoxious Sections 32 and 33, Regulation X. of 1819, for having so large a force looking after illicit manufacture, an extraordinary punishment for aiding and abetting would be unnecessary, and that would be something gained.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Poetry—Its Chief Attributes stated and illustrated;—a Lecture delivered before the Calcutta Young Men's Christian Association. By Edward Storrow.

Is this a *critical* age or is it a *creative* one, is the question that the Reviewer ever asks himself as volumes of Poetry and Essays about Poetry come in upon him at the same time. Here we have this Essay on Poetry, side by side with the Poems of Snellius Shickhardus, and in every publisher's circular we see Theories of Poetry running the race with Poems themselves. Such a state of matters would lead us to the conclusion that our age is at once critical and creative, or that we have come to the close of a critical period, and that only the first fruits of new intellectual life and originality are being gathered.

Mr. Storrow, in the Lecture before us, seems to have had it as his object, simply to recommend Poetry to the study of the youths whom he addressed, by decking it out in its fairest garb, pointing out in detail some of its beauties, and shewing not a few of its prettinesses. He makes no attempt to enter into the philosophy of the matter, nor logically to treat it in its various divisions, but simply seems to give forth the results of a little quiet meditation on Poetry in general, and on no division of it in particular. He has accumulated not a little gentle criticism of a quiet Addisonian character, on a few favourite poets, whom he uses as illustrations of some of those attributes of Poetry, which he details. And yet after all, when we have read this Lecture we are precisely in the position of the Lecturer, not at all nearer the hidden queen of song and imagination than when we set out. We have seen her garden and the walks approaching to her temple, and heard a few of the officiating priests speak under her inspiration, and have been pleased by the scene, but still she is as mysteriously invisible as ever, a very *Om* of mystery.

When we say then that there is much pleasant talk about Poetry, its attributes, its metres, its appearance, its influences, we give the full contents of the Lecture. In composition it is somewhat unequal, and we must say the author by no means illustrates his subject in his own style. There are, however, a few good passages,—good both in thought and language.

Just as we divide all writings into poetry and prose, so may we say that to all things in the universe there is a poetic as well as a prosaic side. And this is but according to the great law of balancing and antithesis, which everywhere we trace. We speak of darkness and we comprehend in it the idea of light; life finds its antagonist in death; sin necessarily presupposes holiness; time which is measurable, suggests eternity which is immeasurable; matter has its opposite in spirit, as truth has in error. So poetry has her domain, and claims to inherit, along with her coarse and vulgar brother, a share in the world's possessions; aye, and in

the free use of all that is good and beautiful beyond the limits of the world she takes precedence of him. With a charm as potent as the wand of the enchanter Ismeno, or the wonderful lamp of Alladeen, she goes forth to walk through the earth and to gaze on the stars, and whatever she touches and whatever she looks on, becomes radiant with beauty and redolent with odours. The finest and the most precious things are hers ; she usurps no power, she robs others of no treasure ; she does but enrich and gladden all those who are wise enough to distinguish her footsteps and bid her welcome. The sunny side of all things belongs to her. The spring is the poetry of the year, the dance is the poetry of motion, music is the poetry of sound, childhood is the poetry of life, the stars are the poetry of the heavens, flowers are the poetry of the earth, and woman is the poetry of man.

One of the best features of the Lecture is the liberal breadth of view that is taken of Literature and Literary men. The illustrations are not taken from one poet, nor one age, nor one school, but extend over all good poets.

Poets true to their instincts will ever choose themes of an elevated order, and which illustrate deep feeling in some of its rainbow hues. The chequered wanderings of Ulysses ; the grand and mysterious expedition of Ram ; the awful secrets of the Inferno ; the sin and the sorrow of Don Roderic ; the deep, and true, and sorrowful loves of Abelard and Eloise ; the trial and the discipline of a Faust, a Festus, a Walter and a Balder ; the darkening fall of angelic natures ; the romance of chivalry ; the tale of war ; the illustration of woman's fascination, of woman's faithfulness, and of woman's sorrows ; the history of adventure ; the description of the supernatural and the obscure, the representation of nature in her most grand, most lovely and most terrible forms, are fit themes for the poet's song.

We know that we shall not agree with the author when we point out his concluding paragraph as the worst part of his Lecture. Epithet-writers, unless they are very great men, can never succeed in conveying their meaning truthfully or beautifully. Homer and Milton alone have rendered their Epithets immortal, and have expressed in one word what little minds would have spread over a page. Not only may the correctness of many of the following be questioned, as applied to the authors mentioned, but the style is false and disagreeable. Our young men have too much of this already.

Thus have I said a few things—alas how few—about our English poets and poetry. I have brought you a flower from one parterre and a curious plant from another. I have shewn you, as best I could, where lie the lowly valleys in which the lily and the rose are found, and where are the mountain sides which bear the oak and tremble with the cataract. I have pointed out the fantastic pagodas, the chaste, grand Greek temples, the sublime Gothic minsters, and the lovely cottages so variously adorned, which glorify the slopes of that mountain which the Muses have made their own. I have shewn you the deep woods where Dryads and Fairies hide, the murmuring brooks where Naiads dwell, and the stately rivers, lakes, and seas over which reign mightier beings than they. But it is not given me to lead you through the whole of that extensive and glorious realm, which the poets have created and which they have devoted to the pleasure of mankind. This kingdom is the fairest and the noblest which the intellectual prowess of Englishmen has won. Nowhere have they gathered greener laurels, or proved more triumphantly that they possess the loftiest endowments which God gives to favoured men. The picturesqueness of Chaucer, the sublimity of Milton, the splendid fancy of Spenser, and the all-comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, the mellifluousness of Pope, the robust vigour of Dryden, the devoutness of Herbert, the pensive tenderness of Goldsmith, the descriptiveness of Thomson, the graceful-

ness of Gray, the truthfulness of Cowper, the pathos of Otway, the delicacy of Campbell, the glitter of Moore, the reflectiveness of Wordsworth, the homeliness of Crabbe, the passionateness of Burns, the sensuousness of Keats, the mystic depth of Coleridge, the energy of Byron, the variety of Scott, the elegant fancifulness of Tennyson, the high-toned religiousness of Keble—all these illustrate an amount of poetic wealth such as no other country can equal. The names of our greatest poets will live, long as the remembrance of England herself shall live. Poetry crowns its worshipping high priests with a wreath more durable than is bestowed by philosophy or science ; or than adorns the brows of any one else who treads the pleasant walks of literature. Time in her awful flight obscures the glory of a Roger Bacon, a Duns Scotus, and a Roger Ascham ; but our poets' names shine out from the dark, obscure past, with the calm splendour of

“ A bright particular star”

as though time were loath to extinguish so much beauty, or had no power over forms, which like Orpheus, are half divine.

The Lecture is on the whole one that does credit to the Author, and ought to have enlightened his audience.

A Manual of Ancient History, from the remotest Times to the Overthrow of the Western Empire, A. D. 476. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E. Edinburgh, 1855.

It is only by virtue of its chapter on India, that this “ Manual” comes within our jurisdiction. But the very existence of this chapter in such a work is a significant phenomenon.

We continually see, not merely that the actual sphere of human knowledge is widening, but that that part of it, on which youthful eyes are allowed to gaze, is ever being extended. Our children are now taught books and subjects, of which we, when young, never dreamed ; and education, stepping forth into the wide domain of human knowledge in all its extent, claims every object as its own, from which it may teach lessons of wisdom or goodness. Our “ school series,” our “ school book associations,” our “ manuals,” our “ hand-books,” our “ circles of knowledge,” bear testimony to this.

The book before us is another evidence of it. The name of Dr. Schmitz is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy, its scholarship, and its adaptation to educational purposes. Well known as one of our best classical scholars at home, the successful translator of all Niebuhr's works, and the author of many of our first school books, the fame that he has acquired will be increased by the production of this. His other histories have already been introduced into all the large schools and colleges of England, and even those in India, both East Indian and Native, now use them as the most approved text-books.

We can fully recommend this work as containing the chief matter of the author's previous histories of Greece and Rome, and in addition, chapters on Egypt, China, India, Persia and the other Asiatic

Empires. The only drawback to the work is its rather defective account of India, which to students of this land, is so very important. But two alternatives lay before the author, and he has chosen perhaps, the wiser of them ; either to state in general terms, all that we know certainly of India in ages that were only semi-historical, or at once to enter into the weary detail and endless doubts, that the researches of such scholars as Major Rennell, Tod, and James Prinsep, have caused. He has chosen the former course, in itself, perhaps, the wiser, but to Indian students, who view the early history of their own land as the most important, the least satisfactory. Had Dr. Schmitz written from an Indian stand-point, however, his book would have been, on the whole, less useful. The chronology adopted seems most correct, and nearly to correspond with that generally acknowledged.

“ Beginning of the historical period. Origin of the most ancient parts of Vedas, B. C. 1400.

Origin of Buddhism, B. C. 525.

Alexander the Great in India, B. C. 327.

King Asoca promotes Buddhism, which is introduced into Ceylon, Tibet, China, &c., B. C. 250.

King Vikramaditya, patron of literature. Kalidasa, the dramatic poet, A. D. 1.”

Elphinstone makes the era of the great Malwa king, A. D. 78.

This “ Manual ” of Dr. Schmitz is quite up with the times. This was to be expected of the pupil and translator of Niebuhr. From the very first the key-note of comparative philology, as the illustrator and assister of early history, is struck, and all throughout the doubtful periods, its stores are drawn upon. We have noticed it not merely to recommend its adoption in all schools and colleges in India, but on account of the large space that is devoted to the Asiatic Empires. A three years’ course of historical study could be well conducted on the basis of such a work as this, beginning with Rome, following that up with Greece, and finally studying the other and less-known ancient Empires.

Selections from the Records of Government, North Western Provinces, Part XX. Report on Educational Books in the Vernacular.

WE have increasing evidences of the immense amount of educational activity that is now being everywhere manifested in India. Notwithstanding the somewhat equivocal conduct of the Central Government with regard to the carrying out of the provisions of the last educational despatch, private parties everywhere, and not a few

of the heads of Government Colleges, as well as Missionaries and those of a Missionary spirit, are working for themselves at the practical solution of many an educational problem.

More *honest* and truly earnest activity however has been manifested in the North Western Provinces, than in any other part of India. The spirit of Thomason has not yet died out, and the very districts where no Missionary society brings its benign influences to bear on barbarism, ignorance and idolatry, are those where the best Government system is most fully carried out. Like all great men, Thomason was not only great in himself, but he selected for his assistants men who either possessed, or to whom he could impart, much of his own spirit. Hence, now that he has gone, the state of such colleges as Benares under Dr. Ballantyne, and Ajmeer, till lately under Dr. Buch, gives us the fondest hopes for the future intellectual advancement of the hardy sons of North Western India.

It is seldom that we notice such 'Selections' as these, because they contain rather the raw material for future works on India, than any definite or methodically arranged information. They are 'contributions towards' its future merely; and the historian will soon find a mass of excellent matter, from which he may draw both history and its philosophy. But this Report before us is so full of curious statements, regarding the adaptation of English Literature to the Hindoo mind, and it throws so much light on curious philological niceties, that we would recommend it to all who feel interested in such subjects. It contains a catalogue of vernacular educational works, with their contents, authors, prices, and where they may be procured; doing in fact for North Western India and its dialects, what Mr. Long has done for Bengal. We see traces of Dr. Ballantyne and his scholarship in almost the whole work.

Perhaps the most curious part of the whole is a notice by Mr. Muir, on "the Life of Cicero (Delhi Society's Publications) translated from Plutarch's Lives, by Pundit Motee Lall, Senior Scholar, Delhi College." The object of the translation seems to have been to give a creditable amount of information to his countrymen on the subject, but he takes for granted too much as already known by his readers. Such might be all very well in the case of well-educated Europeans, but it is too much to expect that classical allusions, and the whole paraphernalia of Roman laws and Government, will be understood by natives. The attempt, however, to introduce them to the knowledge of classical subjects, is most praise-worthy. It is right, if they are to be imbued with the spirit of English Literature, which all in Government Colleges seem to have in view, that they should learn something of that source from which it draws so much of its glorious inspiration. It is in this respect that all English studies have been imperfectly carried on in India, the native students being utterly ignorant of the spirit of

antiquity and all classical references, and what is far worse, knowing nothing of those elements which enter so largely into the structure and history of the language.

In such a work as this, a difficulty would meet the translator at the outset, not merely how to communicate all the peculiar ideas of antiquity in the vernacular, in their full force and beauty, but how to express such proper names as *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Octavius*, &c. Mr. Muir seems to think that in this he has failed. He says, "many of the names I cannot make out; the following will be deciphered with some difficulty even by the Classical Scholar." These we have Romanised for the benefit of the unlearned:—

Traumverate	...	...	...	...	...	Aetooera.
Demoosthenes	...	...	...	...	...	...
Cecelisia	...	...	...	...	...	Korneleas Lenthus.
Kaipedosia	...	...	...	...	...	...
	...	...	...	...	...	Ooktaveas.

On the contrary, the translators of *Arnott's Physics* seem to have succeeded much better:—

Much of the excellency of their translation I conceive to be due to the conciseness and precision, and, as a consequence, the elegance of the equivalents which they have constructed and supplied for corresponding terms and expressions of the original. And they have consistently adhered, throughout the translation, to the equivalents adopted at the outset; e.g. the terms gravitation, attraction, and cohesion, have been rendered respectively *Kushush Sukul* and *Kushush*, and *Kushush Ethsal*; and whenever these expressions are repeated in the original, the same renderings re-appear in the translation. Open the *Oordoo* work at what page you will, the same fidelity and accuracy of translation will be found. I will here give a few specimens of what I conceive to be very appropriate renderings of corresponding terms of the original treatise:—

Refraction of a ray	...	...	...	...	...	Enheraf, Shaa.
A Refracting ray	...	...	...	...	...	Shaa Munhurouf.
Reflection from a surface	...	...	...	...	Munukus	hojana Shaa ka sutha se.
A luminous body	...	...	...	...	...	Gismen roushun bezzat.
Convex and concave mirrors	...	...	...	...	Shesha Ma hadub	O. Mujoof.
Solid and fluid bodies	...	...	...	...	Agisam	Munjumed O. Seale.
Moving and quiescent ditto	...	...	...	...	A gisam mut	uhuruk O. Sakin.
Velocity	...	...	...	...	...	Mukdar rafter.
Momentum	...	...	...	...	...	Mukdar Sudma.
Inertia	...	...	...	...	...	Khaseet adma turuk.
Repulsion	...	...	...	...	...	Khaseet Mudæfat.

And so on; the specimens may be multiplied *ad infinitum*. The style and diction of the translation also, as might be predicted from its excellency in the respect noticed above, are terse and elegant. There are no instances in this translation, of a variety of superfluous words employed to express a single idea, for which the translator was not sufficient master of the language to furnish a single equivalent. Every sentence of the original has been translated, not paraphrased, and that, too, with a fidelity and accuracy, which an intimate knowledge of the subjects themselves could alone have ensured.

Vernacular translation in this country has been going on altogether a wrong tack, and perhaps necessarily so. Arbitrarily has the literature of the west been too often expressed in the dialects of the East, with a wonderful ignorance of the very rudimental principles

of translation. We have yet to come to that high stage of intellectual progress in India, where native students shall in their own natural language express their own ideas, with all the accuracy that a knowledge of the science of the west, and all the elegance that a power over their own mother tongue, can give.

Two Lectures on the Laws of Public Health, as applied to the Opinions of the people of India, delivered before the Bethune Society of Calcutta. By Norman Chevers, M. D., Bengal Medical Service. Calcutta, 1855.

It has been computed, that in India alone, out of a population of 40,000,000, Cholera destroyed between the years 1817 and 1830, a brief period in the history of a nation, no less than 18,000,000 of human beings! This is, indeed, an appalling fact, sinking into utter insignificance all other human calamities. Since the last mentioned year, cholera has embraced the whole habitable globe in its deadly grasp, and continues to be the great scourge of the time in which we live. That the poison which causes such wide-spread and devastating misery, is generated in circumstances which are susceptible of control, and perhaps of removal by human agency, is believed by many eminent members of the medical profession. Such being the case, it is impossible to exaggerate the value of all researches into the laws which regulate the public health, and of all efforts made to enlighten the said public upon the preventible causes of disease.

The application of the true principles of ventilation and drainage has already been attended, in Europe, with such eminent success, as to warrant the entertainment of a well-founded hope and belief, that similar means of protection will afford equal immunity in tropical countries.

The average duration of life in England has, undoubtedly, been considerably increased, since the publication of the Carlisle Tables; and some diseases, which were formerly as fatal as the most endemic of an eastern delta, have been absolutely eradicated.

James the I., and Oliver Cromwell, died of ague, which was so fatal in London in 1558, that the living could scarcely bury the dead. Bishop Burnet, in his history of the Reformation, says, that it was so universal in London, that it raged like the plague.

A popular belief formerly existed, even among the learned, in England, and is still entertained in Italy, that the poison of Malaria is an antidote for some intractable forms of disease. This belief was embodied in the proverb that

"An ague in spring
Is physic for a king."

An eminent physician, in the early part of the present century, afflicted with a mortal disease, and impressed with a conviction of the truth of the current delusion, travelled into all the fenny and marshy parts of England, in the vain hope of acquiring the specific: But failing in the object of his search, he returned to London to die, declaring that the country was ruined by drainage, as there was not an ague to be caught in it.

In one year in Europe, little more than two centuries ago, the plague carried off half a million of victims. The oldest living physicians in the ancient haunts of the distemper that

“Kindles a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefies the breast of blooming health,”

has not seen a single case of that loathsome pestilence!

The scurvy that destroyed Lord Anson's fleet, and rendered lengthened voyages well nigh impracticable, in former times, has disappeared from all ships in which ordinary sanitary precautions have been observed.

The destructive ravages of small pox have been mitigated to an extraordinary extent, by the immortal discovery of Jenner; and it is affirmed that the disease might be entirely eradicated, if the antidote were universally applied.

Without believing then with Lord Bacon, that the daily swallowing of a small dose of nitre will prolong life to an indefinite period; or with the Roman superstition, that the driving of a nail into the wall of the Temple of Jupiter will arrest a pestilence; or yielding our faith to the virtues assigned to the rust of the spear of Telephus, the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby, or the tar-water of the learned metaphysician who denied the existence of matter, and yet believed in an universal remedy—there can be no doubt that the vast majority of mankind die from diseases that are more or less preventible, and that it is perfectly possible to prolong the space of human existence to the extent designed by the Creator, by the observance of a few general principles, simple of application, easy to understand, and certain to succeed, if properly directed.

The two lectures of Dr. Chevers, which have suggested these remarks, contain, in a brief compass, well and pleasantly told, much valuable information upon some important points connected with the health of the Metropolis of British India. The topics discussed are:—

The prevention of famine and pestilence.

Water supply.

Household and town drainage, and cleanliness.

Disposal of the dead.

Personal habits.

Upon each of these subjects the remarks are sound, sensible, and practical. The learned and the unlearned may peruse them with pleasure and profit. Such papers cannot fail to be eminently useful

to those to whom they are specially addressed. It is to be hoped that they will not be passed by unheeded by the rising generation of educated natives, from whom much will be expected in the future amelioration, mental and physical, of the condition of the great mass of their countrymen.

History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India, under the Government of Bombay, including Notices of the Provinces and Tribes in which the practice has prevailed. By John Wilson, D. D., F. R. S., &c. Bombay, 1855.

In one of the earliest Numbers of the *Review*, this subject of Infanticide was fully taken up, its causes, and the evidence of its existence stated, and the tribes among whom it prevailed described. In this work the whole subject is taken up its widest extent, and all notices and facts regarding it brought down to the present day. The whole is treated with the learning of a scholar, and the benevolent enthusiasm of a philanthropic missionary. There are many startling facts here given that ought to rouse all who labour and pray for India's advancement, from their indifference to the cause of woman, and ought to direct their energies to some great national means, by which her position may be raised and her soul educated.

The author opens his work with many interesting facts regarding infanticide among the Phœnicians, Canaanites, Chinese, Scandinavians, Greeks and Romans. In the more civilised of these nations the causes seem invariably to have been poverty, and a regard to mistaken notions about the principles of population and political economy; while in those more barbarous, the same causes seem to have existed as in India;—a deadening of the most ineradicable emotions of the human soul, by the influences of a horrid superstition, an arbitrary law, and a state of society in which polygamy and marriage-sales prevailed. But no nation seems to have equalled India in the uniform practice of infanticide pursued in certain tribes, and these extending over a large district of Northern and Western India, from generation to generation, and attended by the same cruel circumstances and revolting heartlessness. First then, most holy Shastras degrade women to a very low level, and then the arbitrary enactments of Brahmins, and the traditional usages of certain tribes and localities, make her position often one inferior to that of the brutes.

We rejoice to see the Hon'ble Jonathan Duncan put in his right place with regard, not only to Infanticide, but to a wise plan that would tend to ameliorate the condition of the Hindoos, long ere any scholar had thought of turning his attention to the language and customs of the Hindoos for philological or archæological fur-

poses. Duncan saw that, if he was to govern his large district well at and round about Benares, of which he was Resident, he must gain access to the hearts of his subjects through their own tongue. He it was who first directed special attention to the existence of Infanticide in certain tribes, and from the interest that he took in the matter, and the efforts that he put forth, both at Benares, and afterwards as Governor of Bombay, his name ought to be ranked with those of Howard and Clarkson.

His habits of mind and his former experience led him, when he came to the Western Presidency, to indulge the inquisitiveness which was natural to him, and which he had elsewhere cultivated with so much advantage to himself and the people placed under his authority. He was not only accessible to the natives; but, with due restrictions, he systematically sought to maintain with them regular intercourse. He personally conversed and corresponded with them, whenever he found them capable of giving him useful and practical information. When he was on his first visit to Surat in 1800, he asked Kripa Rama, the minister of the Nawab of that city, whether any traces of Infanticide were found in his locality, so contiguous to Baroch, the ancient Barygaza, where Captain Wilford had imagined it to exist in the days of the Greeks. The reply which he received was this:—"Heretofore I have heard people say that among the tribe of Rajput, and especially among the Rajas of that class, the birth of a daughter in their houses was considered as disgraceful; on which account their women refused to let their newly-born daughters have access to their milk, and put them in any way to death; but this practice is not general through all the sub-divisions of their tribe, though in several places they do thus stony-heartedly kill them."

Mr. Duncan,—to abridge his own narrative, which here commences,—returned to Bombay, in July, 1800. He had no farther opportunity of prosecuting his inquiries into what foundation there might be for believing the practice of female Infanticide to obtain in any places of the West of India, till the fact was again incidentally brought to his notice, between two and three years afterwards, by a native lady,—her name is worthy of remembrance,—Gajrá Bái, a descendant of one of the Gaikawád Rajas of Gujarat, who had repaired to Bombay on political grounds.

The work begun by Mr. Duncan was carried out with vigour by Colonel Walker and Captain Carnac. They prosecuted their enquiries into the subject with great vigour in the provinces of Kháthiáwád and Kachh, and finally succeeded in getting the Jádejás to sign an agreement for ever to give up female Infanticide. But it was found that in eight years after this was signed, *only fifteen* Jádejá females were known to have been saved. Several plans were proposed by Carnac, as the creation of an establishment to suppress female Infanticide, and the defraying of the expenses of the nuptials of a Jádejá girl. But to these the Governor in Council declined to accede, still urging the employment of moral power. Even Mountstuart Elphinstone, himself, however, at this time Governor, although he visited the districts, felt at a loss how to act.

No effectual check can be imposed on this atrocious practice, he wrote, as long as it is so completely congenial to the general feeling of the people, unless by employing hired agents, as proposed by Major Ballantine, whose duty it should be to detect offenders of this description; and such a measure would lead to so much intrusion into the most private and domestic proceedings of the superior castes (among whom alone Infanticide prevails,) and would be open to so many abuses on the part of the informers, that I do not think the chance of success

would compensate for the disaffection which it would create. It may also be doubted how far we have a right to interfere to such an extraordinary pitch with the private life of a people with whose civil government and internal police we do not pretend to have any concern. We must therefore be content to follow the footsteps of our predecessors (without attempting to go beyond them) in their most meritorious endeavours to discountenance this enormity; and we may safely flatter ourselves, that as the manners of the people become softened by a continuance of tranquillity and good order, they will gradually discontinue a practice which is not more inconsistent with reason, than repugnant to natural instinct.

Captain Ballantine was at this time in the political agency of Khathiawad, and on his being succeeded by Captain Barnewall, in 1821, Elphinstone again directed his attention to the matter. One new plan adopted was, to "throw all fines levied on chiefs for other offences, as well as for Infanticide, into a Fund to be distributed in proportion to children so preserved."

To Captain Barnewall's letter was appended a statement of the probable expense of the marriage of the 189 daughters of the Jadejas then existing, dividing them into four classes, and calculating the number of marriages likely to take place each year from the apparent age of the parties concerned. The total sum required amounted to no less an amount than Rupees 355,590, which, if actually paid, would have turned the heads of all the Brahmans, Bhats, Charans, and other religious mendicants of the province. The fines levied for 1821,--1824, which seem to have been principally inflicted for connivance at the depredations of the Khuman Kathis, amounted only to Rs. 40,233-1-33 $\frac{1}{2}$; and they had all been credited to the military expenses incurred in the suppression of those depredations.

Still the Bombay Government did not abandon the idea of forming what has since been called "The Infanticide Fund," or what might more appropriately have been denominated "The Infanticide Prevention Fund." It extended its "great approbation" to the proceedings of Captain Barnewall as detailed by him in his second letter now quoted; directed that all fines under Rs. 20,000, which might not be given up to the sufferers on whom they might be levied, should be allotted to the Infanticide Fund; and requested Mr. John Pollard Willoughby, of the Civil Service, Assistant in charge of the Residency in Baroda, to endeavour to prevail on the Gaikawad Government to co-operate in the measures proposed, by devoting its portion of fines raised in Kathiawad to a similar purpose.

This Infanticide Fund, first arranged by the wise and benevolent Elphinstone, had a great influence in suppressing the crime. But still much was to be done, and Mr. Willoughby now took the whole matter into his hands, and carried it out with wisdom and vigour, getting as full and accurate a census of the Jadejas, as possible. He proceeded to lay down new plans which were highly approved of by the Bombay Government. He urged a still more complete census, the establishment of a system of registration of births, marriages and deaths. An annual report from the political agent, more strictness, in causing the Jadeja chiefs to carry out their engagements, rewards to informers, contracts and stipulations between superior and inferior Rajput chiefs, and large rewards to the chiefs who had already given up the practice. Mr. Willoughby thus concludes his admirable report:—

Such are the measures which, after a long and deep meditation on the subject, I presume to propose for the consideration of Government; and I beg to state that they are considered by natives of the province competent to form a correct judgment, calculated to give increased efficiency to the measures adopted by

Colonel Walker for the suppression of this terrible crime. It is so necessary, I hope, to state that I feel, as every man, and more particularly every Christian should, most deeply interested in its complete abolition, or that I shall strenuously exert myself to ensure success to whatever subsidiary measure may be directed to compel obedience on the part of the Jádajás to their engagements. Both Captain Ilang and myself embrace every opportunity of speaking upon the subject, with the detestation it merits, and of stimulating the tribe among which the custom prevailed to abandon it, and thereby restore themselves to that scale among human beings which they forfeited from its prevalence among them. By unceasing endeavours to expose the enormity of the offence, and to shew that it is at direct variance with the precepts inculcated by the religion of those who perpetrate it; by extending favor to those who renounce the practice; by promulgating the fixed resolution of Government to punish with the utmost severity those who still adhere to it; and from the success, partial as I fear it must be regarded, which has attended our efforts for its discontinuance, I am sanguine that through the Divine blessing complete success may be ultimately obtained.

It is interesting to read the replies sent in by the various Jádajá chiefs to Government, when they issued their orders and instructions. Here is a specimen:—

Your favour, together with the proclamation, has been received. The Jádajás, in putting their daughters to death, commit a great sin. The Shastras describe this sin as one of the greatest enormity. The custom of infanticide is not sanctioned by any of the Puranas that I have ever heard of. A woman cannot be deprived of life, even if she is the most depraved and abandoned of her sex. The guilt, therefore, of putting an innocent infant to death is of the blackest dye. The British Government, in abolishing this inhuman practice from motives of religion and humanity, has gained for itself the highest reward of virtue. There are certain tribes of Rajputs who put their daughters to death. The causes which appear to me to have led to the practice are mentioned below. These causes, however, no longer exist, and it is unaccountable their still continuing to practice the crime.

The causes I mentioned are as follows:—1. Up to the reign of Prithiráj Chohá, the bride was the property of the strongest who succeeded in taking possession of her person from the pavilion erected to celebrate her marriage. The contentions which ensued in consequence were of the bloodiest description. 2. The Samrá tribe of Rajputs gave a daughter in marriage amongst the Sammá tribe of Rajputs. Some cause originating in this connexion led to a lasting rupture between the tribes. 3. The daughter of the Raja of Tháthá was carried away by the Khalifah or Diwan of Baghdad. 4. The Musalmans during their reign forcibly

"This was a considerable time before the Sammá of Sindh came into notice, the Khalif referred to being Walid, who died A. H. 96 or A. D. 715. It was in connexion with the daughters of Dahir of Dewál, or Tháthá, that Muhammad Kasim, his general, the conqueror of Sindh and the Punjab, met his death. Respecting this affair the most satisfactory account is the following, from the pen of Sir Henry Elliot:—"Our authorities differ respecting the mode of Muhammad Kasim's death; but it must be admitted that there is much more probability in the statement of the *Futuhu-l-buldan* than in that of the *Chach-Nama*, which is followed by all the later writers. The former states, that he was seized, fettered, imprisoned, and tortured to death by the Khalif's sanction; the latter, that the two daughters of Dahir, who had been sent to the capital for the Khalif's harem, complained that they had already been violated by their father's conqueror; upon which, the Khalif, in a fit of wrath, ordered that he should be sewn up in a raw cowhide, and so transmitted to Damascus. When his body was exhibited to the unfortunate girls, they declared that their assertion was untrue, and that they had uttered it merely to be avenged on the destroyer of their family and country. The tale goes on to say, that the capricious tyrant, in an agony of remorse for his hasty conduct, ordered them to be immured alive. Others say, they were tied to horses' tails, and so dragged about the city. The whole story certainly savours more of romance than reality, but the reason which has been advanced against it—namely, that the sewing up in a hide was a

possessed themselves of the daughters of the Rajputs, and great hatred and opposition between the castes ensued in consequence.

To the above causes was owing the practice amongst the Jádajás of putting their daughters to death. The present times are, however, those of religion and virtue, and violence cannot be exercised by one individual against another. It is therefore unnecessary to continue the practice of infanticide. The greater portion of Jádajás do not adopt this dreadful crime; but those who do so will abstain in obedience to the will of Government. As you have written to me to co-operate in the abolition of the custom, and as it is a work of piety, no endeavours will be spared on my part. Write in return, commanding me to do you service." *From Runchodji, Diwan of Junagad.**

Willoughby was succeeded by Erskine, and he by Major Jacob. For the first time is the true and only measure for suppressing the crime alluded to—the diffusion of education and morality among the tribes; but the Governor declined to mix up the two questions, although there was at this time (1840) a balance of Rs. 1,16,786 in favour of the Infanticide Fund. But Jacob was not the first to think of the introduction of education into these provinces. Both Dr. Wilson himself, and the Rev. W. Fyvie, of Surat, drew attention to the necessity of this, and the Irish Presbyterian Church sent out the Rev. James Glasgow, and the Rev. Alexander Kerr, whose hands were afterwards strengthened by new labourers.

But after all education was the only lever to rouse these races above so barbarous a custom, and this finally accomplished it. Government gave 600 Rupees for a Prize Essay on the subject, that was gained by Bhau Daji, and when Sir Henry Pottinger succeeded to the residency at Bahy the capital of Kach, he found all ready for carrying out to the fullest extent the most enlightened and liberal plans. In 1825 he entered on his office, at the time when the Rao Desalgi, the prince elected by the Jádajás, was only about eight years of age; with this boy he used all his influence :—

Had he been his own son, he could not have been more attentive than he was to his intellectual and social interests. After securing for him instruction in the Indian languages, he placed him, for the acquisition of English and general culture, under the care of the Rev. James Gray, formerly of the High School of

Tátár mode of punishment, and not Arab—constitutes no valid objection; for, though it undoubtedly was practised by the Tátárs—as when the savage Halagud murdered the last Khalif of Baghdad—yet an earlier example might have been discovered in the Arab annals. Even before the time of the Sindh conquest, we find the adherents of the first Muáwiya enclosing the body of the Governor of Egypt in the carcass of an ass, and burning both to ashes. And as for the general tone of romance which runs through the version of Muhammad Kasim's death, we find a case somewhat parallel in contemporary history; for when Musá the conqueror of Spain, was treated with similar indignity by Sulaimán—the same relentless Khalif, who persecuted the conqueror of Sindh—and was lingering in misery and exile at Mecca, the head of his son, who had been murdered at Cordova, was thrown down at his father's feet, while the tyrant's messenger taunted him in the midst of his agony and despair?—Appendix to Arabs of Sindh, unpublished, pp. 31; 32.

* This Brahman minister of the Muhammadan state of Junagad was one of the best informed natives whom we have met in India. He had even a tolerable knowledge of Arabic, a language to which few of his caste ever pay any attention. He takes an intelligent view of some of the causes of Infanticide.

Edinburgh, but then the chaplain of the station, specially selected for it by Sir John Malcolm,—a gentleman of unbounded benevolence of character, distinguished literary taste, poetical distinction, and exemplary Christian zeal. Mr. Gray was enthusiastically fond both of his charge and its special duties, to which he devoted as much attention as the usages and interruptions of a Rajput palace permitted. The progress of his pupil was in every respect as satisfactory as could have been expected; and he displayed the most amiable and hopeful traits of character and ardent attachment to his tutor, to whose respected memory, on his lamented death in September 1830, he erected a handsome monument in the camp burying-ground at Bhuj.* Sir John Malcolm regretted much that he did not know a chaplain at this time on the Bombay establishment fitted, by his knowledge of the Indian languages and customs, and desire of native improvement, to take Mr. Gray's place; and failing to get one of the Scotch missionaries, with whom he entered into communication on the subject, to leave his peculiar evangelistic work to undertake that duty,—the great importance of which he readily admitted,—and to enter the educational service of Government with liberal offers of preferment in that department, he left the tutorship vacant for a short time. On the recommendation of Colonel Pottinger, Captain John Crofton of H. M.'s 6th Regiment, a gentleman who had received a university education at Trinity College, Dublin, ultimately succeeded Mr. Gray, in 1832, and faithfully and effectively continued the work of instruction which had been so hopefully begun. The periodical reports of the progress of the prince by that officer to Colonel Pottinger were very encouraging, while at the same time they were judicious and discriminative.

This youth on commencing his reign, at once declared it as his mission to suppress infanticide and to prevent an increase of the Pawaiyas (Eunuchs and Sodomites). In 1840 Captain Melville gave in a report to Government, from which we extract the following statistics:—

The decrease in the relative numerical superiority of the males may be also shown in another manner. I assume the morality, from natural causes, of the two sexes to be equal; and on this assumption it follows that the proportion which one sex bears to the other, among the survivors of any specified date, must accurately represent the proportion which existed among those living at that date. There are now extant, of all that were living—

25 years ago		1,917 males and 12 females.
15 "		2,880 " and 98 "
5 "		4,171 " and 201 "
1 year ago		4,763 " and 290 "

* A very interesting biographical notice of Mr. Gray, by his son-in-law the late Robert Cotton Money, Esq., C. S., for some time Assistant Resident at Bhuj under Colonel Pottinger, is printed in the *Oriental Christian Spectator* for May 1831. Respecting his connexion with the Rao, it is there thus written:—"Soon after Mr. Gray's arrival in Kachh [in 1826], several respectable natives, driven perhaps by curiosity alone, continually visited him; and, as some have told me, they thought a *padre* must know more than any other man. On observing the freedom from prejudice which the inhabitants of this singular little country have, he considered it no unlikely thing to gain at last admittance to the young Rao as his preceptor. He was fortunate in possessing the friendly opinion of Colonel Pottinger on this point, whose influence as Regent during the boy's minority was meritoriously employed in cultivating the future King's mind, and moulding it to a form more suited to rule with European prudence and decision than oriental pomp and criminal partiality. By the Resident's permission, and the approbation of the other members of the regency, and to the great delight of his after favourite pupil, he commenced his labours as his tutor. He used to attend at the palace four times in the week. The liberality of Government placed in his hands the means of familiarizing the minds of the natives with the elements of Astronomy. Nothing used to delight him more than these trips, from which he returned with deeper feelings of affection for the young Rao."

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It results that the males and females, then living bore to each other the following relation, viz :

25 years ago	as 159.7 to 1
15 " 	as 29.3 to 1
5 " 	as 20.7 to 1
1 " 	as 16.4 to 1

And at this moment the porportion estimated is 14.6 to 1.

Dr. Wilson goes on to describe the various stages of success reached in these provinces, in the suppression of this horrible crime. Space forbids us to follow him farther, as he shews how the influences of education, both Governmental and Missionary, gradually resulted in its almost total suppression. We sympathize with the enthusiastic missionary as he views the moral depravity of the tribes of India on the one hand and their moral renovation on the other. We may in a future Number return more at length to this interesting work. It is thus concluded :—

We augur well for the destiny of the British power in India, we would say in conclusion. By most wonderful providences, unforeseen arrangements, and remarkable deliverances and extensions, it has been established and preserved in the land. It has here found its place, not so much by our own conquest of the country, as by the voluntary submission to ourselves of the country, whose sons in almost every province have rushed to our standard and fought our battles. We have granted it deliverance from violence and oppression. We have given it peace, law, order, and religious liberty, such as it never enjoyed under any of its dynasties, the traditions of which extend long beyond the times of ancient European history. We have in reality lightened the burden of its taxation, both by lessening its amount, and calling forth to meet it the resources of the country to an unwonted degree. We are giving encouragement to its agriculture by surveys and modifications of assessments and by canals for irrigation. We have imparted security and extension to its commerce. We are joining district to district and province to province, by roads and bridges, and excavations of mountain passes, and by a system of communication by steam and lighting, by land and sea and air, which its inhabitants deem miraculous. We allow its people to share in our administration, to the full extent of their present advancement in knowledge and civilization. We are seeking to elevate all its tribes in the scale of humanity. We have quenched the funeral pyre which destroyed the widow ; and we are stemming the torrents of infant blood shed by the hands of unnatural parents. We have dispersed and destroyed its bands of Thugs and Dakoits ; and Tyāga and Dharanā are already terms which we have to explain to its people as well as to foreigners. Its Maryās and Poshās are passing away. Its suicides and human sacrifices are alike interdicted and prevented, as far as human law can reach them. We are giving it our literature, and our art, and our science. And, above all, we are giving it our religion, even the religion of our God in heaven above, with all its unspeakable blessings for time and eternity. The night of its darkness has passed ; and its dawn has come. Its light will grow and spread, and shine more and more unto the perfect day. And a glorious day that will be to all the diversified tribes and tongues of India scattered over her gigantic body, from "Cambay's strand" to "Gangā's golden wave ;" and from the Himalaya, where she lifts her head above the clouds in the azure vault of heaven, to her Cape of Kumari, where she bathes her feet in her own ocean.

Widow-burning: A Narrative. By Henry Jeffreys Bushby, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law; late of the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service. London, 1855.

WE are always glad to find men who have left India, remembering her at home, and employing their talents for her good. From the neat volume before us, we learn that its author was obliged by the failure of his health to resign the Civil Service, that he went home and passed as a Barrister, that he spent "a month in the camp before Sebastopol, as a non-combatant," and that he contributed an Article on Widow-burning to the *Quarterly Review*. Of this Article, the present volume is a re-print, with additions.

The "narrative" contains a detail of several cases of Suttees that have recently occurred in the independent or protected native states, and of the efforts that have been made to induce the rulers of the states to relinquish the horrid practice. Without containing a great deal of matter, it presents several facts in a striking light, and is well fitted to call forth the interest of the thoughtful towards a matter which is still of more practical importance than is generally understood. The following picture seems to us to be well drawn:—

With rare exceptions, the Suttees is a voluntary victim. Resolute, undismayed, confident in her own inspiration, but betraying by the tone of her prophecy, which are almost always auspicious, and by the gracious acts with which she takes leave of her household, and by the gifts which she lavishes on the by-standers, that her tender woman's heart is the true source whence that inspiration flows, the child-widow has scarcely time to befall her husband ere she makes ready to receive him. She is dressed like a bride, but it is as a bride who has been received with the pomp of her bridegroom. Her veil is put off, her hair unbound, and adorned, and so exposed, she goes forth to gaze on the world for the first time face to face, ere she leaves it. She does not blush or quail. She scarcely regards the busied crowd who press so eagerly towards her. Her lips move in momentary prayer. Paradise is in her view. She sees her husband awaiting with approbation the sacrifice which shall restore her to him, dowered with the expiation of their sins, and ennobled with a martyr's crown. What wonder if, dazzled with those visionary glories, she heeds not the shouting throng, the ominous pile? Exultingly she mounts that last earthly couch which she shall share with her lord. His head she places fondly on her lap. The priests set up their chaunt; it is a strange hymeneal, and her first-born son, walking thrice round the pile, lights the flame.

If India has been for so many years the training "school for Captains," it is not less true, that it has been the scene of noble peace-victories, which, whether more or less "renowned" than those of war, are sources of far more unmingled gratification in the retrospect. It is one of the semi-oracular sayings of the great conqueror of our age, that "nothing is so sad as a victory, except a defeat." How different the feelings of Major Ludlow, when contemplating the triumph which he was mainly instrumental in achieving over the ancient barbarity of the Rajpoot race! When it is tauntingly asked what the English have done for India, it would be in fair estimation a sufficient answer, though we could give no other, that they have abolished Suttees and Infanticide within their territories, and procured their abolition in so many of the protected states.

We cordially commend Mr. Bushby's Narrative to the perusal of our readers.